

Liquor Is Barred From All Vessels Flying U. S. Flag

Foreign Ships Are Like-wise Forbidden to Carry Intoxicants Within Three-Mile Limit

DAUGHERTY GIVES OUT DECISION ON FRIDAY

Foreign Lines Are Ex-pected to Bring Early Test Case on Ruling in Supreme Court.

Washington, October 6.—(By the Associated Press).—All vessels, American and foreign, are prohibited from having liquor on board in American territorial waters under an interpretation of the prohibition amendment and the enforcement act handed down today by the department of justice. Moreover, the transportation or sale of intoxicants on American craft, wherever operated, was held to be prohibited.

American territorial waters were construed to include those not only within the three mile limit of continental United States but also those within the same limit of the Philippines, the Hawaiian islands, Porto Rico, the Virgin islands and Alaska. The law would not apply on the Panama Canal zone.

So far as American ships are concerned the sale or transportation of liquor will cease at once, or when those vessels reach home ports. In the case of foreign ships the decision will become operative as soon as the necessary regulations can be promulgated by the treasury department.

Expect Test Case.

Court action looking to a final determination of the application of American dry laws to foreign ships entering American ports was foreseen by both Attorney-General Daugherty and Chairman Lasker, of the shipping board. Mr. Daugherty said he already had been advised that a case was about to be filed which would bring the issue to the supreme court. Chairman Lasker was of the opinion that the first move of foreign lines would be to seek an injunction restraining the government from enforcing the law. He said it was reasonable to suppose that the courts would grant such an injunction with a result that foreign ships would continue to arrive with liquor on board until there was a final decision by the highest court. The attorney-general said his department would co-operate in every effort to expedite a ruling by the supreme court.

Publication of the opinion of the department of justice followed a conference to which President Harding summoned Mr. Daugherty, Secretaries Hughes and Mellon, and Chairman Lasker. Various phases of the situation were discussed, including the possible results of enforcement upon the international relations of the United States.

Must Enforce Law.

High administration officials explained there was no course for the executive branch except to enforce the law as interpreted by the legal department. The interpretation was based on recent decisions of the supreme court in a case involving the authority of the United States to interfere with the transfer of a liquor cargo from one foreign ship to another in an American port.

In a divided opinion the court confirmed the authority of prohibition agents to prevent such a transfer. And in the view of the attorney general, went so far as to hold that the eighteenth amendment and the Volstead act repealed a prior existing treaty with Great Britain.

Chairman Lasker predicted enforcement of the law would operate to an immediate disadvantage of the American merchant marine and would make more necessary enactment of the ship subsidy bill if the American flag was to stay on the high seas.

Will Hamper Board.

An undoubted effect of enforcement, Mr. Lasker said, would be to build up American shipping to the Orient and South America.

Irrespective of the decision of the supreme court, he said, foreign ships would have an advantage over American lines. As an illustration he said that even if the court should hold foreign ships might not bring liquor into American territorial waters, they could sell up to the three-mile limit on their inward voyage and dump overboard remaining stocks. In discussing the opinion, Mr. Lasker emphasized that he was viewing the situation as it existed and that he spoke neither as a wet nor as a dry.

Sale of liquor on shipping board vessels was based on an opinion of the general counsel of the board, who held that it did not contravene the prohibition laws. Opening of the ship bars was ordered on a vote of the board, with Commissioner Frederick I. Thompson casting the only dissenting vote.

Orders Issued.

Orders for enforcement of prohibition laws, as construed by Mr. Daugherty, were issued to the shipping board.

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AUDITORS URGE DRASTIC REFORM

Accountants Find Method of City Administration Faulty—Suggest Centralization.

Sweeping reform in Atlanta municipal administration suggested by Dawson & Eidsen, accountants, following the firm's recent audit of the city departments, was recommended to the finance committee and council Friday by the ordinance committee, which urged that the revision go into effect with the new year.

The accountants' report recommended that all accounting be centralized or controlled from the office of city comptroller, particularly the auditing of expenditures and preparation of vouchers.

That the position of city paymaster be created whose duty would be to pay off all employees of the city either in cash or by check.

That the comptroller have custody of and control of all financial paper of the departments.

Changes Are Urged.

That certain changes be made in the office of tax assessor.

That the city license inspector discontinue the system of collection of delinquent licenses by the issuance of business license fee.

That a system of unit costs be installed in the construction department.

That the water department revise its method of accounts, and keep a closer check upon the bills of large consumers.

The recommendations of the auditors accepted by the committee are as follows:

"We recommend that all accounting be centralized or controlled from the office of the comptroller, particularly the handling and auditing of expenditures and the preparation of vouchers. In this connection the general records and ledger should be amplified and extended so as to control all of the subsidiary records, and thus reflect a complete history of all financial activities of the city. We urge the recognition of liability on open market orders and on contracts; that is, liabilities incurred but remaining unpaid at the end of any fiscal period. Only in this manner can the actual financial standing of the city be accurately ascertained.

City Paymaster.

"We recommend that the position of city paymaster be created whose duties would be to pay off all employees of the city either in cash or by check. Payrolls constitute the largest single item of expenditure, and every safeguard should be accorded those entitled to receive them. The actual pay-off should not be accomplished by the same authority under which the payroll is prepared.

"We recommend that the comptroller have custody of and control of all financial paper, that is, receipts, etc., used in the various departments and that he require strict accountability for all such paper issued.

"Our audit of the office of tax assessor developed differences in totals of property valuations on field books with valuations on assessor's books, and again with valuations on assessor's books with those of digest. The differences, however, were not of material amounts.

"Particular care and attention should be given to the transfers of valuations from one set of records to the others. This department suffers interruptions from the public, perhaps, more than any other city department and to this extent is handicapped in the compilation of its records. The department from a clerical standpoint can be made more efficient by rigid observance of present ordinances, requiring property returns to be made from February 1 to March 15, and the enforcement of penalties for failure to make returns.

Prompt Closing.

"Prompt closing of the books on October 15 for payment of taxes and issuance of execution against delinquents will do much towards expediting the work in this office.

"We recommend that the tax digest, when completed, be formally submitted to council for acceptance and collection authorized. The total of the completed digest should be reported to the comptroller and a control account instituted. Thereafter any changes by way of additions, reductions or cancellations should be reported to the comptroller for record upon his books.

"We suggest that the present system of collection of delinquent licenses by the issuance of business license fee be discontinued. The continuance in business by an enterprise without proper license is a distinct violation of the city ordinances. The police power of the license inspectors should be invoked, summons issued and cases made against delinquents.

"We recommend that an accurate

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SCOTT'S PITCHING GIVES EASY GAME TO GIANT PLAYERS

3 to 0 Score Piled Up by Nationals, While Yankees Give Poor Imitation of Sleeping Beauties.

SERIES NOW STANDS: GIANTS, 2; YANKEES, 0

Second Prize Boner of World Series History Pulled by Witt—Bambino Gets Third Prize.

BY WILLIAM SLAVENS McNUTT, United News Staff Correspondent.

New York, October 6.—How can a ball club as good as the New York Yankees be as bad a ball club as the New York Yankees are? That is the question to which fans and experts are seeking an answer. The answer as we see it is that the Yanks are blood brothers of the little girl of fable who, "when she was good was very, very good and when she was bad, she—well, she simply was not fit to associate with nice people—that's all.

Occasionally the Yanks are very, very good. On Friday at the Polo grounds against the Giants they were terrible to behold. They were better than Nick Altrock and Al Schacht who do a clowning stunt before each game, and at the same time there was something of pathos in their performance.

Is a Bust.

Babe Ruth was a bust from beginning to end. Old Jack Scott, who died last year in a baseball sense and was buried by the Cincinnati boys and then dug up this year by McGraw, pitched pretty good baseball. Just about good enough to furnish forth a home-run feast for the Babe Ruth of one and two years ago. And the Babe Ruth of today looked like a sandlot sucker batting—or one should say trying to bat—against the old gentleman.

And old Mr. Scott pitched 'em to Ruth, too. He put them across for the Babe to look at, but the one-time great Bambino's peepers would not do their stuff, and throughout the Babe looked like just a ball player—not a \$50,000 prima donna, but just a guy getting a little too fat and slow to play the part much longer.

In addition to not being able to slam them far and fast, the Babe played very indifferent baseball and the fans climbed aboard their one-time idol's frame and rode him ragged. He was booed for not trying harder for a fly that he took on the first bound; booed for bumping into little Heinie Groh when he tried to make third from first on a hit that many a brainy ball player would not have tried to go beyond second on, and properly razzed when he was caught flatfooted off first.

Jack Scott saved the Babe's bacon by pegging to second instead of first. If he had thrown to first the

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Kaiser Pushed Bill For Big Navy Despite British Overtures

Describes Negotiations With Haldane and Tells of Determination to Secure Passage Of Naval Bill—Declares England Delayed Negotiations, Finally Convincing Him That Entire Matter Was Only Political Maneuver.

BY WILHELM HOHENZOLLERN (Former Kaiser of Germany)

XIV.

In the first half of 1912 came the sending of Sir Ernest Cassel with a verbal note in which England offered to remain neutral in case of an "unprovoked" attack upon Germany, provided Germany agreed to limit her naval construction program and to drop her new naval bill, the latter being darkly hinted at. Owing to our favorable answer to this Lord Haldane was entrusted with the negotiations and sent to Berlin. The negotiations finally fell through owing to the constantly more uncompromising attitude of England (Sir E. Grey), who finally disavowed Lord Haldane, and withdrew his own verbal note, because Grey was afraid to offend the French by a German-English agreement and jeopardize the Anglo-French-Russian understandings.

Here are the details of the case:

On the morning of January 20, 1912, Herr Ballin had himself announced to me at the palace in Berlin and asked me an audience. I assumed that it was a case of a belated birthday greeting, therefore I was not a little astonished when Ballin, after a short speech of congratulation, said that he had come as an emissary of Sir Ernest Cassel, who had just arrived in Berlin on a special mission and wished to be received.

I asked whether it was a political matter, and why, if so, the meeting had not been arranged through the English ambassador. Ballin's answer was to the effect that, from hints, dropped by Cassel, he knew the matter to be of great importance, and the explanation for Cassel's acting without the intervention of the ambassador was because the earnest desire had been expressed in London that the official diplomatic representatives, both the English and the German, should not be apprised of the affair.

I declared that I was ready to receive Cassel at once, but added that, should his mission have to do with political questions, I should immediately summon the chancellor, since I was a constitutional monarch and not in a position to deal with the representative of a foreign power alone without the chancellor.

British Offer Of Neutrality.

Ballin fetched Cassel, who handed me a document which, he stated, had been prepared with the "approval and knowledge of the English government."

"I read the short note through and was not a little surprised to see that it was holding in my hand a formal offer of neutrality in case Germany became involved in future warlike complications, conditioned upon certain limitations in the carrying out of our program of naval construction, which were to be the subject of mutual conferences and agreements.

Walking with Ballin into the next room I handed over the document for him to read. After he had done so both of us exclaimed in the same breath: "A verbal note!"

It was plainly apparent that this "verbal note" was aimed at the forthcoming addition to our naval law and designed in some way to delay or frustrate it. No matter how the matter was interpreted, I found myself confronted with a peculiar situation, which also amazed Ballin. It reminded me of the situation at Cronberg-Friedrichshof in 1905, when I was obliged to decline the demand, made to me personally by the English under secretary, Harding, that we should forego our naval construction.

Surprise at British Note.

Now, an intimate business friend of should VII appears, without previous announcement through official diplomatic channels, before German emperor with a "verbal note" inspired by the English government, with explicit instructions to evade all the diplomatic officials of both countries. He hands over an offer from the English government to maintain neutrality in future warlike complications provided certain agreements regarding limitation of naval construction are made. And this is done by England, the mother of "constitutionalism!"

I pointed this out to Ballin, he exclaimed: "Holy constitutionalism! what has become of you? That is 'personal politics' with a vengeance!"

I agreed with Ballin to send at once to Herr von Bethmann, in order that he might learn what was transpiring and decide what to do in this peculiar situation.

Bethmann was called up on the telephone and soon appeared. At first the situation aroused in him likewise a certain degree of astonishment; it was interesting to watch the play of expression on his face as he was told about the matter. The chancellor suggested that Grand Admiral von Tirpitz also be summoned, for the proper dispatching of the business, and recommended that an answer be drawn up in English, in the same manner and form as the note delivered by Cassel, and that it be handed to Sir Ernest, who wished to return home that night. (English was chosen because there was fear of obscurity and misunderstanding if the note were translated in London.)

The chancellor asked me to draw up the note, since I knew English best, and to send it to the British ambassador in Berlin.

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There's a ROGERS Store near you

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Mr. M. N. Baker, Mgr.24 Lbs.
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Flour
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Dates, pkg. 23c
Sunbeam Fruit
Salad, can 62c
Souvenir Bartlett
Pears, can 43c
Extra Sliced
Pineapple, can 35c

Libby's
Dessert Peaches
No. 2 1/2 Can
33c

Lowney's Cocoa
Makes a delicious,
healthful drink
Half
Pound 24c

Pillsbury's Pancake
Flour, pkg. 15c
Pillsbury's
Buckwheat Flour 17c
Pillsbury's Wheat
Cereal, pkg. 21c
Pillsbury's Health
Bran, pkg. 15c

Solid Rutabagas, lb. 3 1/2c

Dandy Cocoa,
Quart Jar 39c
Dry Shrimp,
can 18c
Simplifry
Codfish Cakes 16c
Blue Sea
Tuna Fish 23c
Rogers'
Hominy, can 12c

Welch's
Grape Juice
Pint
Bottle 31c

Golden Glow
Coffee
Makes the perfect
cup of coffee
Pound 38c

Mrs. Duke's
Mayonnaise, jar 31c
Rogers'
Sauerkraut, can 16c
Libby's
Spinach, can 23c
Rogers'
Sugar Corn, can 12c
Rogers' Fall
Pack Tomatoes 11c

Virginia Green Cabbage, pound, 3 1/2c

Libby's Green
Asparagus, can 35c
Stokley's Cut
Beets, can 20c
Rogers' Sifted
Peas, can 21c
Campbell's
Beans, can 11c

Welch Jams
Peach
or
Grape 25c
Cherry
or
Blackberry 30c

Libby's
Extra Apricots
No. 2 1/2 Can
31c

Black Diamond
Apples, can 17c
Black Diamond
Blackberries, can 14c
Libby's Apricots,
can 31c
Libby's Royal Anne
Cherries, can 49c

Kingan's
Reliable Sliced
Bacon
Pound 45c

New
Georgia Sweet
Potatoes
10 pounds 17c

There's a ROGERS Store near you

ROGERS

Where Satisfaction is a certainty

ARREST EXPECTED
IN STRANGLER CASE

Los Angeles, October 6.—The arrest of "a prominent Arizona business man," as the strangler of Guy N. Dernier, chairman of Phoenix and Los Angeles, whose body was found floating in an irrigation ditch on the outskirts of Phoenix several weeks ago, is to be expected, according to F. M. Bell, deputy sheriff of the Arizona capital.

Deputy Sheriff Bell is here gathering evidence on the alleged crime, assisted by J. B. Fox, Los Angeles deputy sheriff. They are said to have questioned nine women here, with the result, according to Bell, that he will return to Phoenix with his "list of suspects narrowed down to three men."

According to the officers, Dernier

before returning to Phoenix from Los Angeles three months ago, confided to a friend here:

"If I return to Phoenix and see a certain woman there I will be killed."

The officers further stated Dernier had kept a diary in which appeared the names of 22 women, all wealthy, and all except one, who was a widow, married to men of prominence. Some were declared to be residents of Arizona.

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Golden 25c
Rio 28c
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Opposite Grand Theater

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Snow White 98c
Pot Roast 12 1/2c
Sliced Breakfast
Bacon 28c
White's Cornfield
Hams 23c
Swift's Premium Hams,
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Fresh Dressed Friers and Hens

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for
People
Who
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the
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Best
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Brooks County Hams, lb. 24c
Lamb Legs, lb. 20c
Lamb Forequarters, lb. 15c
Lamb Chops, lb. 25c
Round Steak, lb. 22c
Loin Steak, lb. 22c
Tender Steak, lb. 10c
Rump Roast, lb. 15c
Beef Roast, lb. 10c
Rib Stew, lb. 6c

Pork Chops, lb. 30c
Spare Ribs, lb. 18c
All-Pork Sausage, lb. 20c
Hamburger, lb. 10c
Mixed Sausage, lb. 10c
Salt Meat, lb. 13c
No. 10 Pure Lard \$1.40
No. 5 Pure Lard 75c
Veal Chops, lb. 12 1/2c
Churngold Butterine, lb. 30c

Come early and select your meats.
Call us and we will deliver it for you.

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4 STORES

Snapper Steaks, Lb. 25c

FRESH DRESSED Hens, Lb. 29c

FRESH DRESSED Fryers, Lb. 34c

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Good Steak ... 15c | Veal Roast ... 15c

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Loin Steak, 25c | Hormel's Regular or Skinned Hams 24c

No. 10 COMPOUND 99c

Fresh Pig Hams 24c | COMPLETE LINE FANCY FRUITS AND VEGETABLES

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MAIN 6181 Opposite Lowry Bank

We Sell SKINNERS The Highest Grade Macaroni

Egg Noodles, Spaghetti and other Macaroni Products

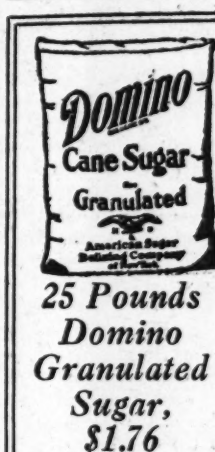
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3. CONVENIENT LOCATION
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5. LARGEST PARKING AREA
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SNAP BEANS—Quart 10c
BUTTER BEANS—Quart 10c
CAULIFLOWER—Pound 25c
BUNCH BEETS—Bunch 10c
BUNCH CARROTS—Bunch 10c
LARGE WHITE CELERY—Bunch 15c
ICEBERG LETTUCE—Heads 25c
SELECTED GEORGIA YAMS—10 lbs. for 19c
SMALL YELLOW SQUASH—2 lbs. for 25c
RIPE GRAPEFRUIT—15c; 2 for 25c
RIPE ORANGES—Dox. 75c and 60c
LARGE COOKING APPLES—Peck 45c
LARGE JAPANESE PERSIMMONS—10c; 3 for 25c

100 Bushels QUINCES Due Monday



25 Pounds
Domino
Granulated
Sugar,
\$1.76

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And the quality is finer than ever. Buy them by the dozen and case while you can get them.

No. 1 Tins, 25c; doz. \$2.95
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Jones' Dairy Farm Sausage

Pound 45c

Purity Maid Tennessee Butter—Pound 45c

SLICED BREAK-FAST BACON, lb. 34c | FOREQUARTER BEEF ROAST, lb. 20c
SALT MACK, 35c and 15c | BLOATER MACK, 50c and 60c
POTOMAC ROE 25c | HAMBURGER STEAK, lb. 10c
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LARGE ROASTING CHICKENS—Pound 35c

Aluminum Percolators
Each \$1.40
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40c; 3 lbs. for \$1.15

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Nabob Table Syrup—Bottle 25c
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(We cannot deliver these, as they are too fragile.)

Pride of Atlanta Flour
12-lb. Sacks 72c
24-lb. Sacks \$1.40
48-lb. Sacks \$2.75

Angel Food Flour
12-lb. Sacks 72c
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NEW CRYSTALLIZED FRUITS—In Handsome Wooden Boxes—As Gifts these are superb—2-lb. box, \$2.25; 5-lb. box \$4.75
CHOCOLATE CHERRY CANDIES—Pound Boxes 59c
NEW DROMEDARY DATES—Pkg. 25c
NEW CROP BRAZIL NUTS—2 lbs. for 49c

Assorted Sugar Wafers
Pkg. . 25c

Fresh Soda Crackers
3 1/4-lb. Boxes 49c

KIPPERED HERRING
1-lb. Cans, 25c; dozen \$2.90
(On account of the new tariff these will advance Monday)

Excellent Prunes—Pound 35c and 25c
Tomatoes—No. 2 Cans, 11c; dozen \$1.25

Watermelon Rind Preserves
From Yong's Island, South Carolina
Jars 60c

Preserved Figs
From near Savannah, Ga.
Extra fine quality.
Pint Jars 90c

STRINGLESS BEANS
Southern Grown and as fine as any ever on this market.
No. 2 Tins, 15c; dozen \$1.50

Hamlock 5000 Kamper's Hamlock 5000
492-498 Peachtree Street

"a refreshing quality
that never palls."

WAS-COTT GINGER ALE



has that something so necessary
to popularity, a refreshing quality
that never palls.

It is made of pure ginger from Ja-
maica and water flowing from a min-
eral spring 2,600 feet above the level
of the sea. It aids digestion.

It costs no more than inferior ales.

Order from your retail grocer or
druggist.

H. L. SINGER CO.

Wholesale Distributor

Main 6194

"Always on hand if bought by the case."

(No. 10)



TWO NEW STORES OPENED

121 Sycamore St., Decatur, Ga.
82 So. McDaniel St., Atlanta

"IONA"
PEAS CAN 12c
EVAPORATED
MILK

A&P BRAND

"Pet." Borden's
and Carnation

Tall
Cans 9c

Tall
Cans 10c

KARO SYRUP Blue
Label 8c
Can

SNOWDRIFT

No. 10...\$1.09 No. 2...29c
No. 5... 57c No. 1... 15c

Onions, 3 lbs.10c
Heinz Baked Beans, 9c
Pacific Toilet Paper, 6c
Red Salmon, can...25c
Pink Salmon, can...13c
Large Jars Stuffed Olives35c

"Iona" Corn, can...10c
Palmolive Soap, 3 cakes20c
Ivory Soap Flakes, pkg.9c
Sun-Maid Seeded or Seedless Raisins, pkg.17c

GRAPE JUICE
A & P Pint Bottles 20c

BOKAR Coffee
Supreme

100 per cent pure, unadulterated coffee—the best in the world. In the bean or steel cut.

NOT crushed, but steel cut, retaining all the natural flavor; eliminating every particle of chaff—COFFEE SUPREME—economically priced at—

ATLANTIC & PACIFIC

USE CONSTITUTION WANT ADS

Commission Given Mrs. W. H. Felton By the Governor

Cartersville, Ga., October 6.—(Special.)—Mrs. William H. Felton, of Cartersville, appointed United States senator for the ad interim as successor to the late Senator Thomas E. Watson, Friday night was presented by Governor Hardwick with her credentials engraved on sheepskin in the presence of an audience that completely filled the Bartow county courthouse. The meeting was called to order by Mr. L. Fleetwood, who presided, and Mr. L. M. Twigg, of the Methodist church, delivered the invocation. On behalf of Mayor Warren Tinsley, of Cartersville, Paul F. Akin delivered an address congratulating Mrs. Felton upon the honor which had been paid her. An impromptu musical program was presented.

Mrs. Oscar T. Peoples, president of the Bartow County Federation of Women's Clubs, expressed to Mrs. Felton the appreciation of the clubwomen of this county for the honor that has come to one of their number.

Mrs. Cora Harris, distinguished Georgia authoress, whose home is at Rydal, Bartow county, felicitated Mrs. Felton on behalf of the women of Georgia in a very happy address.

Governor Hardwick stated that while he personally had favored the

enfranchisement of women by the separate states themselves, woman suffrage was now the law of the land, and this being true, he took special pride and pleasure in presenting this commission to Mrs. Felton on behalf of Georgia.

Mrs. Felton responded to the governor's address and was particularly happy in her remarks, thanking her home people and citizens of Georgia for the honor that had come to her.

Mrs. Felton, in accepting the governor's commission as United States senator, said "In the long years ahead, you will find this recognition of Georgia women will not only be known as a romantic incident but as an established historic fact."

Continuing she told of the gratitude that was in her heart, for those with whom she had associated since she came to her community, a girl of eighteen and a total stranger.

She cited incidents during the trying years of the civil war, saying, "We were then linked together in a common cause and a common destiny, and these friendships are hallowed by unspeakable memories."

Mrs. Felton reviewed her acquaintances with Georgians, who have attained high places in the state. She spoke of the consternation of the senators who will wonder what she will do with the privilege accorded senators of having access to the floor of the senate chamber.

Recognition of Women. "The greatest part of all this brief senatorial appointment lies in the recognition of women in the government of their own country. No country can be called a free country until all its honest and sane citizens have

equal liberty to select their own representatives in legislation. Men owe everything in many particulars to their mothers. No stream ever rises higher than its source. When the Almighty, maker of heaven and earth, placed the burden of maternity on womanhood, he entrusted to her tender care the infant children of all the world. Free Georgia's willing function should never be minimized in the minds of all clear thinking people in both hemispheres. God gave her this burden and blessing.

"If I had just one sentence to say to the women of these United States it would be simply: 'Realize the dignity of your calling and stand by the law as fulfilled in the word, even in this: thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.'"

"Mother love comes next to divine love. No country known to history was ever greater than its women."

HONORS WILL BE PAID TO MRS. W. H. FELTON. Mrs. W. H. Felton, United States senator, will be accorded every honor upon her arrival in Atlanta Sunday noon to fill her engagement at the First Baptist church at 4 o'clock in the afternoon.

A reception committee headed by city notables and men and women prominent in civic affairs will meet her at the Union station when she arrives from Cartersville.

The committee, headed by Mayor and Mrs. Key, includes Clark Howell, Jr., John S. Cohen, James B. Nevin, Milton Bell, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. McClure, Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Peel, Miss Millie A. McClure, president of the First Baptist church, who arranged the Sunday program in Senator Felton's honor; Dr. Joe Jacobson, John Henry Lynch, Mr. and Mrs. John H. Byrley, Mayor-elect and Mrs. Walter A. Sims, Dr. and Mrs. W. C. Jarrington, John Corrigan, Judge W. A. Brown, W. E. Gillespie, Dr. and Mrs. John H. Powell and Mrs. A. T. Perry.

The following will head the respective delegations from Atlanta's clubs: Atlanta Woman's club, Mrs. B. M. Boykin and Mrs. Alonzo Richardson; the Burns club, Mr. and Mrs. Walter McElreath; Y. W. C. A., Mrs. Archibald Davis; Civitan club, John Boehm; Lions' club, J. R. Regans; Rotary club, W. M. Brownlee; Kiwanis club, J. S. Kennedy.

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chamber of commerce, W. O. Foote; business woman's division of the Junior Chamber of Commerce, Miss Mabel Kendrick; and Junior Chamber of Commerce, Eugene Oberdorfer.

COLORED SIR KNIGHTS WILL MEET SUNDAY

There will be a conference Sunday afternoon of the uniform rank of the Sir Knights of Georgia at the Uniform Rank temple at Edgewood and Yonge streets, to discuss ways and means of keeping the Brunswick lodge tangle from going into the courts.

Major General Robert R. Jackson, of Chicago, will be present at the Sunday meeting with an outline of plans that will preserve the fraternal order in its entirety, it is said. The meeting will be presided over by Vice Chancellor Reed.

The threatening court litigation, E. L. Collier, of Atlanta, said, is the outgrowth of the death of the grand chancellor in Brunswick several years ago. Two factions, he said, have been fighting for control in lodge affairs and have plunged the fraternity into a state, he described, as wholly disorganized.

Acting Greatest Job.

"It's the greatest job in the world," says Betty Compton of the profession of acting before the camera. "There never was work like it," she insists. "It is never such a responsibility as that of trying to amuse and entertain tired and weary people of the world. It is a responsibility I love and I hope it will be many years before I will cease to hear the notes of applause, or otherwise, as I sit in the dark of a theater and gather in the audible comments of those who have paid hard-earned money in the hope that for a few moments I, and those associated with me, may cause them to forget their troubles, to rest and relax."

"I should be a very ungrateful person if I failed to express my appreciation to those who by their patronage of the pictures have made it possible for me to become a Paramount star. If I succeed in my job, it is quite possible that success may mean a gain of working efficiency brought about when the relaxation of motion pictures untangles jangled nerves and warps dispositions. It is a tremendous honor that the public pays when it comes to the picture show, and the box office window they raise us to stellar status."

Miss Compton recently completed a romantic story of his duty, this time to hold," a new George Fitzmaurice Paramount production, in which Bert Lytell and Theodore Kosloff also have important roles.

"A Vacation Cocktail."

The latest issue of The Sport Review, edited by Grantland Rice, produced for Artelias Pictures corporation by Jack Eaton, for distribution by Goldwyn, is a vacation issue. It is called "A Vacation Cocktail" and pictures the delights of the Canadian Rockies as the setting for a vacation.

The country pictured is in and about Banff, Echo river and Lake Louise, where there is every variety of scenery that one could wish for. And then there are sports to suit all tastes. Riding is one of the most enjoyable as it takes one over winding trails, through wooded valleys and over bleak mountains.

For those who like to play golf and tennis against the majestic mountain background there are links and courts. Hot and cold swimming pools are at hand. The camera caught some graceful diving by a swimmer and many of the shots along Echo river, or Lake Louise and on a nearby glacier are unusually beautiful.

Schools Destroy Ignorance, Says Prominent Judge

Schools destroy ignorance, increase self respect, elevate the moral tone of individuals, and decrease tendencies to commit crimes, declared Judge W. D. Swaney, of Chattanooga, chairman of the law enforcement committee of the American Bar association in addressing a meeting held Friday night under the auspices of the Georgia League for Law Enforcement at the Cecil hotel in Atlanta.

"The church," the judge continued, "has ever been a most potent factor in the life of the American individual, and has the most wholesome influence in the face of law and order of all other agencies combined. This is true as to all creeds, but is peculiarly applicable to all believers in the Bible as a guide."

"Laxity in the enforcement of law, and permitting misdemeanants and first offenders to associate with hardened criminals, lawless and penitentiaries, have magnified crime, and have made hardened criminals."

The judge, quoting the report made by the law enforcement committee, of which he is chairman, said: "There has been a deepening tide of lawlessness in this country since 1890. The criminal situation in the United States so far as crime of violence is concerned is worse than in any other civilized country. Here, there is less respect for law and order than in any other great nation."

"In the state penitentiary at Joliet, Ill., in 1921, there were 1,930 convicts. In all of Canada in the same period there were only 1,930 men confined in penal institutions. In Chicago alone in 1921 there were 2,594 robberies, and in Canada the robberies, including larceny from the person totaled 605, and where there were 67 murders committed in Canada that year, 212 were murdered in Chicago."

"Our serious obstacle to the enforcement of the criminal law in the United States arises from the attitude of the law-abiding citizen when called upon to aid in its actual administration. The American temperament adjusts itself to the struggle with the accused and a corresponding disregard for the rights of the public. In the cases where much public feeling is aroused the man of affairs too often deserts the cause of justice. The ultimate enforcement of the law rests upon the jury box and if the average citizen had without prejudice or sympathy performed his duty, this terrible record would not have been written."

LAST HONORS PAID TO JUDGE PENDLETON

Last rites for Judge John T. Pendleton were said Friday afternoon at the Ponce de Leon Baptist church, Rev. M. Ashby Jones, pastor, officiating.

Judge Pendleton died Thursday morning after a breakdown in health following the death of his wife, hardly more than two weeks ago. All county courts adjourned for the day in memory of the late jurist, who presided as judge of the Fulton county superior court for 18 years.

The honorary pallbearers included the four presiding judges of the four divisions of the superior court and nearly two-score lawyers. A meeting of the Atlanta Bar association will be held this fall to arrange a memorial session for Judge Pendleton.

TURK ULTIMATUM BRINGS NEW CRISIS

Continued from First Page.

definite news has been received from Mudania, where the allied representatives have gone again to renew their conference with the envoys of the Turkish nationalist government, at midnight tonight there was a distinct current of optimism among the allied diplomats here regarding a possible successful outcome of the negotiations.

This feeling prevailed notwithstanding that the Kemalists today issued an ultimatum to the allies demanding their consent to Turkish occupation of Thrace and the previous rejection by the Kemalists of the proposal for the sending of allied troops and the establishment of an

allied control commission in the province. The ultimatum regarding the evacuation of Thrace at first demanded a reply by 2:30 o'clock in the afternoon. Later the time was extended to 8:30 o'clock this evening, and still later to 8 o'clock. Meantime the allied generals had sailed for Mudania.

Seek Agreement.

Dispatches received during the day from London and Paris seemed to indicate that the French and British governments still were seeking ground for an agreement upon which they could again face the Turkish delegates with a united front. The feeling among the British here was summarized by a staff officer this evening as follows:

"We showed a willingness to go to any honorable length to avoid a rupture. If our pacific advances are not acceptable or are not reciprocated, we are ready for eventualities. As yet, French opinion here was inclined to criticize Mr. Franklin-Bouillon for injecting himself into the conference at Mudania, on the ground that the conference was no place for a civilian and a politician."

"Military men can get along together," said a French colonel, "but one politician makes a muddle of a whole room full of mere soldiers."

Italians Regret Order.

Most of the Italians here expressed regret over orders received from Rome directing General Moumbelli, the Italian representative at Mudania, to support the Turkish claims. General Moumbelli's sturdy attitude at Thursday's meeting at Mudania won for him admiration in many quarters and was the basis for a sudden springing up of a friendship between the Italian and English in Constantinople.

An announcement received from London that former Premier Venizelos is willing to have the Greek troops evacuate eastern Thrace, thus permitting the early establishment of a Turkish civil administration there, was considered as offering a way of the present crisis, but the belief prevailed that the Kemalists would adhere to their expressed intention not to permit the presence of Thrace of an allied control commission.

HOWARD WILL STAY IN SENATE RACE

Continued from First Page.

In discussing Colonel Dean's statement Judge Howard said:

"I have read a card in which he expressed his disappointment that the convention did not nominate a candidate for the senate and in which he requested criticism because I advocated a state bond issue for road funds and in which he sought to use his influence with his thousands of friends" who urged him to be a candidate against me.

Those thousands of friends who urged Colonel Dean to run were evidently misinformed by the colonel. The present thousand of them meant for him to run in the primary. Mr. Walker favored a primary and I advocated a caucus. His announcement, published before the convention met, that seems to be what offended Colonel Dean.

Colonel Dean and any candidate who may be opposed to a good road bond issue stay in Georgia and fight the proposal. They have no place in Washington, far away from the firing line.

If I go to the senate, I hope to do something for Georgia's roads. The present federal aid law must be amended. Otherwise, a majority of the counties will never receive anything like a fair proportion of the federal aid funds and many of them will never share any of the bond issue of some state seemed to me to be the only remedy here in Georgia.

It is my belief that the governor will appreciate, nor will any other candidate appreciate the colonel's request. A campaign for the senate should be conducted on a high plane, as I propose to conduct it. I shall use no unkind word to say anything of the candidates and I believe they all feel the same way about me.

Howard Headquarters.

Judge Howard opened his headquarters in the same offices used in the Kimball house by Clifford M. Walker in his successful race for the governorship. Judge Howard will be assisted in his campaign by Joe Gaston and Tobe Daniels, two of the managers of Mr. Walker's campaign.

Judge George has opened headquarters at room 201 of the Kimball house. Representative Ed Dykes, of Dooly county, is one of the managers of the George campaign and a list of the members of his campaign committee will be made public later. Judge George was present at his headquarters Friday and probably will remain in Atlanta until the campaign is over.

Colonel John T. Boileau stated at the capitol Friday that he will operate campaign headquarters in Atlanta and Macon. The Atlanta headquarters will be established in the Kimball house.

It was stated at the capitol Friday that Governor Hardwick will make several political speeches in the campaign. The governor went to Cartersville Friday night to deliver the principal address at a meeting to be held in honor of Mrs. W. H. Felton, who will be presented with her commission as United States senator at the meeting Friday night. Later the governor plans to make four or five speeches in which he will outline his position in regard to the senatorship, according to statements of his friends Friday.

Six candidates who qualified for the race for pension commissioner to succeed the late Judge John W. Lindsey began their active campaigns Friday. The candidates who have qualified for this place, according to an announcement by E. W. Jordan, secretary of the state democratic executive committee, are the following: Colonel John W. Clark, Augusta; Major C. E. McGregor, Warrenton; J. E. Dent, Macon; John C. Butt, Briana Vista; Captain W. H. H. Phelps, Atlanta, and John S. Stone, Atlanta.

Invite George to Speak. Augusta, Ga., October 6.—(Special.)—At a meeting held here tonight 25 men signed a telegram to Walter E. George, requesting him to make an address in Augusta during the senatorial campaign. They represented a gathering of 48 men who met the office of Isaac S. Peebles, Jr. Members of the city council and one of the legislators-elect are among the signers of the telegram.

SUSTAINED FLIGHT RECORDS SMASHED. Continued from First Page.

oil and grease when they stepped from the big machine in which they had remained aloft, circling over the city for virtually two days and a night. That did not stop Mrs. Benjamin MacReady, mother of the aviator, from rushing to greet her son. She kissed him full on his grimy cheek and when she turned around smilingly, gladly, her lips were black with grease and oil.

Lieutenants MacReady and Kelly joined in making the following statement:

"It was the wonderful Liberty motor which kept us up. There is no question in this flight, proven by the motor to be the best and most efficient in the world. It is due to the development of army aviation. The primary purpose of the test, it should be said, was to test the motor in the United States army transport T-2, and the result was all that could be expected."

"We are going to make the flight from San Diego to New York in November and we are confident that we shall be successful."

CASH GRO. CO. 18 S. PRYOR

10 lbs. net
Rex Pure Lard, \$1.59
No. 10
Cotton Bloom.....98c
10-lb. Sack
Best Sugar.....69c
No. 10 Pail
Compound Lard, 99c

Young
Fat, Home Hens, lb. 28c
Dressed

Carnation or Pet
Cream, Large Size.....10c
Dime Brand
Milk.....10c
Stokley's Hominy,
Large Can.....11c
New Post Toasties or
Corn Flakes, pkg.....7c
Kings' Sliced Bacon,
30c lb.; 3 lbs.....85c
Small Fresh Pork
Hams.....25c
Pork Chops,
pound.....30c
Salt Boiling Meat,
pound.....10c
(Plenty of it)

We have a big supply of country
Backbone, Spareribs, Side
Pork and Country Pork Sausage.
Fresh Pure Hog Lard,
pound.....15c
Sliced Ham,
pound.....30c

SALE TODAY
PRIDE OF
ATLANTA
24-lb. Bag.....\$1.19
12-lb. Bag.....63c
Miss Dixie
24-lb. Bag.....\$1.19
12-lb. Bag.....63c
CAPITOLA
24-lb. Bag.....\$1.16
12-lb. Bag.....61c
Baking Demonstrations by Mrs.
L. R. Scott. Hot Biscuits served
all day.

We Sell SKINNERS The Highest Grade Macaroni
Egg Noodles, Spaghetti and
other Macaroni Products

FEDERAL MARKET
32 Walton Street. Walnut 4284.
Pure Pork Sausage, lb. 25c
Free—A complimentary ticket to the Southeastern
Fair with every purchase.

DENNY'S CASH STORE

11 Edgewood Ave. At Five Points
We Make Deliveries on Orders of \$2.50 and Upward.

SPECIALS FOR SATURDAY

Maxwell House Coffee, 1-lb. can...36c
Morning Joy Coffee, 1-lb. can...36c
Snowdrift, No. 10 Pail.....\$1.08
Flake White, No. 10 Pail.....\$1.07

Milk
Pet, large, 10c can; doz.....\$1.20
Pet, small, 5c can; doz.....80c
Carnation, large, 10c can; doz.....\$1.20
Carnation, small, 5c can; doz.....60c
Old Dutch Cleanser, 2 for.....15c
Macaroni and Spaghetti (Golden Age)
package.....8c
Postell's Elegant Flour, 24-lb. bag...\$1.33
Sugar, 10-lbs.....69c

Vannie Tilden's
Home-made products
sold in our store.
Meats
We handle only the choicest of western
meats, and fancy milk-fed hams and
frigs. Ask those who have tried us.

We Sell SKINNERS The Highest Grade Macaroni
Egg Noodles, Spaghetti and
other Macaroni Products

CEFALU & CO.

28 E. ALABAMA STREET
WE DELIVER PHONES—M. 1646-1647-3662
THE HOME OF QUALITY

Fruits, Vegetables, Meats and Oysters
EXTRA FANCY FAT HOME-DRESSED
HENS, lb.28c
FRYERS, lb.32c
FRESH DRESSED DUCKS
BIG SHIPMENT OF FRESH CANDY-COATED
JORDAN ALMONDS.....39c

IN OUR MARKET-DEPARTMENT
KINGMAN'S BOX BREAKFAST BEEF ROAST, lb.20-25c
BACON, lb.47c
SLICED BREAKFAST BACON, lb.27c
lb.30c
PURE LEAF LARD, 5 lbs. net 95c
LAMB ROAST, lb.23c
CREAMERY BUTTER, lb.45c
PORK SAUSAGE IN BOXES, lb.27c
SMOKED TONGUES, lb.35c
WIENERS, lb.18c
ATLANTA'S BEST ALL-PORK
SAUSAGE, lb.25c

THAT IS WHAT YOU GET HERE—ATLANTA'S BEST

We Sell SKINNERS The Highest Grade Macaroni
Egg Noodles, Spaghetti and
other Macaroni Products

ATLANTA'S NEWEST MARKET

114 WHITEHALL ST.
WE DELIVER—M. 0955

Good Meats, Fair Prices, Efficient, Polite Service
Is the Aim of This New Store

This new, clean, Sanitary Market, with its Fair Prices, Honest Weights, Courteous Service and, most of all, its HIGH QUALITY FOODS, Solicits Your Patronage.

In this New, Commodious Market we will handle a complete line of Fancy Western and Local Meats, Fresh Fruits and Green Produce in season, Fish and Oysters.

Come in and see for yourself. If you want choice, high quality cuts of meat, or if you want regular cuts at low prices, you will find them here. Our meat department is in charge of Mr. D. C. Gulick, who is well known in this line.

STRIKERS LOSE MOVES IN INJUNCTION FIGHT

Chicago, October 6.—Attorneys for the striking railroad shompen failed in the Daugherty injunction in federal Judge Wilkerson's court Friday.

Judge Wilkerson overruled a motion for a bill of particulars in the injunction suit, and refused to grant the shompen's request that he pronounce the case one of "extraordinary public importance" so that three circuit court judges might be appointed to hear it immediately. The court declared it had no jurisdiction on such a request.

Both the motion and the request had been made by Attorney Donald R. Dickberg, counsel for the shompen. Dickberg also filed the formal answer of the shompen to the government's petition to have the strike injunction made permanent. The answer denied the government's charges in detail and alleged that the railroads themselves had conspired to force the strike.

"Playing for Time." Assistant Solicitor General Black-Burn Esterline declared he would in due time ask the shompen to appear and hear the evidence, in order to expedite final disposition of the case.

"Attorney-General Daugherty is simply playing for time," was Dickberg's answer to the recent declaration of Solicitor-General James M. Beck that the attorney general would be very glad to expedite an appeal to the United States supreme court.

"We want quick action on this injunction, to get it lifted at the earliest possible date," the attorney-general wants to ride on Judge Wilkerson's order until the shompen's strike is over and the need for it has passed. He has no sincere desire to settle the question now.

"Two other union attorneys and myself made a trip to Washington for the express purpose of keeping an appointment with the attorney-general to confer on further procedure with a view to hastening a settlement. When we arrived we were told that he was busy."

"We were referred to Mr. Beck, who assured us that he knew nothing about the injunction. We made another appointment with Mr. Beck, which he broke, sending us a letter recommending an appeal to the supreme court, which would be both slow and expensive."

Seventeen Decisions. The railroad labor board Friday ground out seventeen decisions in the cases of railroads charged with violation of the board's ruling on contracting out shop work. All these cases were decided against the railroads, but were considered here as of no extraordinary import, as practically all of the offending railroads have already discontinued the practice. The board has now acted on the cases of all railroads charged with the violation except that of Western Maryland.

The board's decision on the petition of the 400,000 maintenance of way men for a wage increase may be expected within a few days, it is predicted in reliable quarters. Further consideration of this decision by the board is being held up pending the arrival here of two absent members, and the "deadlock" said to exist over the two-cent increase favored by the board's public members is expected to be of short duration.

Every Japanese hotel has a fan, special in itself, containing a view of the hotel and a blessing from the writings of Confucius. One of these is always given to the departing guest.

Glasgow University, founded in 1450, is the oldest in Scotland, except St. Andrew's.

Apparatus has been invented for measuring and recording the thrust or pull of airplane propellers under flight conditions.



Cooler days will soon be here
Hart Schaffner & Marx
fall clothes
\$36 up

WILL prepare you for them.
They'll put you in style;
keep you in style and they'll
save you money

Daniel Bros. Company
Founded Home of Hart Schaffner & Marx 45 to 49
1886 clothes Peachtree

French Wine Crop Reported Bumper; Prices Will Drop

BY HUDSON HAWLEY.
United News Staff Correspondent.

Paris, October 6.—This is a mean subject to be writing about to people in the United States—but in the interest of truth, it must be reported that:

The French wine crop this year is going to be a bumper; and the price is likely to be greatly diminished.

These statements are made on no less an authority than the ministry of agriculture itself. That department has received most satisfactory reports from the Beaujolais region, from Touraine, where the immortal Bourgoing comes from, and from the Burgundy itself. The only discouraging report comes from the Herault region, where because of drought, the grapes are not as large and juicy as they ought to be. This, however, is counterbalanced by the report from the Dordogne area, further to the west, which is most optimistic.

Gathering of the grapes and pressing in the big vats began in northern and central France on September 15, and the "Midif" or south, two weeks later.

EMORY STUDENTS HEAR VISITING DEAN LECTURE

W. B. Swaney, dean of the law school of Chattanooga, addressed the student body of Emory university Friday morning during the chapel hour.

His topic was "The Present Perils to Americanism." He compared the constitution of the United States to the Magna Carta, describing the two documents as the first steps toward the truest democracy.

Dean Swaney is the author of "Safeguards of Liberty," which has been accepted as a textbook in several universities. He is chairman of the American Bar association committee on law enforcement through legislation. He was introduced by Dean Samuel Williams, of Emory.

"Bankers Don't Tip," Complain Manicure Girls of New York

New York, October 6.—Manicure girls and barbers of the hotels in the region of Park square say they know why bankers have so much money. As a class the bankers from out of town who have been attending the A. B. A. convention are "stiffs," in the language of the manicure and barber trade.

A "stiff," he it known, is a customer who does not tip.

"Had three bankers in my chair today," said one barber. "All stiff." A pretty manicure girl confirmed the story.

"All of the girls are complaining," one said. One girl has had thirteen bankers customers this week. Five tipped her and eight didn't loosen up with so much as a dime."

LIONS OF SAVANNAH OPPOSE MOVING DAY

Savannah, Ga., October 6.—(Special.)—The Lions' club today went on record against the custom in vogue here for a century of observing October 1 as "moving day," and the campaign will extend to other civic bodies to urge the realtors' board to adopt another plan by which leases may begin at various times or any time in the year.

Portland, Ore., October 6.—In a half-lighted hall, bedecked with tinsel and tassels of gaudy Oriental colors, to the intermittent clatter and whine of a dozen strange instruments and the smell of exotic odors, Chinese delegates from many states to the national convention of the Hip Sing Tong pursued their deliberations yesterday and today.

The Orientals were willing to let Caucasian visitors in between sessions for brief glimpses of the hued glory of their meeting place and to enjoy, if they could, its weird music and endure, if they had fortitude, its more weird smell as they were generous in passing cigars, candied ginger and sections of green sugar cane to all comers.

Purely benevolent are the purposes of the gathering, according to the official Tong press agent, a young Chinese. "It is purely a business meeting," he said. "We are planning no war on other Tong."

The Hip Sing Tong, he added, plans to go into business in earnest in the construction and operation of a wooden or cotton plant in China, a working ground for the capital of affluent members and prosperous individual Tong.

And then three new buildings are wanted by the "Hips" to keep company with the \$100,000 structure built in San Francisco, the national headquarters last year.

Inviting banquet last night was attended by hundreds of the Tongmen. There were shark's fin and bird's nest soup, chop suey, duck and many other Oriental dainties. The feasting lasted all night.

Down on the sidewalk a special detail of police kept vigil. The police, it seemed, were not greatly interested with the Hip Sing declaration of purposes.

Mother Asks Police To Save 19-Year Son From 24-Year Vamp

Chicago, October 6.—Somewhere out in the wild, wild west, a 19-year-old John Bittner in the clutches of a 24-year-old vampire who is leading him helplessly along the perfumed road to ruin, according to a message the Chicago police received Thursday from the youth's mother, Mrs. Anna Bittner, of New York.

She is a vampire who has cast a spell over him, Mrs. Bittner declared. "She has my boy under her eye continuously and will not let him out of her sight for fear that he might return home."

Mrs. Bittner believes the "vampire" took her son to Chicago.

GRANTS TWO PARDONS IN COURTHOUSE CASE

BY HUDSON HAWLEY.
United News Staff Correspondent.

Richmond, Va., October 6.—Sidna Edwards and Friel Allen, two of six men convicted of shooting in the courthouse at Hillsville in 1912, were given conditional pardons today by Governor E. Lee Trinkle.

At the same time the governor refused pardons to Sidna Allen and Wesley Edwards, sentenced to 35 and 27 years imprisonment respectively for their part in their affair in which Thornton L. Massey, the presiding judge, W. M. Foster, the commonwealth's attorney, L. F. Webb, the sheriff, and a young woman were killed and Dexter Allen, the driver and several jurymen were wounded.

Sidna Edwards was under sentence of fifteen years and Friel Allen was serving eighteen years, both being convicted of murder in the second degree. Governor Trinkle, in announcing the pardons, declared that the prison records of the two men "had been without a mark during the entire period" of their confinement, that he was convinced both would in the future lead law-abiding lives and that he believed that the purpose of the law had been accomplished by the length of time they had served.

The governor acted after receiving a petition signed, it was stated, by 50,000 persons in all parts of Virginia. The petition asked that all four be given their liberty on the ground that they had "satisfied the law" and that they were convicted at a time when the whole state was "biased." The two other members of the class, Floyd Allen and his son Claude, paid with their lives for their part in the shooting.

BALTIMORE MOB THREATENS LIVES OF PROHIBITION RAIDERS

Baltimore, October 6.—Four prohibition agents and two negro assistants were beleaguered for two hours tonight in the saloon of Henry Schatzky, following the arrest of a mob of about 200 men and women, threatened the agents and demolished the plate glass front of the building in efforts to reach the raiders.

Bricks were hurled from the streets and stones thrown at the agents' automobile were cut and the windows and lamps wrecked.

The trouble started as the agents were loading a small truck with 25 prohibition agents and two negro assistants were beleaguered for two hours tonight in the saloon of Henry Schatzky, following the arrest of a mob of about 200 men and women, threatened the agents and demolished the plate glass front of the building in efforts to reach the raiders.

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COUNTY OFFICER HURT IN WRECK OF WHISKY AUTO

Athens, Ga., October 6.—(Special.)—County Officer Alex Saye and Cory ("Baldy") Langford were injured early Friday night when a whisky car occupied by Langford and a Cowden ran into a tree on College avenue.

Mr. Saye, who, hospital authorities say, was not seriously injured, was taken to the Athens General hospital and is expected to be released Saturday morning. One of his hands and his face were bruised. Langford's neck was wrenched. The car was badly damaged. Cowden escaped.

CHINESE GATHER IN CONVENTION OF HIP SING TONG

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AGREE TO DISMISS KLAN INJUNCTION

Chattanooga, Tenn., October 6.—By agreement of the parties to the litigation Chancellor Garvin today dissolved the injunction granted against Lookout Ku Klux Klan realm of Tennessee on a bill filed by the knights of the Ku Klux Klan of America, enjoining the local Klan from functioning and claimed that it had violated the terms of its charter. The bill was dismissed and the clerk and master ordered to take an accounting to ascertain if any damages have accrued to the defendant Klan.

The agreement of dismissal was signed by J. P. Pool, Sumner attorney for the Klan, and J. H. Anderson, attorney for the local Klan.

REMEMBER Jno. Moore & Sons Opticians

New Location
77 Peachtree St.
3 Doors From Auburn

Atlanta, Ga., October 6.—(Special.)—Acceptance of a scholarship fund of \$2,400 from the Georgia H. Rucker corporation, to be used as six funds of \$400 each, and the authorization of a heating plant for the historic University of Georgia chapel constituted the outstanding work of the prudential committee of the university at its meeting today.

F. J. O'Brien was elected student assistant in the new correspondence course that was recently inaugurated by the university school of education. The historic chapel of the college has for years been in a bad condition, but improvement is seen in the action of the prudential committee in authorizing the new heating plant in addition by having it repaired on the interior.

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BELEAGUED REPORTS OF MEXICAN MUTINY

Mexicali, Lower Cal., October 6.—Mexican troops in the border town of Mexicali mutinied and killed those of their officers who refused to join them in deserting to the rebel forces of General Carrasco, when the rebellion was sent from Mexico to fight in Sinaloa two weeks ago, and are now in rebellion, according to delayed advices received today.

LIQUOR FORBIDDEN ON ALL U. S. SHIPS

Continued From First Page.

erty, were issued by President Harding late today.

In a letter to Secretary Mellon, the president requested that notice be given to the masters of all privately-owned ships operating under the American flag and that regulations for the enforcement of the prohibition of liquor on ships be issued.

Writing to Mr. Lasker, the executive said the transportation and the service of intoxicating liquors on ships, owned, operated or leased by the shipping board, "should be prohibited at once and all transportation, either as cargo or ships' stores must cease."

"This will enable the disposal of ships for the lawful purposes contemplated under the statutes," the letter added. "The secretary of the treasury will issue equivalent notice to private ships under American operation."

"I am of the opinion," Mr. Daugherty said, "that American ships wherever they may be, are included in the prohibition of liquor on ships, subject to the jurisdiction of the United States, so that manufacture, transportation or sale of intoxicating liquors for beverage purposes is prohibited thereon. To construe otherwise would, in my opinion, violate the unmistakable intent in its adoption, such intent clearly adduced from a reading of the prohibition law, which it grew and voiced by the supreme court in the Walker and Anchor line cases."

"This interpretation is further supported by the many authorities that have held ships to be 'constructive territory' of the country whose flag they fly. Such decisions undoubtedly extend the prohibition as well as the prohibitions of the country's laws."

"The national prohibition act is an act of general jurisdiction in force wherever the 18th amendment applies; and the courts of the United States have jurisdiction to punish its violations on the high seas."

Foreign Ships. "I am forced to the opinion under the ruling of the Walker and Anchor line cases, that foreign ships carrying intoxicating beverage liquors as ship stores or otherwise, within the three-mile limit of our shores, are violating provisions of the national prohibition act, prohibiting possession or transportation of intoxicating liquor for beverage purposes. The supreme court therein has held that it is not necessary that the liquor be intended for beverage use within the United States."

The ruling was in answer to a request from Secretary Mellon for advice as to whether the practice of selling liquors on American ships on the high seas was permissible and whether possession of, intoxicating liquors by foreign ships in American waters was in violation of the prohibition laws.

Mr. Daugherty replied to the first question in the negative and to the second in the affirmative.

"A glance at contemporary history and the condition of affairs out of which the adoption of the 18th amendment arose," he said, "compels the admission that it represents the culmination of 50 years' struggle of the American people to effectively settle the problems arising from the use of intoxicating liquor as a beverage."

Not Limited to Land. "The term 'all territory' subject to the jurisdiction thereof expresses not a limitation just to lands, as the word 'territory' might alone be construed, but rather an extension wherever the jurisdiction of the United States may reach."

"Certainly shipping board vessels operated and owned by our very government are 'subject to the jurisdiction thereof' and the prohibition is for some purposes regarded as a part of American territory and our laws are the rules for its guidance."

"I believe, from the study of the history of conditions out of which the eighteenth amendment grew, it is equally clear that the words 'territory' subject to the jurisdiction of the United States carry the intent to extend its provisions over every spot where the flag of America flies."

"The open oceans, outside the territorial waters of nations, have long been regarded as the highway of all, wherein all nations share the privileges of tenants in common. If, then, the United States shares the high seas as a 'tenant in common' with other nations, the eighteenth amendment would extend to comprehend the sea as territory of the United States."

States Involves Sea, and Where and When it is Used by American Bottoms. Terms General. "An examination of the national prohibition act, by itself, leads to the conclusion that its operation is extended to American vessels on the high seas, since its generally so lately general and have no limits of any sort."

"It is a long established principle of municipal and international law that a nation has the right to make and enforce laws covering its territorial waters as well as its land."

"If, then, the bringing in of liquors by foreign vessels as ship stores or otherwise constitutes a transportation contrary to the eighteenth amendment and the national prohibition act it is clearly a violation of the law that no executive or administrative officer of the government has the power to permit."

"Under the reasoning of the court in the Walker and Anchor line cases, it is no argument for the legality of foreign ships possessing and transporting intoxicating liquors in and across our waters, that they do not intend to use the liquors until after leaving the jurisdiction of the United States."

"We then to argue that such inflexible provisions of law, declared by our supreme court, and that we should apply to our own citizens, but be abandoned when we deal with ships of a foreign nation."

KAISER PUSHED BILL FOR BIG NAVY

Continued From First Page.

After some objection I had to make up my mind to be myself the writer of the answer.

And now the following scene took place:

At the writing table in the adjutant's room; the other gentlemen stood around me. I would read a sentence from the note aloud and sketch out an answer, which was, in turn, read aloud. Then criticisms were made from right and left; one thought the sentence too complaisant, another too abrupt; it was thereupon amended, reworded, involved and polished. The chancellor particularly subjected my grammar and style to much torture, owing to his habit of probing things philosophically, in which every word, in order that it should not "lie" on the surface, was subjected to a most thorough examination.

After hours of work the note was finally finished and, having been passed a couple of times from hand to hand and then read aloud, it was signed.

"Our group" broke up, the chancellor asked Sir Ernest who was to be expected from England to conduct the negotiations. Cassel replied that it would certainly be a minister, which one he did not know.

Mr. Winston Churchill, minister of the navy, since the question was a naval one. Then the chancellor asked further with him that the official method should be followed, and that Ballin should undertake to transmit all the news regarding the matter which should emanate from England.

Sir Ernest expressed his lively gratitude for his cordial reception and his satisfaction at the tenor of the reply. Later Ballin informed me from the hotel that Cassel had expressed himself as completely satisfied over the successful outcome of his mission, and that he would report to his government the good impression made upon him.

When I thereupon conferred on the matter with Admiral von Tirpitz we both agreed that the naval bill was in danger and, therefore, that we must be very careful.

Diplomatic Preparedness. In perfect secrecy the material was collected which Admiral von Tirpitz was to present at the negotiations; it consisted of a short historical sketch of the development of the fleet and of the increasingly difficult tasks devolving upon it; the naval law and its aims, nature, enactment and extension; finally, the contemplated naval bill, its history and the method of putting it through.

The chancellor asked that the main negotiations should be conducted at the palace in my presence. In addition, I agreed with Admiral von Tirpitz that he should speak English, as far as possible, and that I, in case of difficult technical expressions, would interpret.

Until England made known the name of the negotiator, our time was spent in suppositions, and Ballin informed us of communications in connection with which a number of names, even that of Grey, came up.

At last the news arrived, through Ballin, that Haldane—the minister of war—was previously a "lady" had been entrusted with the conduct of the negotiations and would soon arrive. General amaze! Just imagine, Haldane, minister of war, many had sent her minister of war (at that time Von Heeringen) to London, instead of Admiral von Tirpitz, for the discussion of a naval matter!

When this point was discussed with Bethmann and Tirpitz a number of suppositions were advanced: the chancellor said that Haldane was known in England as a student of Goethe and as a man versed in German philosophy and knowing the German language so that his choice was a piece of politeness toward us. Tirpitz observed that Haldane had formerly spent some time in Berlin and worked with General von Einem at the war ministry, and hence knew the state of affairs in Germany. I suggested that all that was very well, but that the choice of Haldane showed that the whole thing was a purely political, since he knew only superficially about naval affairs; that the whole thing was a purely political, since he knew only superficially about naval affairs; that the whole thing was a purely political, since he knew only superficially about naval affairs.

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English Purposes.

At last we received, not the draft of the agreement, but a document asking all sorts of questions and expressing a desire for all sorts of data, a reply to which required many consultations and much reflection. Little by little the suspicion grew in me that the English were not in earnest with regard to the agreement, since question followed question and details were sought which had nothing directly to do with the agreement. England withdrew more and more from her promises, and no draft of the agreement came to hand.

In Berlin a big agitation set in against the naval bill. Tirpitz and myself on the part of the foreign office and from other quarters, both qualified and unqualified. The chancellor also, who hoped to achieve the agreement and affix his name to a document which would free Germany from "encirclement" and bring her into a regular and better relationship with England, came out in favor of dropping the naval bill. But that would simply have meant allowing a foreign power enormous influence in matters of German national defense and jeopardizing thereby the national right of self-determination and our readiness for battle in case of a war being forced upon us. Had we allowed this it would have amounted to our consenting to permit England, Germany's principal foe, to grant us whatever she wished, after consulting her own interests, without receiving ourselves the guarantee of any equivalent concession.

In this confused state of affairs differences of opinion and violent disputes arose, which, especially those circles which really knew little about the navy, were conducted with much violence and not always in a practical manner. Admiral von Tirpitz, all through that winter, which was so hard a one for him and me, fought his fight like a genuine, patriotic officer, realizing the situation and seeing through his opponents with clear vision and supporting me with complete conviction to the limit of his ability. All the government officials agreed that no foreign country could be allowed any voice in helping decide what we had or had not to do toward insuring our protection.

The hope of bringing about the agreement grew ever fainter. England continually showed lessening interest and

NON-PARKING PLAN BLOCKED BY KEY

Plans of the Atlanta Motor club and other civic bodies to free downtown Atlanta from traffic congestion were blocked Friday by Mayor Key, who told a delegation representing these organizations and the police and fire departments, that he was opposed to the non-parking scheme proposed unless it was agreed to by the retail merchants on Peachtree, Whitehall and the other streets affected.

He said the same plan was tried out last year and the merchants on the non-parking streets complained that their business was being seriously hurt and council repealed the ordinance.

The mayor's advice to the delegation was to take up the subject with the Retail Merchants' association. He was told that some individual merchants favored non-parking, but the association would not agree to it. "Well, they know over there on Whitehall how to run their business better than you do," responded the mayor.

C. V. Hohenstein, secretary of the Retail Merchants' association, was present at the meeting. Called on for the association's attitude he said he was there to observe developments and not to participate, but stated that when he heard of the meeting he communicated with officers of the association and from their statements would say that the merchants as a body are not ready to take part in the plan.

The Atlanta Motor club was represented by W. G. Peebles, Jr., president, and Julian Boehm, Jr., secretary. Peebles was present to urge favorable consideration of the motor club's scheme. Mr. Peebles laid before the mayor a map showing in detail the projected revised parking system.

Peachtree would be non-parking from Cain to Whitehall. Parking would be barred from Whitehall from Peachtree to Mitchell; Edgewood avenue, from Five Points to Ivy; Forsyth, from Carnegie way to Mitchell; Alabama, from Pryor to Forsyth; portions of Pryor street; all of Fairlie, Jamison and the three narrow short streets, and the three viaducts.

Mayor Key declared that in his opinion each street ought to carry its own burden of parking, that it would be unjust for other streets to carry the parking which would be removed from Peachtree, Whitehall and the re-

mainder of the thoroughfares in the non-parking zones.

Councilman Edgar Watkins, chairman of the ordinance committee, has announced a public hearing by the committee for next Friday afternoon at 3 o'clock, when the subject of traffic changes will be discussed.

"Rain Just Slipped Up on Us," Says Local Forecaster

General meteorological conditions taking into account the rain of Friday were "without rhyme or reason," said Forecaster C. F. von Herrmann, when asked how it happened, when the bureau Thursday had confidently predicted a continuation of the drought.

"There was no disturbance anywhere to have caused it," he stated. "It slipped up on all of us."

"It was a good rain, too," he continued. "More than an inch and a half fell. It came too late to help cotton, but it will be fine for vegetables and other late crops, and will put the ground in condition for the sowing of grain crops."

Mr. von Herrmann said the downpour was heavy in the northern part of the state, but middle and south Georgia received very little precipitation and this part of the state is still dry.

"I have heard that in some sections of the state autoists have recently been making detours on account of the dust," stated the forecaster. "You needn't tell me there's nothing new under the sun. That's perfectly new."

Showers are forecast for Saturday, but Mr. von Herrmann said he thought they would be rather light.

The rain commenced about 3 o'clock Friday morning and continued intermittently all day. It broke a drought which had lasted 24 days.

No cold weather is scheduled to follow yet and no material change in the temperature is predicted.

\$19,000 REALTY SALE.

ON WEST PEACHTREE

For a cash price of \$19,000, W. W. Griffin has sold the northwest corner of West Peachtree and Fourteenth streets to Frank H. Owens. The sale was made through Hilliard Spaulding, of the Jesse Draper agency.

The property consists of a lot 50 by 119 feet on which stands three one-story brick stores, all of which are under five-year lease.

\$50,000 TO CREDIT SCHOOL DEPARTMENT

Although having bought and erected a score of portable school buildings this year and renovated numbers of old structures to serve as classrooms, the school department will end the year with a surplus to its credit of approximately \$50,000. W. L. McCalley, chairman of the finance committee of the board of education, estimated Friday.

This will be the second year of Mr. McCalley's administration of the schools' finances that the department has come through the year with surplus money in hand. Last year the schools brought over a balance of \$80,000.

Friday afternoon the finance committee met and opened bids for erection of the Fraser school replacement.

There were between 20 and 30 bidders and the bids ranged from \$200,000 to \$250,000. It tabulated in time they will be presented at the board of education's meeting Saturday morning at 9 o'clock for that body's award.

PREJUDICE SCORED BY DR. DAVID MARX

Due partly to the fact that there is something radically wrong with the prevalent conception of good citizenship, the country has been gradually drifting away from representative government for the past 40 or 50 years, according to Dr. David Marx, who addressed the Civitan club Friday on "Good Citizenship."

"We find a great many people who do not know what constitutes good citizenship," he said. "We have a bad habit of electing people to office not for their fitness, but because of our individual prejudices."

"The sooner the people of the city pull together, understanding each other thoroughly, the better our government will be. And there can't be the proper understanding if a man stabs another man in the back politically because he is Catholic, or a Jew or a Methodist or some other creed or belief."

He declared that there is a greater need for the study of American principles and ideals. "We can't preserve principles when we don't know what those principles are," he said.

Mrs. T. H. Wingfield, well-known local church soloist, sang two very pleasing numbers as the musical feature of the weekly Civitan luncheon. She was accompanied by Civitan Paul Hubbard.

COLORED MISSION OF ATLANTA PLANS RICE MEMORIAL

The Presbyterian colored mission of Atlanta took steps Friday night to push the plans for the Rice Memorial building to completion.

During the meeting the executive committee voted to exert every possible influence to bring the memorial plans to completion so work on the construction of the building may be started within a few months.

Rev. A. D. Wilkerson, former pastor of Mobile and New Orleans churches, was added to the executive staff at the Friday meeting. He has taken an active part in the plans to raise funds for the memorial.

WOMAN IMPROVING AFTER SUICIDE EFFORT

Mrs. Annie Mae Heard, 18, of 343 South Pryor street, who attempted to end her own life by swallowing a large quantity of iodine late Thursday evening, was in a slightly improved condition Friday night, according to physicians at the Grady hospital, although they said she was still dangerously ill.

Her husband, Frank Heard, of 308 South Pryor street, is quoted as having stated that she was despondent over estrangement between them when she deliberately ignored his wishes and went automobile riding with friends.

A note the young matron wrote before taking the poison stated that her husband was too heavy for her to bear, and requested that her mother be notified. She has refused to tell why she tried to kill herself.

HICKEY AND SAUL GIVEN POSITIONS BY TRUST COMPANY

Richard Hickey and Calhoun Stephenson Saul, well-known young Atlantans, recently have been employed by the Trust Company of Georgia for its real estate sales department, according to announcement by Charles T. Hopkins, Jr., manager of the department.

Mr. Hickey is the son of James E. Hickey, proprietor of the Piedmont hotel, is a former city golf champion, and a graduate of the University of Georgia.

Mr. Saul has lately been connected with the Southern Bell Telephone company and the T. T. Flagler company.

E. D. THOMAS MAY RUN FOR SUPERIOR COURT

Judge E. D. Thomas, chief judge of the municipal court, was being prominently mentioned Friday as a probable candidate in the special primary for the superior court judgeship now filled by Judge Shepard Bryan, who was appointed to succeed Judge John T. Pendleton, whose recent resignation was followed by his death Thursday.

It was also believed in local court circles that Judge Bryan will not offer for election to the place, as he is understood to enjoy a lucrative law practice.

Judge Thomas has served one year of his third four-year term as chief judge of the municipal court.

No other probable candidates were mentioned. The state convention in Macon on Wednesday ordered that the judgeship be filled in the special primary to be held for the nomination of a United States senator and a state pension commissioner.

To complete arrangements for the special primary on October 17, Claude C. Mason, chairman of the Fulton county democratic executive committee, has called a meeting of the committee for 12 o'clock Saturday at the courthouse. The question of raising funds for conducting the primary will also be discussed, he said.

LOCAL MARINE DISTRICT FIRST IN RECRUITING

The southeastern recruiting district of the United States marine corps, which is composed of the states of Georgia, Florida, South Carolina and the eastern portions of Tennessee and Alabama, is the first southern district that ever led the entire United States in the number of recruits accepted for service, which record was made possible by the acceptance of 82 southerners out of more than 800 applicants who applied during September, according to the final bulletin for that month received from headquarters Friday by Captain George Bower, U. S. M. C., officer in charge, with headquarters at room 510 postoffice building.

Since Captain Bower took charge of the district in March, Atlanta has been flashed to all cities where recruiting stations for the marines are located as the leading city in the country in recruiting, it was declared.

In the seventh place in the relative standing of the 28 recruiting districts of the marines in the United States during the month of March, Captain Bower has brought his district to the top.

By obtaining ten recruits out of 38 applicants, Sergeant Abe I. Skinner, recruiting station, led all marine recruiters in the south during September, it was also announced.

Chamber Is Asked To Send Delegates To New York Meet

Whether the Atlanta Chamber of Commerce will be represented in the national conference on the foreign and domestic policies of the United States, scheduled to be held at the Hotel Astor, New York, November 10 and 11, will be decided by the executive committee at the next meeting when a communication from the president of the National Civic Federation will be brought to the attention of the body.

President Alton B. Parker, of the federation, requests in his letter that five delegates be appointed from the chamber to attend the conference.

Stressing the importance of the matters to be discussed, which will be given the attention of a representative body of the nation's citizens, President Parker's communication sets forth two questions which will be considered. "How far and in what manner is it advisable for America to participate in international affairs?" and "How far may the United States safely go in reducing its army and navy?" are the two questions.

Officials of the local chamber consider this a matter of great importance. In discussing the matter, B. S. Baker, secretary, said:

"I heartily agree with the thoughts expressed in Mr. Parker's communication. It is a grave question as to whether so many good men should be let loose from the army at present, and the comparison that it is like abolishing the fire department of a city when there is a fire raging is very aptly expressed in the literature."

"All thinking people of Atlanta and the country know that the world is a far from peace. The Near East is a concrete example of that fact that now is entirely too early for us to abolish, or even to an appreciable extent, weaken, our fighting forces."

"The fire is raging across the Atlantic, and I agree that our army and navy are our insurance, our fire department—and that it is a very grave matter the question of deciding the advisability of lifting its strength at this time."

**FIVE NEGROES JAILED
FOR WOODALL KILLING**

William Burnett, negro, of 34 White's alley, is held without bond at police barracks accused of murdering Arthur Woodall, 272 Walker street, who was shot last Saturday night near Haynes and Chapel streets, dying Sunday afternoon in the Grady hospital, from his injuries.

Burnett is the fifth negro to be jailed by local police and detectives who have been investigating the shooting. He was arrested Friday afternoon by Detectives Pat Campbell and J. Lewis Whitely in company with Call Officers W. A. Goode and W. M. Dodo.

The other negroes were locked up just before daybreak Friday morning by City Detectives T. O. Sturdivant and J. L. Whitley and Call Officers J. Walter McWilliams and John Lowe.

They are Mabel Lewis and Pearl Burnett, of 34-A White's alley; Will Thomas, 99 Humphries street; and Minnie Williams, of 48 Kirk street. They are being held for further examination by the officers.

HIGH'S FORTIETH



The Anniversary Is Famous for Its Dress Sales

For Today We Present These

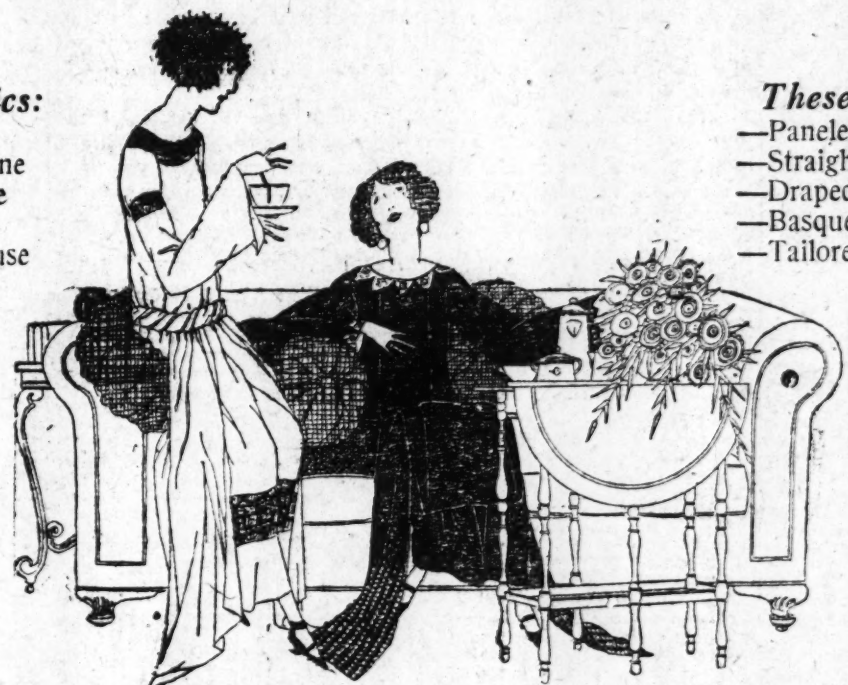
500 NEW SILK AND CLOTH DRESSES IN 4 SALE LOTS

These Fabrics:

- Poiret Twill
- Crepe de Chine
- Canton Crepe
- Silk Jersey
- Soft Charmeuse

These Styles:

- Paneled Dresses
- Straight Line
- Draped Dresses
- Basque Dresses
- Tailored Dresses



EVERYWHERE one hears talk about these dresses. One woman tells you of their beauty. She dwells at length upon the graceful lines; she points out the fact that in these dresses you'll find all the newest quirks and turns of Fashion. Another woman emphasizes their quality. "You should see the heaviness of the silks used in these dresses," she'll exclaim, "and when you go to examine them closely, there isn't a flaw in the workmanship."

MOST EVERY WOMAN WHO HAS ATTENDED THESE DRESS SALES HAS A GREAT DEAL TO SAY OF PRICES

"I looked and looked and couldn't find anything to equal them before I bought mine," one will say. And—"It was just exactly what I wanted, and the price so much less than I'd dreamed it could be, that I knew it would be folly to look further," says another. Yes, everywhere one hears talk about these dresses—talk that's of value to women who have fall dresses to buy, and of interest to all women in general.

Dresses, \$13.75

—Dresses of all-wool Poiret twill, heavy silk crepe de Chine, Canton crepe and drapy silk Jersey. Straight-line effects, paneled styles and dresses with long-bloused waists. In navy, black and brown.

Dresses, \$17.75

—Modish dresses of Canton crepe and Poiret twill. Loose, girdled models with loose panels, Russian models with long blouse and graceful draped models with novel ornaments. Novel sleeves and fancy belts.

Dresses, \$19.75

—Dresses of heavy Canton crepe and Poiret twill. Draped models with drapery caught in wing effect by fancy ornament at side, paneled modes, straight-line styles and the dearest little basque dresses with full skirts.

Dresses, \$23.75

—Fine dresses of heavy Canton crepe, soft charmeuse and Poiret twill. Basque styles, straight styles with cabochon ornaments and lovely draped models. Trimmed with buttons, flowers, embroidery, beads, etc.

THE QUESTION OF COATS

Is Answered in the Anniversary With Hundreds
of Beautiful Winter Coats at Fine Savings!

BEAUTIFUL winter coats. Splendid and warm! And just full of style from the top of their high-buttoned-up collars to the hem of their full skirts. Sleeves are big and gathered in or loosely cut in a fancy shape and hung with large tassels or fringe. In big, warm, enveloping, wrappy models with huge crushed collars of self material or fur collars. So many models to choose from that it's easy to find YOUR coat. And savings big and fine on every one of these!

Coats, \$23.75

—Of rich Normandy and soft finished suedene. Trimmed with silk cord tassels dropping from a corner of the loose sleeves and silk stitchery or braid. Sashed models. Have beaverette or large crushed collars of self material. Plain or fancy linings. Black, Sorrento and caracul collars.

Coats, \$34.75

—Beautiful coats of soft, rich Normandy coating. Made in becoming wrappy styles with tucked sleeves, braid trimmed sleeves and loose, plain sleeves. Fully lined with crepe de Chine. In Sorrento, cocoa, navy and dark, rich brown. Plain collars or beaverette and caracul collars.

\$3.50 Blankets, \$2.18

—Cotton blankets in block plaids. These are good-weight with a lofty finish. Size 64x80 inches.

High's

Phone
Main 1001

Whitehall and
Hunter Streets

\$5.00 Blankets, \$3.18

—Heavy weight, wool-finished cotton plaid blankets. Various colors. These measure 66x80 inches.



Baker's Cocoa

is the ideal drink for growing children

Not only does its delicious flavor and aroma appeal to the palate but it supplies the body with a considerable amount of pure, wholesome and nutritious food.



Children, owing to their almost ceaseless activity, frequently require as large an amount of nourishment as adults, and good cocoa is a valuable aid in the carefully arranged diet. But its quality must be good and no cocoa can quite so well meet the requirements of dietitian, physician, nurse or housekeeper as "BAKER'S"

Made only by

WALTER BAKER & CO. LTD.

Established 1860

DORCHESTER, MASSACHUSETTS

Booklet of Choice Recipes sent free

Why do we sell so many children's Shoes? Because they wear longer.

\$1.49
Infants' First Steps. 1 to 5. Black Patent Leather.

\$1.95
Children's 5 1-2 to 8, all black and all color tops, brown, white, tan, dove, red.

\$3.95
Tan-Calf Patent Leather, 8 1-2 to 11.

Quality and Service

Complete line of Misses' and Children's Shoes, at most any price you wish to pay.

WHITEHALL AT HUNTER

ALL AMERICA SHOE STORE

Growing Girls' 2 1-2 to 7, Tan Calf; broad and medium toe. \$4.95 and \$6.50

89c
Infants' Soft Soles. All colors. Sizes 0 to 4.

\$1.95
Sizes 5 1-2 to 8. Patent Leather and also with color tops, brown, white, red.

Boys' "02"
8 1-2 to 11.....\$3.45
11 1-2 to 12.....\$3.95

Play Shoes. Tan Calf.
5 1-2 to 8.....\$2.25
8 1-2 to 11.....\$2.45
11 1-2 to 12.....\$2.95

Tan Calf Patent Leather, 11 1-2 to 12. \$4.95

RADIO DEPARTMENT

WIGLEY'S SCORE IN WGM CONCERT

Remarkable Voice Heard
by Listeners as Mrs.
W. H. Wigley Sings
by Radio.

A program that few others have
dared was offered last night be-
tween 9 and 9:45 o'clock from Sta-
tion WGM. The Atlanta Constitu-
tion, in the presentation under the
direction of Signor E. Volpi. At-
tending voice teacher of Mrs. W. H.
Wigley, Jr., coloratura soprano, and
Mr. Wigley, saxophone soloist.

From the beginning until 9:45
o'clock the program brought in a
flood of telephone calls in which
both the solos by Mrs. Wigley
and the duets by Mr. and Mrs.
Wigley came in for strong words of
praise.

The impression which Mrs. Wig-
ley's beautiful voice made on the
listeners of Station WGM has been
easily equalled since the installa-
tion of the new 500-watt broadcast-
ing plant of Station WGM. Every
number Mrs. Wigley sang registered
perfectly.

Mrs. Wigley is a pupil of Signor
Volpi and in the last two months
her voice has developed unusually.
Signor Volpi last night played
piano accompaniment for Mrs.
Wigley, while Mrs. Wigley played
the piano in the saxophone and piano
duets.

Tonight between 9 and 9:45 o'clock
Station WGM will broadcast a pro-
gram by the Atlanta Dominions, the
dance orchestra playing for a dance
at Roseland, corner of Peachtree
and Cain streets. The program will
be broadcast from Station WGM
as the dance is in progress.

The outstanding number on the
program last night was Mrs. Wig-
ley's presentation of "Song of the
Sea," a difficult number in which
the high notes are brought well to
the front. Mrs. Wigley's singing
was wonderful in this number. An-
other number which made a distinct
impression and was the subject of
many telephone calls was "Dear Little
Boy of Mine."

The other numbers which Mrs.
Wigley sang last night were "By My-
self" and "Just Been Wondering."
The latter Mrs. Wigley sang as she
played the piano and Mrs. Wigley
played the saxophone.

Every one of the saxophone num-
bers by Mr. Wigley was excellent.
These Mr. and Mrs. Wigley pre-
sented "Jimmy," "Smiling Through,"
"That I Want, Dear, Is You,"
"A Song of Love" and "The Eternal
Love."

WGM
(The Constitution, Atlanta, Ga.)
to 6:35 P. M.—Recital by Miss Ruth
Ramsey, soprano, with Constitution
features including "Bits of New
York Life," by O. O. McIntyre; "The
Periscope," by Robert Quillen.
8:35 to 9:45 P. M.—Marietta Quillen,
soprano, with Constitution features
by Bureau of Agricultural Econ-
omics, U. S. department of agricul-
ture.

9:45 to 10 P. M.—Demonstration by
Operator A. W. Shropshire of to-
day's lesson in reception of inter-
national Morse code.
to 9:45 P. M.—Program by the At-
lanta Dominions playing for a dance
at Roseland, Atlanta dance hall,
corner of Peachtree and Cain
streets.
5 to 10 P. M.—Demonstration by
operator Shropshire of day's lesson
in international Morse code.
(Central standard time.)

W. Z. Z.
(Westinghouse Radio Corporation Station,
Newark, N. J.)
10 to 1:30 P. M.—"The Wigley Bed-
Stories," by Howard R. Garis.
10 P. M.—"Fashions," by an editor of
the Bazar.
10 P. M.—Location of ships at sea, by
Radio Corporation of America.
10 P. M.—"Current Topics," by the In-
stitute of Public Service of New York.
10 P. M.—Dance music by prominent
orchestra.
10 to 10 P. M.—Standard time signals
(Atlantic; official weather forecast.
10 to 11 P. M.—Dance music by a prom-
inent orchestra.
(Eastern daylight saving time.)

K D K A.
(Westinghouse Station, Pittsburgh, Pa.)
10 P. M.—Popular concert. Name of op-
era and the program will be announced
radio telephone.
10 P. M.—Results, play by play, of the
Catholics football game at Forbes Field.
10 P. M.—"Under the Evening Lamp,"
sponsored by Youth's Companion.
10 P. M.—Nighttime stories for the kiddies.
10 P. M.—Musical program.
(Eastern standard time.)

K Y W.
(Westinghouse Co., Chicago.)
10 P. M.—Musical program, with Marie
Bailey, soprano, and Mrs. E. P. Wil-
son, accompanist; Theodore Becker,
bass, with Miss Becker, accompanist;
and McGee, pianist.
(Central standard time.)

W O L.
(Lansing, Michigan.)
10 P. M.—Weekly crop report compiled
by a Saunders, crop statistician for the
New England station (485 meters).
10 P. M.—Boston police reports, Boston
headquarters. Late news flashes,
sports news, Boston American.
10 P. M.—Evening program, "The Family
Hour," conducted by the Youth's Com-
panion. The program includes "The
Impressions of Parents," "Chantanooga
or Not," "Forgotten Service," "Cinco
Centos," Boston American. Concert, Miss
Gloria, soprano.
(Eastern standard time.)

The upper class women of China
have little attention to serious affairs
ending most of their time gossiping
and gambling.

W. H. Wigley Sings
by Radio.

W. H. Wigley Sings
by Radio.

The A B C's of International Morse Code

BY A. W. SHROPSHIRE

THE LETTER "K"

The single letter for the lesson to-
day is the "K." It is another
of the early ones, and should not be
very hard to remember. In actual
operating, it is one of the most widely
used letters, being the signal for
"Go ahead."

If you miss a letter in the review,
do not stop to think of what that let-
ter might be, but skip it, and con-
centrate your mind on the next letter.
The best kind of practice is that which
is sent just a little faster than you
can receive. If it is confined to the
speed that you can copy it is not do-
ing you any good. One of the best
instructors I ever had sent his class
humorous stories and jokes for prac-
tice at a speed that was just a little
bit too fast for us. The way we
would make our pencils fly in an ef-
fort not to miss any part of the
story was a caution!

The letter "K" will be transmitted
at 8:45 and 9:45, followed by the
usual review of letters previously
learned.

Following is a copy of the review
that was transmitted on yesterday's
schedule:

Rome, Some, Move, When, Vast,
Various, Seat, Song, West, Sign,
Wire, Home, Men, Mast, More, Soon,
Threat, Don't, Sound, Sing, Sure,
Above, Mister, Rather, Run, Most,
Wheat, Test, Morning, Ever, Serve,
North, East, Tired, Around, When,
The man ran down the road.

It has been some time since Miss
Ruth Ramsey, soprano, has been
heard from Station WGM, but she
will be well remembered and a recital
by her which will be featured at 9
o'clock tonight will be welcomed by
listeners. Miss Ramsey will sing a
number of selections from Station
WGM tonight between 9 and 9:30
o'clock.

Her voice will be remembered as
one of unusual quality and remark-
able volume. The numbers she will
sing tonight for radio listeners tuned
for Station WGM will be ballads and
semi-classical selections in which she
specializes.

Last night at 6 o'clock in the ab-
sence of Warner's Seven Aces, The
Atlanta Constitution orchestra, Mrs.
Olivette Butler, soprano; George R.
Rusk of the T. M. C. A., pianist, and
W. D. Perkins, reader, offered a pro-
gram that contained a wide variety
of entertainment for listeners to Sta-
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Mrs. Butler had three numbers, all
of which were ballads. Mrs. Butler
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is Calling" at the request of listeners
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a number that always pleases radio
listeners.

Mr. Rusk was heard just a few
nights ago from Station WGM on a
special Y. M. C. A. program and at
the request of listeners offered his
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selection, Mr. Rusk played "Make Be-
lieve" and "Hallelujah" and "Hallelujah,"
both of which were excellently done.

As a feature of last night's 6 o'clock
program Mr. Perkins offered a read-
ing, "My Dream" which tickled
the sides of every listener who
heard it from Station WGM.

MRS. W. P. FULLERTON
DIES AT LOVEJOY HOME

Mrs. W. P. Fullerton, Lovejoy, Ga.,
died Friday night at 8 o'clock. She
was 77 years old.
She is survived by one son, J. J.
Fullerton, three daughters, Mrs. N.
M. Weaver, of Outhbert, Ga.; Mrs.
C. M. Curtis, of College Park, and
Mrs. W. T. Howard, of Lovejoy; two
brothers, R. T. Dorsey, of Lovejoy,
and J. S. Dorsey, of Lovejoy; a sis-
ter, Mrs. L. Edwards, of Hampton, Va.
The funeral will be held Sunday
morning in Lovejoy, and burial will
be in the Dorsey family burying
ground.

WIFE-SLAYER ASKS
FOR LIFE SENTENCE

Dublin, October 6.—(Special.)—It
was learned here today that the ef-
forts of attorneys for Marshall Bass,
convicted slayer of his pretty young
wife in this county in 1921, and un-
der sentence to hang, have succeeded
in securing a hearing for Bass' plea
for commutation of the sentence. The
plea will be heard early next month,
the report stated.

Bass was convicted here late in
1921 of shooting and killing his wife
near this city. He was sentenced to
hang and although the case has gone
through the supreme court, the sen-
tence has not been modified.

Boils
Quit Quick!

S. S. S. Will Prove to You in Your
Own Case the "How" and "Why"
of its Remarkable Blood-Cleansing
Power.

There is a reason for everything that
happens. Common-sense kills misery.
Common-sense also stops boils! S. S. S.
is the common-sense remedy for boils.

It is built on reason. Scientific
authorities admit its power! S. S. S.
builds blood-power, it builds red-blood-
cells. That is what makes fighting
blood. Fighting blood destroys im-
purities. It fights boils. It always wins!
It fights pimples! It fights skin eruptions!
It builds nerve-power, thinking
power, the tight-fisted power that
whirls a man up into success. It gives
women the health, the beauty, the com-
plexion and the charm that moves the
world. These are the reasons that have
made S. S. S. today the great blood-
cleanser, body-builder, success builder,
and it's why results have made tens
of thousands of men and women free
from the torment of boils.

Try it yourself. S. S. S. is sold at
all drug stores in two sizes. The larger
size bottle is the more economical.

S. S. S. makes you feel
like yourself again

BOILER FLUES
Mill Castings and Supplies
Belting, Packing and Lacing
Wood, Iron and Steel

SHAFTS PULLEYS HANGERS

Saw Mills—Improved Feeds
Steam and Gasoline Engines
Wood Saws—Splitters
Repairs Promptly Done

LOMBARD IRON WORKS,
Augusta, Ga.

WE SELL FORD CARS
A. L. BELL CO. INC. IVY 507

NEW YORK JAMMED
BY BIGGEST CROWDS

Continued From First Page.

extended period is not permitted on
any of the downtown streets in New
York, with the result that the "New
Yorker" who lives in the suburbs
and drives into town, must put his car
in a garage for the few hours he in-
tends to remain, or for the day. But
these folks have spent hours this
week, driving from garage to garage,
seeking a place to leave their cars.
The garage men have filled their garages,
and then parked as many cars as they
could in the streets. The police will
permit along the curb to be rolled
inside one by one as cars in the
garage are called for.

It has been said that New York
can absorb a crowd that would over-
run the average city and never know
visitors were in town. But the crowd
that is now in New York, and has
been here throughout the week, is not
that kind of a crowd. New York is
beginning to feel the gang's all here,
and that everybody brought his auto-
mobile and entire family along.

A violinist that can be taken
apart in three pieces for convenience
in carrying has been invented by a
Paris woman.

WGM TO FEATURE SINGING AT SIX

Miss Ruth Ramsey to
Give Recital for Consti-
tution—Trio Heard at
Six Last Night.

It has been some time since Miss
Ruth Ramsey, soprano, has been
heard from Station WGM, but she
will be well remembered and a recital
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and J. S. Dorsey, of Lovejoy; a sis-
ter, Mrs. L. Edwards, of Hampton, Va.
The funeral will be held Sunday
morning in Lovejoy, and burial will
be in the Dorsey family burying
ground.

WIFE-SLAYER ASKS
FOR LIFE SENTENCE

Dublin, October 6.—(Special.)—It
was learned here today that the ef-
forts of attorneys for Marshall Bass,
convicted slayer of his pretty young
wife in this county in 1921, and un-
der sentence to hang, have succeeded
in securing a hearing for Bass' plea
for commutation of the sentence. The
plea will be heard early next month,
the report stated.

Bass was convicted here late in
1921 of shooting and killing his wife
near this city. He was sentenced to
hang and although the case has gone
through the supreme court, the sen-
tence has not been modified.

Boils
Quit Quick!

S. S. S. Will Prove to You in Your
Own Case the "How" and "Why"
of its Remarkable Blood-Cleansing
Power.

There is a reason for everything that
happens. Common-sense kills misery.
Common-sense also stops boils! S. S. S.
is the common-sense remedy for boils.

It is built on reason. Scientific
authorities admit its power! S. S. S.
builds blood-power, it builds red-blood-
cells. That is what makes fighting
blood. Fighting blood destroys im-
purities. It fights boils. It always wins!
It fights pimples! It fights skin eruptions!
It builds nerve-power, thinking
power, the tight-fisted power that
whirls a man up into success. It gives
women the health, the beauty, the com-
plexion and the charm that moves the
world. These are the reasons that have
made S. S. S. today the great blood-
cleanser, body-builder, success builder,
and it's why results have made tens
of thousands of men and women free
from the torment of boils.

Try it yourself. S. S. S. is sold at
all drug stores in two sizes. The larger
size bottle is the more economical.

S. S. S. makes you feel
like yourself again

BOILER FLUES
Mill Castings and Supplies
Belting, Packing and Lacing
Wood, Iron and Steel

SHAFTS PULLEYS HANGERS

Saw Mills—Improved Feeds
Steam and Gasoline Engines
Wood Saws—Splitters
Repairs Promptly Done

LOMBARD IRON WORKS,
Augusta, Ga.

WE SELL FORD CARS
A. L. BELL CO. INC. IVY 507

NEW YORK JAMMED
BY BIGGEST CROWDS

Continued From First Page.

extended period is not permitted on
any of the downtown streets in New
York, with the result that the "New
Yorker" who lives in the suburbs
and drives into town, must put his car
in a garage for the few hours he in-
tends to remain, or for the day. But
these folks have spent hours this
week, driving from garage to garage,
seeking a place to leave their cars.
The garage men have filled their garages,
and then parked as many cars as they
could in the streets. The police will
permit along the curb to be rolled
inside one by one as cars in the
garage are called for.

It has been said that New York
can absorb a crowd that would over-
run the average city and never know
visitors were in town. But the crowd
that is now in New York, and has
been here throughout the week, is not
that kind of a crowd. New York is
beginning to feel the gang's all here,
and that everybody brought his auto-
mobile and entire family along.

A violinist that can be taken
apart in three pieces for convenience
in carrying has been invented by a
Paris woman.

of the 61,270 tons of margarine
manufactured last year in Denmark
animal lardolent was used in only
6,540 tons.

What Would You Do With \$1,000.00?

Let Us
GIVE
You This
As A
Prize!

Buy A Car?
Pay Off Your Debts?
Make An Investment?
Complete Your Education?
New Clothes?
Travel?

Play The
Constitution's
Familiar
Quotations
Pastime!

Here's How—Each day we are publishing a Pastime Picture which illustrates some Familiar Quotation. Sixty pictures will be printed in this series. The idea is for YOU TO FIND THE ANSWER TO EACH ILLUSTRATION. Nothing hard about that, surely.

To help you find the correct answer to each picture, The Constitution has published an Official Familiar Quotations Catalogue, containing around 1,500 quotations. ALL THE ANSWERS TO OUR PICTURES ARE IN THIS CATALOGUE. The judges will select the "best" quotations from this Official Catalogue also.

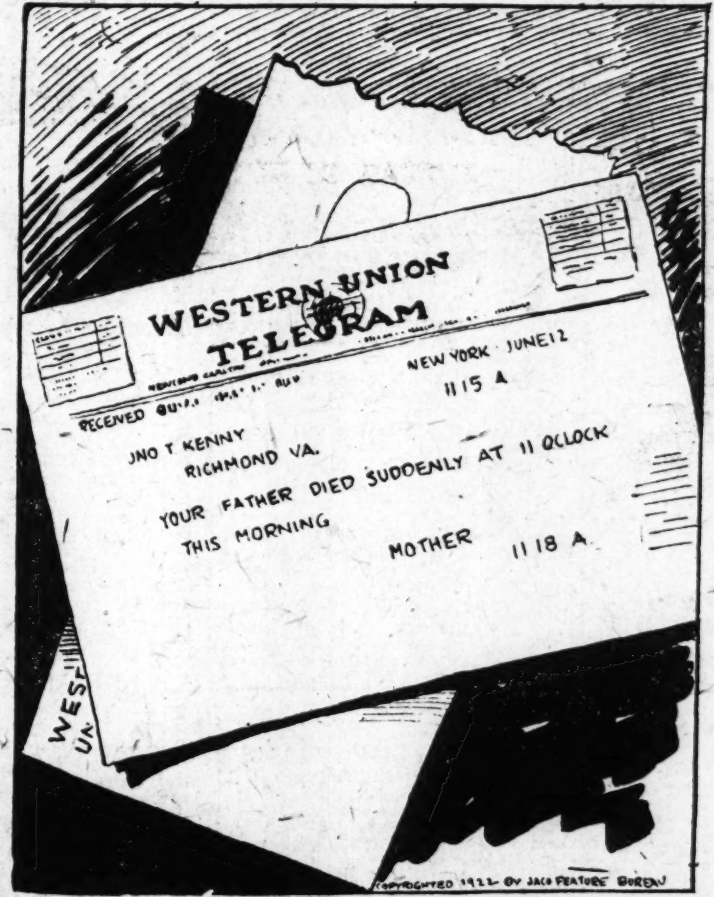
In addition, we have published an OFFICIAL ANSWER BOOK. Space is provided in this book for one copy of each picture, and three official answers. Our catalogue of titles contains valuable coupons which you may redeem for the first 30 pictures. The Answer Book also has coupons which may be redeemed for the last 25 pictures. These two booklets are ALL YOU NEED TO WIN. The Title Catalogue sells for 40c per copy and the Answer Book, 80c.

Why not get into the game today? Opportunities to win \$1,000 don't happen every day. You can start on an equal footing with everyone else by redeeming your coupons and studying the Daily Pictures. LET'S GO!

You Can Start This Game Any Time---WHY NOT TODAY?

Illustration No. 29
The Atlanta Constitution's
Familiar Quotations Pastime

\$2,000 in Awards Oct. 7, 1922



WHAT QUOTATION DOES THIS PICTURE REPRESENT?

(See our Official Catalogue)

WRITE ONLY ONE ANSWER HERE

Your Name State

Street and Number

P. O.

Sixty illustrations will be published in this newspaper, one every day. You may give three choices of titles, each of which must be written on a separate answer form like the above. Save your titles and send them in all together. Watch The Constitution for details.

NOTE—The daily and Sunday Constitution delivered by carrier to Atlanta and outside of Atlanta, where such service is rendered, at 20 cents a week, or 80 cents a month. Or sent by mail outside of Atlanta, one month 90 cents; three months \$2.50; six months \$4.50; one year \$8.00. New subscribers will begin on day received by Constitution, and will not be dated back to include back pictures. BACK PICTURES cost five cents each for daily and ten cents each for Sunday issues. All orders for pictures must be addressed to Manager, Familiar Quotations Pastime, Atlanta Constitution, accompanied by remittance stating number of pictures or pictures desired.

STUDY THESE RULES FOR SUCCESS

1. The Familiar Quotations Pastime is open to any man, woman, boy or girl who is a resident of Georgia or adjoining states, except employees or relatives of employees of The Constitution. No entrance fees are required.
2. The Familiar Quotations Pastime consists of sixty pictures, one appearing in The Constitution each day. Each contestant may submit three titles answers for each picture, each on a separate answer form. Selection of titles will be found in the Official Familiar Quotations Pastime Catalogue.
3. The Catalogue of Quotations may be consulted at the office of The Constitution, or at any public library in the prescribed territory of this Pastime. Participants may also purchase copies of this Catalogue at the office of The Constitution at 40 cents per copy.
4. Each person may participate only as one contestant, and only in his or her own name. However, each participant may submit as many as six complete sets of title answers. Each set of answers will be judged on its own merits. A duplicate list of the selections submitted should be retained by the contestant for self-checking purposes. Full instructions regarding this duplicate list will appear in The Constitution at the close of the Pastime.
5. Three methods may be followed in preparing answers: (1) Each picture published during the 60 days of the Pastime will be accompanied by an official Answer Form, with blank ruled lines for the inscription of your choice of title. (2) Participants may submit hand-drawn (not traced) facsimiles of each picture and answer on sheets of white paper not less than 8 1/2 inches. (3) Questions may be submitted in the convenient Familiar Quotations Answer Book, sold at 40c per copy.
6. Selections of quotations must not be sent in until the close of the Pastime.
7. Then each participant is to mail or deliver his own set of selections according to instructions appearing in The Constitution. Quotations may be written with pen or pencil, or typewritten. After the publication of the sixtieth picture, sufficient time will be given contestants to prepare their sets of selections before submitting them.
8. The winners of the Familiar Quotations Pastime will be selected by three judges having no connection with The Constitution. These judges will be persons of the highest integrity and good judgment. It is understood that participants entering the Familiar Quotations Pastime accept their decisions as final and conclusive.
9. The fifteen awards in the Pastime will be made to the fifteen highest ranking answers on the basis of having achieved the most appropriate or "best" selections of quotations. If there is an equality between two or more answers a decision will be made by the judges between the tying answers according to superiority in the following requirements: (a) The least number of incorrect selections (the titles which are not "best"); (b) The relative position of the contestant's "best" answer—whether first, second or third choice. In the event of an ultimate tie, each tying contestant will receive an equal prize.
10. A contestant may have his friends assist him in selecting titles for the pictures. However, only one prize will be awarded to any one household. Prizes will be awarded to more than one of any group outside the family, who have worked together. The judges reserve the right to disqualify any set of quotations not complying with the rules and where unfairness is obvious.

The Prizes:
\$2,000
In Cash

First Cash Prize	\$1,000
Second Cash Prize	500
Third Cash Prize	250
Fourth Cash Prize	100
Fifth Cash Prize	75
Sixth Cash Prize	50
Seventh Cash Prize	10
Eighth Cash Prize	10
Ninth Cash Prize	10
Tenth Cash Prize	10
Eleventh Cash Prize	10
Twelfth Cash Prize	10
Thirteenth Cash Prize	10
Fourteenth Cash Prize	10
Fifteenth Cash Prize	10

Some Important
Points to Remember

Save each picture. Look through our Title Catalogue and choose your answers. You may give as many as three answers to each picture, either by saving three copies of each picture, or by writing them in the Answer Book.

Don't send your pictures UNTIL THE END OF THE PASTIME. Watch The Constitution for final instructions at the close of the game.

Three independent judges, having no connection with this paper, will select the "best" or most appropriate answers to each illustration. Fairness is guaranteed to everyone. It costs nothing to try.

NEGRO INDICTED ON MOB CHARGE

Albany, Ga., October 6.—(Special.) Following a probe understood to have lasted several days, the Dougherty county grand jury has returned indictments against five defendants, of whom four are well-known Albany white men, charging offenses under six heads.

Frank Littlejohn, Maurice Pullen, Coy Buntin and C. B. Brown, white, and George Anderson, a negro, are charged with "common action and agreement" in mobbing two negroes, Lawrence Hampton and his sister, Minerva King. Other indictments charge each of the defendants with robbery, assault and battery, and with having liquor.

The grand jury's investigation developed that the accused men, as alleged by witnesses, forced Hampton into an automobile on the night of July 25, taking him into the country and beating him, and that when his sister tried to help him, she, too, was dragged into the car and taken along, both being badly abused.

Littlejohn was not located today, but the other defendants were arrested, Pullen making bond.

Dublin Court Ends.

Dublin, October 6.—(Special.)—The regular quarterly session of city court in Dublin ended today after handling a number of unimportant cases. The court proceeded first to dispose of criminal business, taking up civil cases the past week. Judge S. D. Sturgis presided and William Brunson represented the state.

Champ Clark's Son Married in Iowa To Miss Marsh

Waterloo, Iowa, October 6.—Miss Miriam Marsh, only daughter of William Marsh, treasurer of the national democratic committee, and Colonel Bennett Champ Clark, St. Louis, Mo., only son of the late Champ Clark, were married here today.

Mrs. James Thompson, New Orleans, La., formerly Genevieve Clark, was matron of honor, and Mr. Thompson was best man. Colonel and Mrs. Clark will go to New Orleans for a visit with his sister, and to attend the national American Legion convention before going to their home in St. Louis. Colonel Clark was one of the originators of the American Legion.

Would Stop Loading Of Autos That Put Girls in Men's Laps

Des Moines, Iowa, October 6.—Twenty women representing civic organizations met today with Chief of Police John B. Hammond here and demanded that the city council pass an ordinance prohibiting the loading of automobiles to the point "that the girls have to sit on the men's laps." A petition addressed to the city council, now being circulated, states that immoral conditions in Des Moines are largely due to practices in automobiles and taxis.

HOSPITAL OFFICIALS ARE HELD BLAMELESS

Inquiry by the hospitals and charities committee of council Friday afternoon into charges by H. K. Chapman that a young man named Sweat was refused aid by Grady hospital, although unable to pay for medical service elsewhere, resulted in a decision attaching no fault to Grady.

The report of Investigator Asmon Lewis that the young man was financially able to pay for treatment, was sustained by the committee. Under a resolution passed by council the institution can receive only patients without money or means to pay.

Chapman, who came into the light recently as the author of election fraud charges against management of the last two city primaries, attacked the hospital for alleged refusal to give aid to Sweat, whose case, he said, was diagnosed as appendicitis. He declared that Grady dismissed the young man after making preparations for an operation. He asserted that the patient had no money, not even car fare. Chapman was present to press his charges Friday afternoon and was given a hearing by the committee.

New Regulations On Liquor Permits Are Made Friday

Washington, October 6.—Sweeping revision of the procedure for obtaining permits to handle liquor under the national prohibition act was effected in a treasury decision promulgated today by Secretary Mellon to become effective December 2.

The new regulations provide that all basic permits are to be granted by the prohibition commissioner and that federal prohibition directors of the various states will no longer grant permits to prescribe or permits to transport liquor.

The most radical change in the procedure for obtaining permits in the view of prohibition officials is the new form of bond required of permittees. Substitution of the new form of bond for existing bonds is required by April 1, 1923, but upon expiration of the new bonds permittees are relieved of the necessity of providing security on their other obligations to the government in connection with the prohibition act. However, the new bond provides that for failure to comply with the terms of the permit issued under it the principal shall pay as liquidated damages an amount equal to 25 per cent of the penal sum named in the bond.

By requiring only the one security under the new form of bond, officials believe that persons doing business under the national prohibition act would be relieved of the payment of large amounts for surety bonds of various kinds.

The new regulations relieve small druggists from the necessity of furnishing bonds for permits to use not exceed fifteen gallons of alcohol, wine or other liquor during a three-months' period and permits them to sell on prescription during a quarter not to exceed 120 pints of bottled in bond spirits of not more than one pint capacity each.

HUSBAND'S DEATH LAID TO GEORGIA WOMAN BY JURY

Seale, Ala., October 6.—An indictment charging murder in the first degree was returned in a partial report of the Russell county grand jury against Mrs. Leila Humber, for the alleged slaying of her husband, Lucius F. Humber, wealthy Columbus, Ga., warehouseman and planter, late yesterday.

There were fifteen true bills returned by the inquisitorial body yesterday. The grand jury is still in session and will probably not adjourn until tomorrow. There are several other murder cases expected to have the attention of the body.

IS CITY MANAGER OF TWO PLACES

Lakeland, October 6.—Anton Schneider, who helped build the McAdoo tunnels in New York, and who for eight years was general manager of phosphate mines at Brewster, Fla., has been appointed city manager of Lakeland, Fla., by the city commission recently instituted here. He will assume his new duties November 15. He also is city manager of Bartow, near here.

The new position will pay him \$5,000 a year, it is said, in addition to the \$3,000 he receives from the Bartow commission. J. T. Hodges, city commissioner here, will continue as city manager until Mr. Schneider takes office.

MONCRIEF BANKRUPT, ASSERT CREDITORS

Involuntary bankruptcy proceedings were instituted Friday in federal district court against D. D. Moncrief, president of the Baker-Moncrief sanitarium, in DeKalb county. Petitioners are the Atlanta Envelope company, L. P. Baker and J. Q. Brantley.

The defendant is charged in the petition with being obligated to the Atlanta Envelope company in the sum of \$26.80, and to Dr. Baker, the sum of \$300, and \$200 to Dr. Brantley. They are represented by the law firm of Hendrix & Buchanan.

An answer filed by the defendant admits his insolvency and states his willingness to be adjudged a bankrupt. J. F. Lewis was appointed by Judge Sibley as receiver. A hearing of the case has been set for Thursday, October 10.

DR. CHARLES GOODALL WILL OPEN REVIVAL

Dr. Charles L. Goodall, evangelist of New York city, and Miss Virginia Schaffer, of Franklin, Pa., a well-known gospel singer, will arrive in Atlanta Saturday to begin a series of revival services at Wesley Memorial church, at the 11 o'clock service Sunday morning.

The meetings will continue through Sunday, October 22. At 3 o'clock Sunday afternoon a sermon for men only will be delivered by Dr. Goodall at the Central Presbyterian church. The following Sunday another sermon for men only will be delivered at the Baptist tabernacle, and on the final Sunday of the meetings he will speak again to a male audience at Wesley Memorial church. The meetings for men only are under the auspices of the Billy Sunday club.

Says Wouldbe Suicide Thought Better of Act After Taking Iodine

L. P. Ott, 19, of 296 Cooper street, who was carried to the Grady hospital in a serious condition from iodine poisoning late Friday evening, probably owes his life to the quick work of Dr. Boland in washing out his stomach and administering an antidote.

After regaining consciousness, Ott stated he swallowed the poison by mistake; that he was trying to pour some iodine on a tooth in the upper part of his mouth, when the telephone bell rang, startling him and causing him to empty the entire contents into his mouth.

He stated he immediately ran to the front door and on the porch, when he lost his mind and remembered nothing afterward, until he awakened on the table in the hospital. A young lady that accompanied Ott to the hospital, and who told physicians she was his sister, is reported to have stated that Ott attempted to commit suicide, and after drinking the iodine, got scared and decided he wanted to live.

Ott said he didn't know why he should attempt to pour the iodine on his tooth from a bottle, instead of using cotton, or cloth, or a brush. But he joyfully exclaimed that he wouldn't try it again.

Seeking Address.

Atlanta chapter of the Red Cross has been requested by the war risk insurance bureau to locate Maggie Fillmore Fullard, wife of James Fullard, who served during the war with the 61st company, 157th depot brigade. The last known address of the above mentioned parties was 223-28 Houston street. Information should be phoned to the Red Cross, Ivy 6583.

EDUCATIONAL FUND NAMED FOR PALMER

The board of stewards of the First Methodist church at a meeting this week unanimously voted to designate the educational fund maintained by the church to assist worthy young men through Emory university "The H. H. W. Palmer fund."

The fund was instituted in the congregation four years ago under the leadership of Judge Palmer and has since that time been in operation. He was a alumnus of Emory and at the time of his death had been for a number of years trustee of the institution.

In recognition of his interest in Christian education, his love for Emory, and as a token of affection on the part of the First Methodist congregation, the church's educational fund is named in his honor. Judge Palmer was for a number of years a leading citizen of Atlanta, and this announcement will be received by his many friends with great interest.

The money in hand is loaned to certain students in Emory university in need of help, and notes taken. As the notes are paid the money is loaned to other students, and so on indefinitely.

McFARLAND TO VISIT DISABLED VETERANS

J. A. McFarland, first junior national vice commander. Disabled American Veterans of the World War, will be present at a special meeting of disabled veterans at the chamber of commerce on October 9. Mr. McFarland is now touring the southern states in the interests of the disabled veterans, and will arrive in Atlanta on the date of this meeting.

GREEK STUDENTS OF THE BIBLE PLAN LECTURE

The Greek Bible students of Atlanta and vicinity will hear their leader and teacher, M. A. Stamulas, of Brooklyn, N. Y., speak under the auspices of the International Bible Students' association at the Cable Flano company hall, 82 North Broad street, Sunday evening, at 7 o'clock.

Mr. Stamulas will speak in Greek on the topics, "Millions Now Living Will Never Die" and his many friends request all those who are familiar with the Greek language hear his message.

This is the first time Mr. Stamulas has visited Atlanta and his many friends are looking forward to an enlightening lecture. He has been urged to remain here for some months and continue his lectures and Bible teachings.

COLORED PHYSICIAN DRUG LAW VIOLATOR

A fine of \$500 or an alternate of six months in the federal penitentiary was assessed Friday against Dr. D. B. Green, local colored physician, who was recently indicted on three counts alleging violation of the Harrison anti-narcotic law.

According to witnesses in the case, the physician issued small small packages of cocaine and other opiates to a number of "patients" to satisfy their cravings for the drug.

Only four cases were tried in federal court Friday, the remaining three being against defendants charged with violation of the prohibition laws. The grand jury adjourned Thursday until Tuesday, October 10.

LANIER UNIVERSITY WILL BE SOLD MONDAY

Announcement in the form of newspaper advertisement of the sale of Lanier university, an Atlanta institution located on North avenue was made Friday in accordance with an order signed by E. H. Adams, trustee in bankruptcy.

The date of sale was set for 10 o'clock Monday, October 16, and was conducted by W. A. Fuller, trustee of the institution. Lanier university was established several years ago and was at one time one of the city's well-known educational institutions. It was abandoned in 1921 by the Knights of the Klux Klan, which abandoned it after afterwards to sponsor the University of America.

NORRIS Variety Box

A thoughtful selection of Norris candies. Twenty varieties and several of each. \$1.50 a pound.

NORRIS
VARIETY
BOX

SCHOOL SHOES

Specials for Today and Monday on Little Boys' and Girls' School Shoes



Boys' Tan Calf
Lace Shoes
Welt Soles
11 to 13½.....\$2.95
1 to 2.....\$3.25

Red Riding Hood Shoes

In All Leathers, Button or Lace
Sizes 5 to 8.....\$2.95
Sizes 8½ to 11½...\$3.45



Tan Lace Boots
Sizes 8½ to 11....\$2.45
Sizes 11½ to 2....\$2.95

Patent and Tan Calf Lace Boots Welt Soles

Sizes 8½ to 11....\$2.95
Sizes 11½ to 2....\$3.45

Mail Orders Filled Promptly

Monteau-Maddox- Nash Co.

Shoes for the Family

122 Peachtree St.—3 Doors From Piedmont Hotel
Phone Ivy 8040

Introducing Mackler's Atlanta's Newest Boot Shop

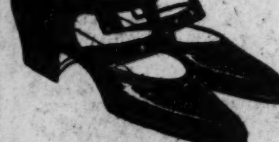


Featuring the latest in Novelty Footwear for Ladies and Misses. Every pair to carry our guarantee for less money.



Saturday, October 7th **OPENS TODAY** Saturday, October 7th

Free Floral Souvenirs



Attend our Grand Opening and see the most fascinating and latest styles offered in feminine footwear for Fall and Winter and get a free Floral Souvenir with compliments of Mackler's Boot Shop.



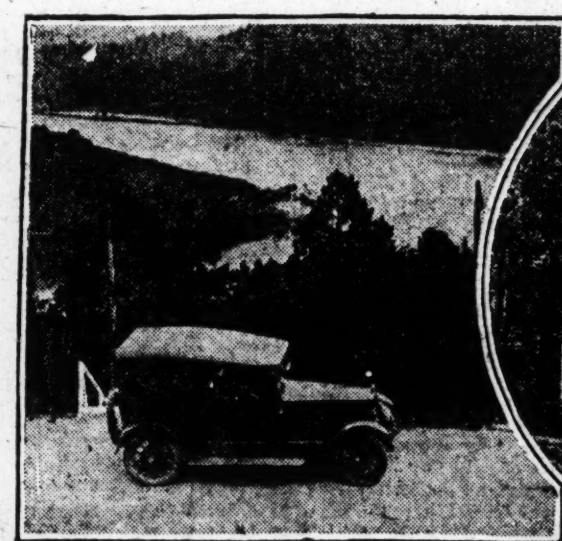
Better Shoes \$4.85 - \$5.85 and \$6.85 at 122 Peachtree St.

20 So. Broad St.

Mackler's
BOOT SHOP

Next to Jacobs'

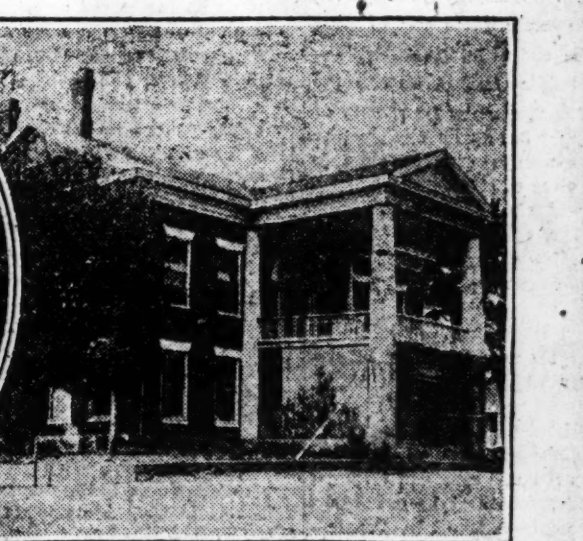
Visit Georgia's "Klondike" Beautiful Dahlonega



Chattahoochee River just above Gainesville.



Above, Hotel at Dahlonega. Below, Falls and swimming pool.



Oldest Court House in Georgia.

—LOG—

- 0.0 Atlanta—out Ponce de Leon and East Lake Drive to
- 7.0 Decatur—follow Route 8 to
- 14.6 Tucker—straight ahead.
- 30.14 Lawrenceville—at far corner of court house turn left.
- 43.0 Buford, Ga., depot on left.
- 50.3 Flowery Branch.
- 58.3 Dangerous approach to R. R. bridge.
- 61.6 Gainesville, Ga.—At post office turn left onto car line and follow.
- 62.6 Take right fork.
- 63.0 Take right fork.
- 62.0 Cross Chattahoochee River bridge.
- 73.1 Cross roads—turn left.
- 77.4 Straight ahead at village.
- 80.5 Take left fork.
- 88.4 Dahlonega, Ga.

The Scenery Is Exquisite And The Roads Are Fine. Take This Trip!

The trip to Dahlonega is one you won't forget.

The roads are especially good, and from Buford to Gainesville and Gainesville to Dahlonega are the wonderful kind you seldom find.

Soon after the discovery of gold near Dahlonega in 1829, this beautiful little village became a thriving mining town and was named Dahlonega, which in the Indian language means "Yellow Money." Now there isn't much to re-

mind one of those days, but still it is a very beautiful village with scenery that is not found everywhere. The hotel accommodations are good and the fried chicken incomparable.

Stop in at a Standard Oil Service Station at Atlanta, Decatur or Gainesville for free air and water, information and advice, or to renew your supply of Crown Gasoline and Polarine Motor Oils, the BEST gas and lubricant. Dealers dispensing Crown Gasoline all along this route.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY

(INCORPORATED)

CROWN GASOLINE GASOLINE

CAR DEMOLISHED; HIT BY ENGINE PULLING LIMITED

Noise of the crash Friday morning between a large passenger engine of the Louisville and Nashville railroad as it sidetracked a freight car between the Whitehall street viaduct and the viaduct on Forsyth street was heard a distance of two blocks, and was the cause of a large crowd assembling to investigate.

The engine, which was pulling fast passenger train "The Southland," was running an hour and a half late, and the accident caused an additional 30 minutes delay, according to railroad officials.

The freight car, which is reported to have been ripped open, was left to rest near the switch on the side track, it is claimed. No one was injured.



Our Hats

Are Hats That Please.
They Fit, Retain Their
Shape And Render Val-
uable Service—
All Shades—
Right Shapes—

\$3.50
To Ten Dollars

**Parks-
Chambers-
Hardwick Co.**



ASK for Horlick's
The ORIGINAL
Malted Milk
Safe
For Infants,
Invalids &
Children

**Grove's
Tasteless
Chill Tonic**
For Pale, Delicate Women
and Children. 60c



Don't let
that rash continue
to annoy you

What a miserable little biting stinging there is every time you touch that eruption! Resinol Ointment is what you want. Thousands have proved its unusual healing powers by using it for the most stubborn cases of skin affliction with prompt, beneficial results. It soothes while it heals.

Resinol Shaving Stick is a boon to tender skins! Resinol products at all druggists.

Resinol

WE SELL FORD CARS

A. L. BELLE ISLE — IVY 507

**Solid Patinum Diamond
Ribbon Bracelet Watches**

An unusually large assortment of Ribbon Bracelet Watches are on display in our window and show cases.

The many models in solid platinum set with diamonds are especially attractive.

There are several numbers which are extremely pretty and good at prices ranging from \$250 and \$300. Others are worth up to \$1,500.

You will find here the south's largest stock and the best values.

Call and see them or write for twenty-seventh annual watch and jewelry catalogue.

Maier & Berkele, Inc.

Diamond Merchants

Gold and Silversmiths

31 Whitehall Street

Established 1887

PARENTS SEE BOY KILLED UNDER CAR

**Connecticut Tourist Kill-
ed in Auto Wreck Near
Athens, With Parents
Driving Behind.**

Athens, Ga., October 6.—Tudor Cooley, 18, of New Britain, Conn., was instantly killed when his automobile rolled over today on the Bankhead highway at a sharp curve near Major's mill, a few miles from here. In the car with young Cooley was Miss Doris Holcomb, of St. Petersburg, Fla., who escaped injury.

Immediately behind the young man's machine when it left the road was another oncoming car containing Mr. and Mrs. Harry L. Cooley of New Britain, and Mr. and Mrs. Holcomb, of St. Petersburg, parents of the young couple. The party had spent the summer at Asheville, N. C., and were en route to St. Petersburg, where the Cooleys have a winter home.

The body of the young man was taken to an undertaking establishment at Hartwell and prepared for shipment to New Britain.

Macon Relatives Spurn Unhappy Effie Pope Hill

**Former Bride of Aged Mil-
lionaire Estranged Five
Years, Relatives Say.**

Macon, Ga., October 6.—(Special.) Macon relatives will not go to the aid of Mrs. Effie Pope Hill Alsop, former wife of the aged millionaire, Edward B. Alsop, and now reported to be penniless and ill in the Bellevue hospital at New York, it was learned here tonight.

The unfortunate young woman's mother, widow of the late Dr. James Hill, of Washington, is in the care of relatives here. For some time she has been confined with a mental trouble.

Other relatives say they have had nothing to do with Mrs. Alsop for five years and will not concern themselves over her present plight. The family, members say, has repeatedly been called upon to intercede for Mrs. Alsop in her entanglements with her wealthy former husband.

Effie Pope Hill was 17 when she met Edward Alsop, then 77 years old. After five years of a far from smooth domestic course, divorce proceedings were precipitated when the girl wife announced her intention to enter vaudeville. It was after a decree was granted the husband that Macon relatives ceased to be in touch with the young woman.

Primitive Burying Revived on Island Near Fort Screven

Savannah, Ga., October 6.—(Special.)—Instead of reverting to primitive burial customs, such as the Indians of old observed, was today reported here by Fort Screven soldiers who in a dugout on Daufuskie Island, where they found a newly-made grave of an Ogeechee negro, and upon the grave an assortment of bottles and boxes of medicine for, they say, the superstitious purpose of "keeping the spirits of the dead in good health."

The remedies did not consist of herbs and conjure bags but aspirin, mustard, liniment, tonic, croton oil and castor oil. The bottles and tins were unopened.

JONES MAKES CLAIM OF SELF-DEFENSE

Claiming that he shot Clarence Shell, negro, of 14 Roach street, in self defense, after the negro had attacked him with a knife, Walter Jones, 27, of 20 Anniston avenue, who was arrested last Thursday night by City Detectives J. M. Austin, Hugh T. Brown and H. W. Armstrong, Friday expressed the belief that he would be acquitted of the charge of murder. Shell was shot early Thursday afternoon on Kirk street. Jones fled before the arrival of Call Officers N. P. Barker and N. E. Pittman.

Several persons who claim to have witnessed the shooting told the police that Jones and the negro had quarreled over \$5, and that Jones drew his pistol and shot the negro. If he didn't believe he (Jones) would shoot him.

With that he shot twice at the negro's feet. It is claimed, after which he placed the pistol on his left arm for a rest and shot the negro down, the police were told.

VICTIM OF FALL SHOWS IMPROVEMENT

V. L. Lee, of Riverdale, who was injured in a fall Friday morning from a scaffold at the Federal Reserve Bank building where he was working, was reported last night by surgeons at the Grady hospital to be resting comfortably and his condition is not thought to be serious.

"Love Fence" Clue Found by Sleuths In Murders Probe

New Brunswick, N. J., October 6.—By an intensive investigation of several of the earliest clues discovered in the double shooting of the Rev. Edward Wheeler Hall, and Mrs. James Mills, wife of the church sexton, authorities announced tonight they had constructed a frame work on which they expected the case to hinge.

This frame work, they said, consisted of four questions to be put to Mrs. Hall and Janet Mills, who they are summoned for questioning, probably tomorrow.

The first question is the number of times which Mrs. Hall and Mrs. Mills had been to the rectory of the day before the discovery of the bodies of the rector and Mrs. Mills. Mills had said he met Mrs. Hall four times. Mrs. Hall, detective stated, has told them that she saw Mills but once.

The second question concerns the statement of William Phillips, a night watchman, that the woman in the polo coat who entered the Hall home early on the morning after the shooting was unaccompanied. Mrs. Hall, who has admitted she the woman, has declared that she was accompanied by her brother, William Stevens.

The third question is why Mrs. Hall failed to make any statement of the large sum of money found in Hall's home, and the fourth is why neither she nor Mills, in their initial questioning, made any statement of the close friendship and interest which the rector and Mrs. Mills had shown in each other.

The most important new discovery today was the finding of what detectives call the "love fence." This was a special chicken and barbed wire fence which Hall ordered Mills to build about a shed in the rear of the church. Detectives said they were informed that on occasions neighbors had seen Hall and Mrs. Mills leave the church, separately, by a polo door and go to this shed. The barbed wire barrier, the detectives said, prevented any one from approaching from the rear.

CITIZENS TO FIGHT PROPOSED HOSPITAL

The plans of a group of Atlanta doctors to erect a hospital on Peachtree road met with disapproval Friday night at a meeting of Peachtree Heights Park school building.

The meeting was called by the Buckhead Improvement club, whose members, it is said, are opposed to the erection of the hospital building.

Dr. W. W. Blackman, who has purchased a five-acre tract on Peachtree road for the purpose of erecting a hospital, spoke to the property owners, outlining his plans.

E. R. Beckwith, chairman of the registration and membership committee of the club, said he was not sure whether the property owners could legally prevent the erection of the hospital building, but said that the club, and in fact all the property owners in the Peachtree road vicinity, would exert every influence to prevent their section of the city as a purely residential district. Another meeting will be held in a week or ten days.

Fair President Bars Temperance Tracts on Grounds

Birmingham, Ala., October 6.—Distribution of temperance literature at the Alabama State fair, now being held here, by members of Jefferson County Women's Christian Temperance union was yesterday ordered stopped by R. A. Brown, president of the association. The order grew out of plans by the union to have pamphlets distributed by airplanes over the fair grounds.

According to an affidavit made by Mrs. J. M. Hankins, president of the local W. C. T. U., Mr. Brown, in forbidding her to distribute the literature, said: "I do not believe in prohibition. I am in favor of light wine and beer. I don't believe in all of this Birmingham is overidden with preachers now. I don't believe in woman's suffrage."

Mrs. Hankins stated that the members of her organization were determined to distribute the literature by airplane. She stated that they had secured the written permission of Commissioner W. B. Cioe of the local public safety department to make the distribution.

COMMITTS SUICIDE BECAUSE OF BAD HEALTH, NO WORK

Savannah, Ga., October 6.—James Baker, aged 40, committed suicide last night in a field adjoining his home at Cedar Hammock, a settlement several miles from Savannah. He had been dependent for some time because of ill health and lack of employment. Last night he left his home and did not return. Early this morning his body was found. Baker had been shot through the head and when discovered still held in his hand the gun from which the shot had been fired.

LARGE ATTENDANCE FOR SYLVANIA SCHOOL

Sylvania, Ga., October 6.—(Special.)—The Sylvania High school opened this week. Professor T. E. Dukes is the new superintendent. Over 300 pupils were enrolled the first morning, and others have come in since. The following compose the faculty: Professor Dukes, Mrs. Mae Bailey and Mrs. D. F. Miller in charge of the High school department, and in the grammar grades, Mrs. Sidney Waters, Miss Margaret White, Miss Jessie L. White, Miss Christine McCall, Miss Margolin Moore, Miss Rosa Lee Howard, Miss Bodie Jones.

TWO WOMEN NAMED ON NEW COMMITTEE

Americus, Ga., October 6.—(Special.)—The new third district democratic committee just named includes two women. They are Mrs. Ketcham, of Vienna, and Mrs. J. W. Harris, Jr., of Americus. Other members of the committee are A. J. McDonald, of Fitzgerald; O. T. Gower, of Cordale; J. B. Oliver, of Georgetown; W. W. Dykes, of Americus; and W. E. Lawter, of Vienna.

POOR EQUIPMENT CRIPPLING ROADS

**Condition of Rolling
Stock Believed Far
Worse Than Reported
During Shop Strike.**

Washington, October 6.—In view of the progressive settlements of the shopmen's strike throughout the country, President Harding believes that 90 per cent of present transportation difficulty is due to defective equipment.

The president is informed, according to the white house, that during the period when the strikes were widespread, the condition of rolling stock was far worse than ever reported by the railroad executives.

This condition, it was said, applies not only to locomotives but to freight cars as well. In fact, repairs on locomotives are said to have progressed more rapidly than those on cars.

Consequently, a serious transportation problem confronts shippers of fruits and vegetables, as well as of coal.

Therefore, it was pointed out, the recommendations of the transportation committee of the federal fuel distribution agency, that rolling stock of all kinds be kept in perfect repair, applies not only to coal cars, but to refrigerator cars as well.

However, despite these difficulties, which it was said, are slowing down the nation's commerce, the president is informed, the definite stimulation of commerce and industry, the president is known to believe, is due largely to the daily increase of the number of settlements between the shopmen and their employers. These settlements, based on the Chicago agreement, are fundamentally based on the plan of settlement originally proposed by the president to the federal railroad officials and the Association of Railway Executives.

The question of seniority, it was revealed at the white house, Friday, has never been particularly vexatious either to employee or employer. The following case was cited to prove this contention: A certain railroad executive is said to have informed the president, recently, that when the strike was settled on his road, he had 2,400 strikebreakers in his employ. He added that every one of the defective equipment required this additional force. Twenty-four hours after the union employees returned to work, some 2,200 of the strikebreakers quit voluntarily.

Heirs to \$500,000 American Estate Starve to Death

New Orleans, October 6.—While executors of the estate of the late Herdman, who died here five years ago, leaving property valued at \$500,000, were trying to reach his relatives in Russia, three of those relatives starved to death. This was the word that came today to Felix J. Dreyfous, notary and executor for the estate here, through the American relief commission in Russia. A son, Mordie Herdman, and two grandchildren survive in Odessa, Russia, in the direst poverty.

Their sufferings were enhanced, according to the report received by Dreyfous, by the fact that, cold, hungry and destitute, they received more than once, through the erratic Russian mails, notifications of remittances and packages of food that had been shipped them by the executor. They never got the money or the food.

They are still destitute, but still hoping, according to the report.

Herdman came here thirty years ago and started life as an itinerant chaser. Through real estate investments, he grew rich.

On his deathbed, he told Dreyfous, one of his few confidants, that when he had left Russia he had abandoned a wife and several children. He made a will, leaving his property to his descendants.

Dreyfous and Henry P. Sneed, an attorney here who has also been attempting to get the Russian Herdmans their fortune, have several times received word from them during the will-o-wisp chase to get the fortune to them. Once legal papers found their way to New Orleans, from the Russian port on the Black Sea. They said the fortune was waiting for them and had to be sent back.

Dreyfous said today he had again made a remittance to the Herdmans and believed they would receive it this time. A suit on the part of the state, seeking the Herdman property as that of a person without heirs is pending.

AID IS OFFERED TO DEMONSTRATE NEW ANESTHETIC

Macon, Ga., October 6.—(Special.) A letter offering hospital and further facilities for demonstrations of his advanced methods in anesthetics was sent to Dr. L. G. Hardman, of Commerce, today by Dr. M. M. Stapler, of Macon.

A story sent out from Athens yesterday carried information that Dr. Hardman had demonstrated before medical classes of the University of Georgia that canasus indica, commonly known as Indian hemp, has an anesthetic quality. Dr. Hardman, who is a graduate of the University of Georgia, was in Athens on a day's visit, and was conscious again in twenty minutes and had recovered from the effects one hour after the administration.

Dr. Stapler is the specialist who has developed a process by which a number of the inmates of the State School for the Deaf at Cave Spring have been taught to both speak and hear.

TWO CLASSMATES OF WATSON SEEK HIS SENATE SEAT

Macon, Ga., October 6.—(Special.) An unusual fact in connection with the race for the United States senate to succeed the late Senator Watson, is the fact that five of the six candidates are alumni of Mercer university, only B. Cooper, of Macon, is the only candidate who is not a graduate of Mercer, he being an alumnus of the University of Georgia.

Two of the candidates, John T. Boileau, of Macon, and Seaborn Wright, of Rome, were classmates of the late Senator Watson in the class of '76. Several of the other candidates were: Thomas W. Hardwick, 1892; Judge G. H. Howard, 1896; Walter F. George, 1897.

V. P. BOWERS HEADS 1ST DIST. COMMITTEE

Savannah, Ga., October 6.—(Special.)—V. P. Bowers, of this county, today was elected chairman of the new first state senatorial district executive committee, while hwas organized, following the formal nomination of A. M. Cason, of Ellabelle, Bryan county, for the state senate. Mr. Cason defeated Perry Duke, a Pembroke attorney, by a record close margin.



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Anything bearing the "Kyonize" label is dependable—the highest grade.

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WALL PAPER—PAINTS—WINDOW GLASS

Stewart's Underprice Cash Basement

A STURDY SHOE FOR BOYS

Made up in a grade that usually sells for \$5.00—specially priced at—

Sizes 2 1/2 to 6..... **\$3.95**

TAN CALF with heavy soles.

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22 W. Mitchell St.

STILLMAN VERDICT UPHELD BY JUDGE

White Plains, N. Y., October 6.—(By the Associated Press.)—Supreme Court Justice Morschauser today confirmed the referee's report in the Stillman divorce case and allowed Mrs. Anne U. Stillman, who defended the suit against her banker husband, costs in the case.

Applications for confirmation were made by counsel for Mrs. Stillman.

The decision reads: "The learned referee in this case found, decided and reported that the testimony did not justify a finding of adultery against the defendant, Anne U. Stillman, and also that the defense of the plaintiff's adultery was established and also that the infant defendant, Guy Stillman, was the legitimate child of the plaintiff and the defendant, Anne U. Stillman.

"On this motion I have examined the testimony and the exhibits in this case taken and produced before the referee, besides his findings in the conditions and report I have also examined the briefs submitted by the respective counsel on this motion. The findings, decisions and reports of the referee are justified by the testimony presented before him and I believe properly disposed of the case.

"The motion granted. The judgment should provide for costs to the defendant."

Judge Adams Declines To Run for Mayor's Post at Savannah

Savannah, Ga., October 6.—(Special.)—Judge Samuel B. Adams, who has been named as a possible candidate to oppose Mayor M. M. Stewart for the next term, today declared he will not be a candidate.

George W. Teideman, former mayor, had declined, and the suggestion of Oliver T. Bacon, of the county commissioners' board, did not materialize. It is believed today that Steve N. Harris, president of the board of trade, may become a candidate.

"Citizens' League," with a proposed membership of 1,000 to start, has organized and today adopted a platform. The league is opposed to the administration. Mayor Stewart today declared that the league "has swiped the administration's platform."

Drouth Broken.

Social Circle, Ga., October 6.—(Special.)—After a drouth of exactly 90 days this community has today enjoyed the rainfall that started at dawn this morning and which has continued almost constantly till tonight. The cotton crop is four-fifths all picked so the rain of today enables the farmers to sow winter grain crops. There was much activity today by farmers searching for seed oats, wheat, rye and barley. Many thousands of bushels of sweet potatoes and peanuts will be gathered next week.

Seasonable Styles at REMARKABLE LOW PRICES

With Miles' Guarantee

\$2.90

Patent and Brown one and two-strap Slippers with fancy combinations in Cuban Military and Baby Louis heels, \$6.00 to \$8.00 values for Saturday. Special at \$2.90 and \$3.90.

Several styles fancy Patent and Kid cross strap, one and two-strap effects; also in Satins with brocaded backs and different combinations, all heels; \$6.00 to \$8.00 values, Saturday, Special \$2.90 and \$3.90

\$3.90

MILES SHOE STORE
22 W. Mitchell St.

FOR SALE
Flat newsprint paper suitable for
small publishers and job printers.
The price is right.
P. O. Box 1731, Atlanta, Ga.

**ATLANTA WILL ASK
1924 AIR MEETING**

J. E. Addicks, member of the city air board, introduced a resolution Friday's meeting of that body calling for the support of all public-spirited citizens in bringing to Atlanta the international aero congress in 1924.

Van H. Burgin, chairman and Harry O. Mitchell, secretary-treasurer of the board, who were appointed by the mayor to represent Atlanta at the Detroit convention next week, will bear greetings from the city and an invitation from the governor, mayor, chamber of commerce, and leading civic organizations. It is stated that more than 20,000 delegates would be brought to Atlanta by such a convention, including many of the noted aces of the recent war.

"There is great need for just such a convention in the south," declared Mr. Burgin. "This section is far behind the rest of the nation in progress in aviation and Atlanta is still behind most southern cities in this respect. Northern cities have the advantage of many factories devoted to aviation and are educated to the value and opportunities of air travel. Education is what is needed in the south and an international air congress held in Atlanta during the next two or three years will accomplish much in overcoming our present backwardness. The Atlanta board was strengthened by the addition of Fred House, secretary of the convention bureau, and Willis Chaffee, acting resident manager of Haskins and Sells, who conducted the survey of southern military flying fields during the war and planned the aviation cost system adopted by the government.

At Windsor Castle there is one dinner service of gold plate valued at more than \$2,500,000, and for the mere making of which \$1,000,000 was paid a century ago.

Italian engineers have invented a high speed turbine pump to be directly connected to the crank shaft of an automobile to convert it into a fire engine.

PHILANTHROPIC MERCHANT DIES IN LOS ANGELES

St. Louis, Mo., October 6.—N. O. Nelson, philanthropist and manufacturer of plumbers' supplies died last night in Los Angeles, Cal., according to advices received here by relatives. He was 79 years old and before going to California resided in New Orleans, La., where he established a semi-philanthropic chain-store system, which eventually forced him into bankruptcy, according to relatives. He was an exponent of profit-sharing with employees.

MACON PLANT TO MAKE \$100,000 EXPANSION

Macon, Ga., October 6.—(Special.) Directors of the Continental Packing corporation, with a plant at Franklinton, have authorized the expenditure of approximately \$100,000 for additions to the local plant. T. A. Cheatham, general manager of the plant, said tonight that Macon from a directors' meeting in Philadelphia, which he attended after a 30-day tour of plants of the California Packing company.

The machinery to be installed under the appropriation will provide for the canning of English peas, spinach and lima beans and will increase the plant from a six to a nine or 10-month canning basis, with the other two or three months devoted to shipping and repair work. It will mean year-round employment for the force. The work will be completed by March 1.

The plant is now capacitated to pack stringless beans, pimento, sweet potatoes and peaches. The factory is now receiving from 20 to 25 cars of pimento peppers weekly.

It also was announced by Mr. Cheatham that another plant is to be opened on the Franklinton site by May 1. He was not prepared to announce the product of this plant, but did say that it would be controlled by the Continental corporation.

Daniel's fine shoes \$8

Black or tan brogues and semi-brogues in all the newest styles—we fit you

Daniel Bros. Company
Founded 1886 Home of Nettleton fine shoes 45 to 49 Peachtree

(Condensed Statement)
Georgia Savings Bank & Trust Co.
Sept. 25th, 1922
RESOURCES

Loans and Discounts.....\$1,733,851.25
Bonds and Stocks.....457,087.12
Furniture and Fixtures.....50,539.11
Banking House.....290,000.00
War Savings Stamps.....15.64
Cash on hand and in Banks.....250,250.67
\$2,781,743.79

LIABILITIES
Capital Stock.....\$ 500,000.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits.....313,703.90
Unearned Interest.....334,329.35
Deposits.....1,631,659.99
Unpaid Dividends.....1,420.00
Other Liabilities.....630.55
\$2,781,743.79

Deposits Sept. 25, 1921.....\$1,434,123.57
Deposits Sept. 25, 1922.....1,631,659.99
INCREASE.....\$ 197,536.42

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W. Stuart Witham, Jr., Vice-President

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Chas. P. Hunter, Asst. Secy. and Treas.
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Atlanta's Oldest Savings Bank

The Constitution's Novel-a-Week

Joan of the Everglades

BY MILLARD C. HORTON
"Once Aboard the Luger"
By A. S. M. Hutchinson

(Continued From Yesterday)

In a few moments the old man put down his stick, and with difficulty crawled down upon his knees, and taking a drink of water rose up with a tear hanging on his wrinkled cheek. Then he took, from his pocket, a bit of moss and wiped the tears from his eyes.

"Yes, this place must be his old home and this is his last good-bye," I said.

"How sad and dejected he looks," said Dave.

"Well, let's try to comfort him," I suggested.

Struggling up the aged man walked a few steps, and turning gazed back at the desolate and dreary landscape. He stopped and stood dazed and amazed for a moment.

"I am taking the last look at the home I love," he said.

"What is your name?" I asked.

"Who brought you here?" I inquired.

"Tanglebeard."

"Well, who is Tanglebeard?" I demanded.

"He is a black giant twice the height of a common man, and his filthy, tangled beard that dangles to his knees. He is half human and more, and possesses powers we do not have," he said.

"Well, what on earth is he?" I asked.

"Who is he, and what does he do?"

"He is the cruellest and vilest kidnaper of children, women, and men that ever trod on the earth or lived in sight of the sun."

"Well, where did he come from?" I asked.

"I don't know," he replied.

"I don't know," I said, "but as Tanglebeard said that head-end, tail-end and side collisions do occur in the heavens, with results too dreadful to contemplate. Just a few years ago the papers said that Halley's comet gave the earth a close call, but, missing each other by a moment, they crossed each other's trail with a terrible drive and each, by the breadth of a hair, escaped unharmed, and dashed whirling on."

"Well, that is true," Dave replied; "so I guess the earth and the Tanglebeard's world have parallel tracks for a 40 days' run. But the story of Tanglebeard himself could not be true, for if he had been living when the flood came, he would have been dead thousands of years ago."

"Oh, you don't understand," said the old man. "Tanglebeard drinks the water of Bimini, the fountain of perpetual youth."

"Great stars, Bill! Do you suppose the beautiful spring we found the other day is the fountain of perpetual youth—the spring which Ponce de Leon sought in vain?"

"I do not know," I said, "but such a spring is the dream of scientists and the hope of a dying world. What does Tanglebeard want with the people he kidnaps?" I asked, turning to the old man.

"He enslaves them to work in his gardens. On dark and gloomy nights he brings us tools and necessary things, and laying them down on our doorsteps, gives us orders in a voice dreadful though half human, and then vanishes unseen."

"Have you ever really seen him?" I asked.

"A few times I have seen him in dark, gloomy outline only."

"The Tanglebeard theory explains all things, and all my doubts are gone," I exclaimed.

"Yes, you are right," Dave replied. "Did Tanglebeard kidnap you?" I asked the old man.

"Yes," said he, "when I was a tiny little boy."

"I will set your lungs on fire, beat and burn you at the stake," said Tanglebeard, the devil of devils and demon of demons, and stepped back and vanished into the darkness.

"And then he comes to my cabin, on dark nights, to give orders and to get vegetables, but I have really never seen him for I only caught a glimpse of him one time."

"Great stars, Bill! The mystery is solved, sure enough."

"Yes, Tanglebeard the arch kidnaper," I said, "explains all things. He solves the riddle entire. The cont man was smuggled to the Snakehouse in that big black coffin, from which he was taken out, put into a boat and brought to this island."

"And in a fight on the Snakehouse with Tanglebeard he lost his coat and metal box," said Dave.

"Exactly so," I said.

"The Princess and the Pink Spring woman," said Dave, "are all slaves right now."

"And the little castle girl," I said, "lately kidnapped, is now being raised for a slave to do this hell cat's work."

"But wait, Dave, let's read more of the McFall diary, for it may give us valuable information."

"Yes," said Bill. "So I read the following:

"I live on cow coconuts and vegetables, but Tanglebeard brings seed, tools, and clothing and, putting them on my door-step, vanishes unseen and unheard."

"One day I went a little beyond a mile from my cabin and that night a bushy head and tangled beard, at my

door, and he said:

"You are my captive and slave. Here is some food and water; eat and drink. Tomorrow go to work in the garden and keep it clean. Do not leave your cabin more than a mile, and if you see anyone do not speak, but if you disobey my orders I will burn you tonight for the joy of seeing it done."

Dave's eyes flashed venom and fire. "We will rescue you," Dave shouted with a voice full of rage.

"Yes, indeed we will," I cried.

"Oh, my kind, young friends, you cannot do it," he replied. "If Tanglebeard could be found, it would take an army to kill him and rescue me. He carries a great club, a large knife, and lung-fire enough to destroy a brigade."

"Let him club, cut and spray and make his vaunting good," Dave raged. "we will meet him, and when he hacks the flesh from our bones the unstarved fight will have just begun."

"Amen," I shouted.

"So plunge, plunge, Mr. Ross, into the deepest thicket, plunge and hide, and after that, fly to the spring of Bimini; fly, drink and be young again," I urged.

With reviving hope beaming in his face, he cried:

"I will try, young man; I will try."

Turning, he staggered in haste for a jungle that lay near the fountain of perpetual youth.

"Bill, I am dying to plant a bullet in that devil's heart," Dave roared.

"So am I, but be calm and collected," I said. "For now we have real foe to face—a half human giant from some other world in space. We need all our valor, wit and wisdom to kill that demon."

As I looked up, the sun seemed to hesitate behind a black, gloomy cloud the size of a field and the shape of a coffin. This cloud, that almost touched the tree tops and the blades of the lofty palms, filled us both with superstition anew, if not, indeed, with fear.

As the last rays of light lingered over the western sky the coffin, turning end-ways, set sail for our lonely isle. Filled with fear, we snuggled up in our nest, but nothing came except thunder, lightning, wind and rain. So, after awhile in our dry and cozy nest, the rain lulled us off to sleep and rest.

CHAPTER 13.
The Metal Box.

Night passing, day broke amidst the last calls of the night birds and the first songs of the day ones. Soon the sun rose in all its tropical glory and flooded the island with joy and jubilation.

While sniffing the fresh odors of the morning jasmine and listening to the hum of ten thousand bees, I picked up the diary we had found under the rock and began to flip through the book, leaf by leaf. But just before I finished I came to a new chapter that I had overlooked—a chapter in English. Great was my joy!

"Dave, here is a chapter in English."

"What can it be?" said Dave anxiously. "Read it, read it."

"Well, be quiet and I will."

"My name is John McFall. I was born in Glasgow, Scotland, on May 7, 1920. I had a Christian mother but, falling into bad company, I finally became a captain of the sea pirates."

"One stormy night in 1945 my boat lay anchored in Tampa Bay, and hearing the men call for help, I rushed out upon the deck and fell unconscious."

"Several days later I awoke, half dazed, in what seemed to be a box the shape and size of a coffin."

"Help, help," I cried, and instantly I fell to sleep again. The next time I woke I was lying in a bed of moss in a little cedar log cabin near this place; starved for food and famished for water."

"Looking up I saw a man in dim outline, 10 or 12 feet high with a bushy head and tangled beard, at my

THE GUMPS—HOW CHILL THE NIGHT—HOW COLD AND DREARY

JARVIS IS CALLING ON THE WIDOW ZANDER AGAIN BUT HE IS NOT DOING SO WELL—



door, and he said:

"You are my captive and slave. Here is some food and water; eat and drink. Tomorrow go to work in the garden and keep it clean. Do not leave your cabin more than a mile, and if you see anyone do not speak, but if you disobey my orders I will burn you tonight for the joy of seeing it done."

Tanglebeard came, sprayed my room and set my lungs on fire. And oh, how I suffered for fourteen days! It seemed to me my lungs were really burning, and I know they could not have burned more if they had been on fire. I prayed to die but, dying run. Now, if you disobey my orders I will burn you tonight for the joy of seeing it done."

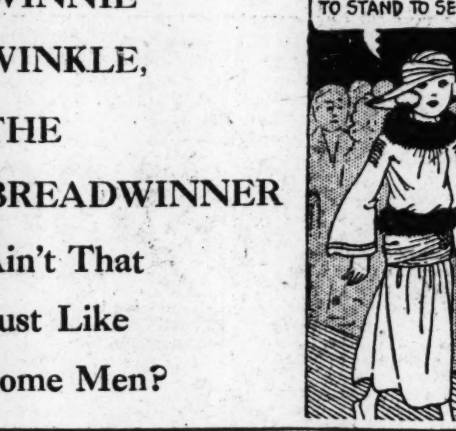
SOMEbody's STENOGRAPHER—Help Wanted—



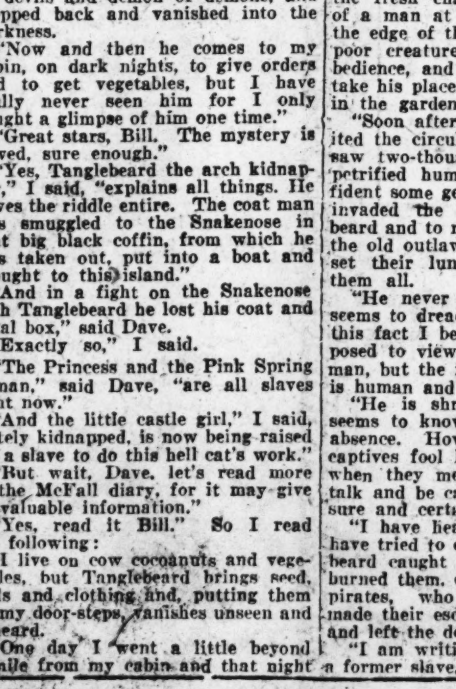
HOME, SWEET HOME—Justice Is Going to Come High



WINNIE WINKLE, THE BREADWINNER



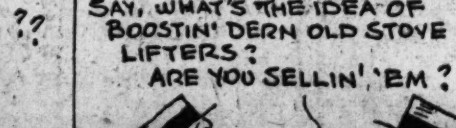
And Then He Changed His Mind—By Dunn



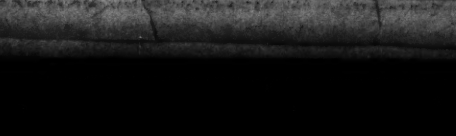
THE POOR FISH—ONE REEL BY LINK



THIS OLD WORLD IS FULL OF WONDERFUL INVENTIONS—



TAKE THE STOVE LID LATER FOR EXAMPLE—



WHAT'S THE IDEA OF THE MONKEY PICTURE IN THE WINDOW? DO YOU WANT PEOPLE TO THINK THIS IS A BIRD STORE? YOU DON'T MEAN TO TELL ME THAT YOU ARE GOING TO VOTE FOR THAT BRAINLESS, CHINLESS BRAGGADOCIO—HAVEN'T YOU ANY RESPECT FOR THE UNITED STATES?



HE IS AN HONORABLE GENTLEMAN AND I'M GOING TO WORK AND VOTE FOR HIM— I SENT \$500 TO HIM TOWARD HIS CAMPAIGN EXPENSES— HE RETURNED IT SAYING THAT HE COULDN'T ACCEPT MONEY FROM ANYONE— THAT HE IS FINANCING HIS OWN CAMPAIGN—

HE'S FINANCING HIS OWN CAMPAIGN! YOU MEAN YOU'RE FINANCING IT WITH THAT \$500000 HE GYPED YOU OUT OF— IF BRAINS ARE NECESSARY TO GO TO CONGRESS, HE WON'T GET TO THE DEPOT—

OH I DON'T KNOW— THE MORNING THEY WERE GIVING OUT BRAINS THERE WEREN'T MANY PEOPLE BACK OF YOU IN THE LINE THEY WERE JUST CLOSING UP WHEN YOU GOT THERE—

is on this island right now? "Great stars, Bill! Do you suppose the beautiful spring we found the other day is the fountain of perpetual youth—the spring which Ponce de Leon sought in vain?"

"I do not know," I said, "but such a spring is the dream of scientists and the hope of a dying world. What does Tanglebeard want with the people he kidnaps?" I asked, turning to the old man.

"He enslaves them to work in his gardens. On dark and gloomy nights he brings us tools and necessary things, and laying them down on our doorsteps, gives us orders in a voice dreadful though half human, and then vanishes unseen."

"Have you ever really seen him?" I asked.

"A few times I have seen him in dark, gloomy outline only."

"The Tanglebeard theory explains all things, and all my doubts are gone," I exclaimed.

"Yes, you are right," Dave replied. "Did Tanglebeard kidnap you?" I asked the old man.

"Yes," said he, "when I was a tiny little boy."

"I will set your lungs on fire, beat and burn you at the stake," said Tanglebeard, the devil of devils and demon of demons, and stepped back and vanished into the darkness.

"And then he comes to my cabin, on dark nights, to give orders and to get vegetables, but I have really never seen him for I only caught a glimpse of him one time."

"Great stars, Bill! The mystery is solved, sure enough."

"Yes, Tanglebeard the arch kidnaper," I said, "explains all things. He solves the riddle entire. The cont man was smuggled to the Snakehouse in that big black coffin, from which he was taken out, put into a boat and brought to this island."

"And in a fight on the Snakehouse with Tanglebeard he lost his coat and metal box," said Dave.

"Exactly so," I said.

"The Princess and the Pink Spring woman," said Dave, "are all slaves right now."

"And the little castle girl," I said, "lately kidnapped, is now being raised for a slave to do this hell cat's work."

"But wait, Dave, let's read more of the McFall diary, for it may give us valuable information."

"Yes," said Bill. "So I read the following:

"I live on cow coconuts and vegetables, but Tanglebeard brings seed, tools, and clothing and, putting them on my door-step, vanishes unseen and unheard."

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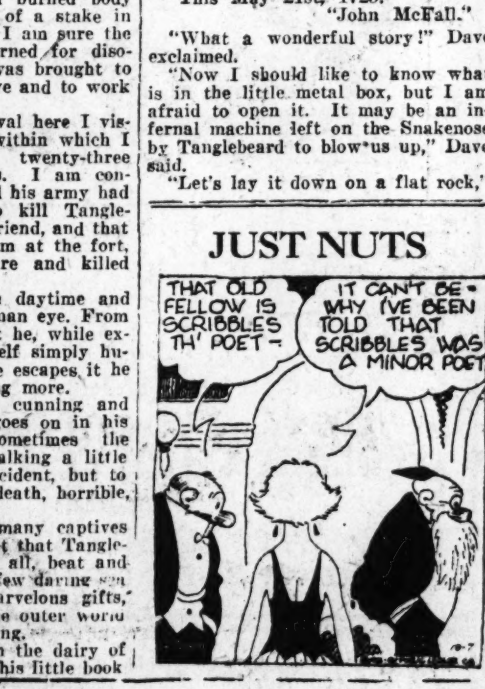
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Tanglebeard came, sprayed my room and set my lungs on fire. And oh, how I suffered for fourteen days! It seemed to me my lungs were really burning, and I know they could not have burned more if they had been on fire. I prayed to die but, dying run. Now, if you disobey my orders I will burn you tonight for the joy of seeing it done."

SOMEbody's STENOGRAPHER—Help Wanted—



HOME, SWEET HOME—Justice Is Going to Come High



WINNIE WINKLE, THE BREADWINNER



And Then He Changed His Mind—By Dunn



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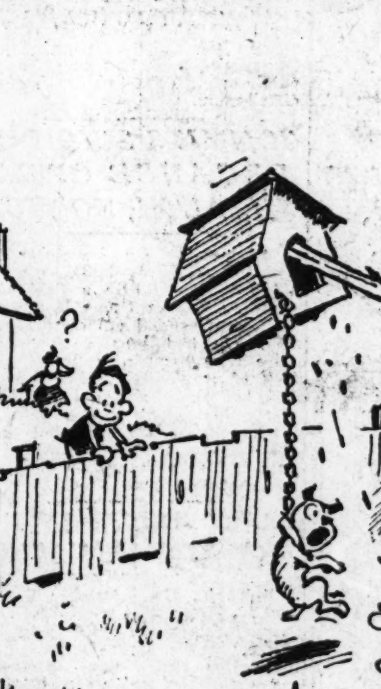
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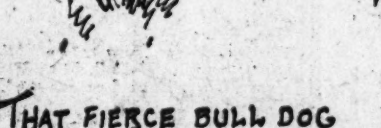
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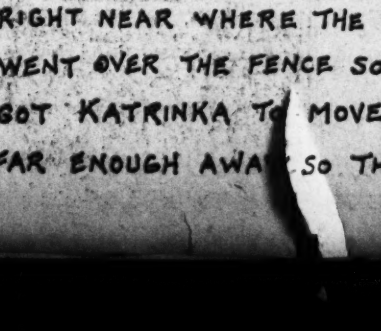
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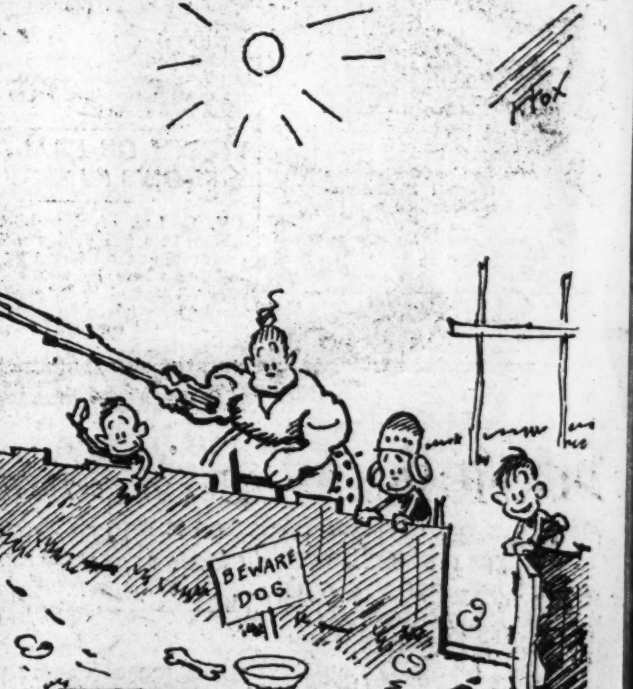
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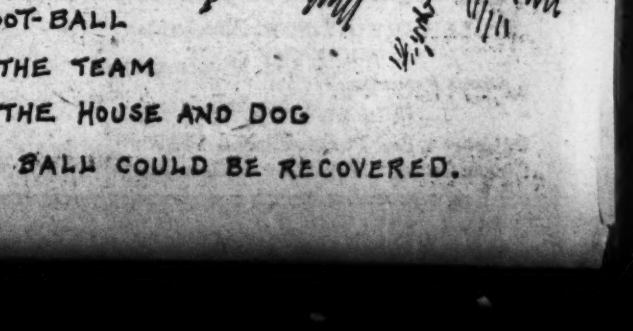
HOME, SWEET HOME—Justice Is Going to Come High



WINNIE WINKLE, THE BREADWINNER



And Then He Changed His Mind—By Dunn



By Hayward

By H. J. Tuthill

THE POWERFUL KATRINKA



THAT FIERCE BULL DOG WAS CHAINED TO HIS HOUSE. RIGHT NEAR WHERE THE FOOT-BALL WENT OVER THE FENCE SO THE TEAM GOT KATRINKA TO MOVE THE HOUSE AND DOG FAR ENOUGH AWAY SO THE BALL COULD BE RECOVERED.

News of Society and Woman's Work

THE CONSTITUTION'S DAILY WOMAN'S MAGAZINE

Features which
Will Interest
Every Woman

Many Parties Assemble for Teas at Atlanta Woman's Club

Many parties assembled at the Atlanta Woman's club Friday afternoon for the regular Friday afternoon teas.

Palms, cosmos and many bright potted plants formed the attractive decorations in the clubrooms.

An important meeting of the executive committee of the woman's board of Oglethorpe university, of which Mrs. John K. Ottley is chairman, and

Mrs. Lee Ashcraft is first vice chairman, was held at the Woman's club. Special reports were made and plans for the coming year discussed.

Following the meeting Mrs. Thornwell Jacobs entertained the board members at tea. The tables were placed in the palm room and decorated with the Oglethorpe colors.

Covers were placed for over 25 guests.

Mrs. D. F. Stevenson entertained at tea in honor of the judges in the poetry contest which is being put on by the study class, of which Mrs. Stevenson is chairman.

The guests included: Mrs. Rosa Woodberry, president of Woodberry Hall; Mrs. E. W. Paisley, professor of English at Washington seminary; Mrs. Lucy Gray Kendall, professor of English at Washington seminary; Blanche Grobeck Laveridge, president of Elizabeth Mather college; Miss Louise McKinnis, professor of English at Agnes Scott college; and Professor J. E. McDaniel and Professor Lawrence Blair, both of Georgia Tech, and B. F. Stevenson.

Mrs. William Smith was hostess at tea. Her guests included Mrs. Walter Scott, Mrs. Joe L. McMillan, Mrs. Bessie Crook and Mrs. Laura Doss.

Mrs. T. T. Ballenger entertained a group of friends.

Among others entertaining were Mrs. C. M. German and Mrs. M. B. Canon.

Miss Maude White Tells How Cuticura Healed Mother

"Excuse me out on my mother's hands in blisters. It itched and burned so badly that she scratched and irritated the affected parts, and lost her rest at night. Her hands itched terribly after taking them out of water, and she was unable to do her regular work on account of the eruptions. She had to wear gloves for a while.

"The trouble lasted about three years. She began using Cuticura Soap and Ointment which helped her, and after using two cakes of Cuticura Soap and three boxes of Cuticura Ointment she was healed."

(Signed) Miss Maude White, Groveland, Georgia.

Use Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Talcum exclusively for every-day toilet purposes.

Sample Book Free by Mail. Address: "Cuticura-Labeling," Dept. M, Malden 68, Mass. Sold everywhere. Keep the Ointment tin and the Talcum tin. Cuticura Soap shaves without lather.

Real Value!

2 Lb. Special Box of
Black Walnut Bon Bons and Assorted Chocolates, all for
\$1.00
Martha Washington Candy Shop
108 North Forsyth Street
Opposite Howard Theatre

You would do anything for your wife and family

There's nothing too good, no sacrifice too great, for those you love. But have you ever stopped to think what would happen to them if you should be suddenly taken away? Who would look after them, who would support them, where would they live?

An insurance policy will care for them.



Wilmer L. Moore, Jr.
GENERAL AGENT.
Van E. Burgh, Supervisor of Agency.
Robert D. Taylor, Special Representative.
The Southern States Life Insurance Company
217 Healey Building.

Miss Campbell And Miss Davis Honor Guests

A pretty event of Friday afternoon was the bridge-ten given by Miss Virginia Walker at her home on Myrtle street for Miss Lula Groves Campbell, a bride-elect, and Miss Henrietta Davis, who has been extensively entertained since her return from Europe.

Yellow and white chrysanthemums formed the decorations in the lovely home.

In the dining room the tea table held in the center a basket of yellow and white chrysanthemums, encircled by yellow tapers in silver candlesticks.

The top score prize was a pair of novelty shoe trees, consolation was a ribbon lingerie set.

Miss Davis was presented with an extract bottle, hand-painted, and Miss Campbell received a pair of boudoir candlesticks.

The guests included: Miss Campbell and Miss Davis, Miss Lucy Candler, Miss Elizabeth Owens, Miss Margaret Vaughan, Miss Jennie Johnson, Miss Mary Woodridge, Miss Ethel Nall, Miss Leila Ponder, Miss Ann Hart, Miss Elizabeth Kaul, Miss Wickliffe Wurm, Miss Mary Murphy, Miss Jean Lambdin, of Savannah, Ga.; Miss Louise Cooper, Miss Venice Mayson, Miss Cobble Vaughan, Mrs. J. L. Campbell, Mrs. Lynn P. Howard, Mrs. Robert L. Baker, Mrs. Kendrick Scott, Mrs. Straffen Hart, Mrs. Joseph G. Heard, Jr., Edgar McDougle, Mrs. Edwin Hill and Mrs. Eugene Thornton.

Miss Hand Gives Luncheon for Bride-Elect

Miss Katherine Hand was hostess Thursday afternoon at a luncheon at the Piedmont Driving club in compliment to Miss Mary Nelson, bride-elect of October.

The prettily appointed table held in the center a Dresden basket filled with pink roses. Encircling this were silver candlesticks holding pink tapers, unshaded. Pink and white mints in silver compotes were placed at intervals.

Miss Nelson was lovely in a smart full model of black crepe and a wide black hat.

The guests included the members of the bridal party, numbering nine.

St. Joseph's Alumnae To Meet Sunday.

The St. Joseph's Alumnae association, Atlanta circle, will meet Sunday, October 8, at 11 o'clock at the Sacred Heart parochial school.

The roller and rear wheels of an English steam roller for road building are hollow steel tanks that can be filled with water to increase their weight.

Today's Calendar

Carl Asbury will entertain at the East Lake Country club with a dinner this evening for Miss Julia Bell.

Miss May Haverty will give a tea this afternoon at the Piedmont Driving club.

This evening Fred Di Cristina will entertain at a dinner party at the East Lake Country club.

The first Chi Phi tea-dance at their chapter house in North avenue following the football game at Grant field.

The regular dinner-dance at Piedmont Driving club.

The Capital City club will give the first of a series of football luncheons today in the grill room of the town club.

The annual fall banquet to be given in honor of the members of the board of founders and their wives and in honor of the chairman of the various committees of the woman's board of Oglethorpe university will be held in the dining hall of the administration building this evening.

Mrs. George Bower will entertain in compliment to Miss Lula Groves Campbell, at a bridge-ten.

SOCIAL ITEMS

Mrs. Sam Burkhalter and her son, Sam Burkhalter, Jr., have returned to their home in Greenwood, Miss., after a visit here to Mrs. Burkhalter's father, S. L. Bowman, on Cypress street.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert N. Williamson announce the birth of a son, Albert Williamson, Jr., on September 20.

Mrs. Lily Collier Beall has returned from an automobile trip to Charlotte, N. C., with her son, John Collier Beall. Mr. Beall is district superintendent of the American Telephone and Telegraph company for the two states of North and South Carolina.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hecht, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Wellhouse and Mrs. Frances Poole left Tuesday for National Park seminary in Washington, D. C., where she will enter school.

Mrs. W. F. Quillian, after spending the summer at Lake Jonalaska and Cartersville, has returned to the city and will be at home with her son, Dr. Garret W. Quillian.

Mrs. Ban Wylie has returned home after spending the summer in Virginia.

Brilliant Parties Will Introduce Debutantes

Cordial interest is manifested each season in the personnel and plans of the debutantes for the coming year.

The club for 1922-23, with Miss Louise Inman as president, has a membership of thirty-two young girls, including some of the most charming and attractive members of society.

Brilliance and splendor will mark the many elaborate parties which will be given this season to introducing these charming belles to society. Mr. and Mrs. Asa Candler, Jr., will give a supper-dance at the Piedmont Driving club, November 15, in compliment to their daughter, Miss Lucy Candler.

November 8 is the date set for Miss

Catherine Haverty's dance at the Piedmont Driving club.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Heinz will introduce their lovely daughter, Miss Elizabeth Owens, at a brilliant affair to be given at the Druid Hills Golf club November 22.

Miss Mary Frances Cooledge will entertain at the Piedmont Driving club December 14.

Mr. and Mrs. John Grant will complement their charming daughter at an elegant party to be given at their home on Pace's Ferry road December 27.

Mr. and Mrs. James D. Robinson will entertain December 22 at the Piedmont Driving club for their daughter, Miss Jennie Robinson.

The next meeting will be with Mrs. G. W. Quillian.

Uncle Remus Party Is Postponed.

The grounds committee of the Uncle Remus Memorial association has postponed the lawn party that was to have been given Tuesday afternoon, October 10.

Star Brand School Shoes

for
Girls and Boys

Are built stronger than grown-ups. Here you will find a big second floor Children's Department with a complete stock of all-leather shoes.

ELEVATOR SERVICE

This shoe in brown and black calf, black or brown kid. Sizes 8 1/2 to 11.....**\$1.95 to \$3.95**
Sizes 11 1/2 to 2.....**\$2.95 to \$4.95**
Sizes 2 1/2 to 8.....**\$2.95 to \$5.95**

Boys' School Shoes

Sizes 8 1/2 to 13.....**\$1.95 to \$3.95**
Sizes 13 1/2 to 2.....**\$1.95 to \$4.95**
Sizes 2 1/2 to 6.....**\$2.45 to \$4.95**

STAR SHOE STORE

95 Whitehall St.
Elevator Service

WARNER'S SEVEN ACES

(The Atlanta Constitution Orchestra)
PLAYS EVERY FRIDAY NIGHT, BEGINNING SEPT. 15 AT 8:00 P.M. FOR THE COLLEGE AND YOUNG SOCIETY SET
For special engagements, address H. B. Warner, Care The Constitution, or telephone Mr. Warner at Hemlock 4138-J.

Miss Stewart Weds Howard D. Fallaize In West End

A very lovely marriage of Wednesday was that of Miss Mildred Stewart, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Stewart, and Howard Deane Fallaize, which was quietly solemnized at high noon at the West End Baptist church, Rev. W. M. Seay officiating.

The wedding was a very quiet affair, only the two families being present.

The bride looked very attractive in a modish dark blue tulle gown with a long, full skirt trimmed with plaid cords of tulle, crepe and tulle. She wore a large hat of black panne velvet, trimmed with coque feathers. Her beautiful corsage was of white bride roses, adorned with valley lilies.

After the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Fallaize left by motor for a wedding trip in Florida. On their return they will make their home with the groom's parents on Piedmont avenue.

Mrs. Fallaize is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Stewart. She is a graduate of the Girls' High school, and is popular among her many friends here.

Mr. Fallaize is the youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Fallaize. He is connected with his father's firm, J. B. Fallaize company, and is well liked in business circles in the city.

THE HOUSEHOLD

Edited by Anna Bittenbaker.

PAINT HERE AND THERE.

It doesn't take long to paint the outside window sills in your house and it is well worth while if they are badly worn or soiled. In fact, the time it takes to give window sills a new coat of paint is considerably less than the time required to scour off deeply ingrained dirt. Of course before they are painted they should be washed free of all surface dirt and made so clean that you can rub your hand over them without soiling it, but they do not have to be scoured spotless.

It is a good plan to treat the drain boards of your sink and the window sill over your sink, if there is one there, to a coat of waterproof varnish. Eventually water soaks an unpainted drain board and leaves it porous to grease and other foods that may spill upon it. If it is treated to an occasional coat of waterproof varnish the wood remains intact and it cannot become spotted with grease.

Your kitchen table may need repainting. Far better than an oil-cloth top for a work table in your kitchen is a table first painted white and then treated to a coat of very good white enamel. The coat of enamel lasts longer and costs less than table oilcloth. But best of all it has crevices in which food may lodge.

A small break in the surface of the oilcloth immediately leaves a crevice in which grease or crumbs may lodge. Paint your stove with black enamel. It should be first thoroughly cleaned and then carefully painted with a small brush that will get into all the crevices.

(Copyright, 1922, for The Constitution.)

Englehart-Keppel Wedding Is Quiet Home Ceremony

A quiet but impressive event of Friday afternoon was the wedding of Miss Elizabeth Englehart, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Englehart, and Gerald Van Keppel, formerly of Grand Rapids, Mich., which was solemnized at the home of the bride's parents on Piedmont avenue. Father Smith, of Sacred Heart church, officiating.

An appropriate musical program was rendered by Miss Mary Taylor, who also played Lohengrin's wedding march.

The home was artistically decorated throughout with handsome green palms, ferns and quantities of autumn flowers. In the living room an improvised altar was erected. Palms and smilax formed a background for tall white pedestal vases filled with white asters and white

cathedral candelabra holding burning tapers.

The bride was beautiful in a smart full model of brown charmeuse, made with a full skirt and tightly fitted bodice, trimmed with sand-colored tulle. Her hat was a small model of sand-colored duvety, trimmed with coque feathers, and she carried a shower bouquet of bride's roses and valley lilies.

An informal reception followed the ceremony.

Mrs. John George Englehart, mother of the bride, was handsomely gowned in dark blue crepe and a corsage of pink roses.

Later in the afternoon Mr. and Mrs. Van Keppel left for a wedding trip to Signal Mountain, Tenn. After October 12 they will be at home to their friends at 304 North Boulevard.

Miss Reynolds Announces Date Of Next Meeting

Miss Jessie Reynolds, president of the Alumnae association of the Girls' High school, announces that the next meeting, which will be a business meeting, will be held Thursday, November 2.

The roll has increased to such an extent that no cards will be sent out announcing the meetings in the future. Notices will appear in The Constitution, and the members are requested to watch for them.

Mrs. Kersey Weds C. Gilbert Clark.

The marriage of Mrs. Yvonne Manson Kersey and Christopher Gilbert Clark took place Wednesday afternoon, October 4, at the parsonage of the Wesley Memorial church, Dr. R. F. Fraser performing the ceremony in the presence of relatives and a few intimate friends.

The bride, a most charming young woman, wore a handsome gown of Roseburg crepe embroidered in chenille, wearing hat to match trimmed in king blue roses and carried bouquet of Richmond roses. Mrs. Clark is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. Manson, of Paris, having lived in America for the past four years.

Mr. Clark is the son of Dr. and Mrs. G. L. Clark, of this city, and is superintendent of the Arcade branch of the postoffice. During the war Mr. Clark was in training at Camp Gordon, going overseas at post agent.

After the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Clark left for a wedding journey of two weeks to Signal Mountain and Cincinnati.

Mrs. Dean Honors Brides-Elect.

Misses Cobble Vaughan, Winnie Perry and Susie Hallman, three charming brides-elect, were the honor guests at a bride party given Friday afternoon at the Piedmont Driving club by Mrs. Ewing Dean.

Garden flowers in silver vases decorated the club rooms. The tea table

had as a central decoration a silver vase of asters and roses. These were encircled by silver candlesticks holding pink tapers.

The guests were members of the bridge club to which Mrs. Dean belongs.

Saturday Dance At Roseland.

There will be a dance at Roseland, corner Peachtree and Cain streets, Saturday evening, beginning at 8 o'clock, under the auspices of the Musicians' club. Friends of the club holding invitation cards are welcome. Carle LaFell and his Chicago orchestra will render the dance program.

Masons to Dance At Segado's.

This evening the Atlanta Masonic club will hold their dance at Segado's, hall, 16 East Pine street. The Southern Star orchestra will render the music.

The members of the Yarrab band will be the guest on this occasion.

Miss Davis Weds Mr. Atherton.

A marriage of unusual interest to a large number of friends, was that of Miss Mary Davis, of Austell, Ga., and Lucius H. Atherton, of Jasper and Atlanta. The marriage occurred at the home of Dr. White, pastor of First Baptist church, Marietta, Ga., Saturday, September 30, at 9:30 a. m.

The bride is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Davis, of Austell, and has a host of friends both in Austell and Atlanta, while the groom is from Jasper, now of Atlanta, a graduate of Y. H. college and Emory university.

Mr. and Mrs. Atherton, after a short trip, will be home to their friends at 150 Lucile avenue.

Mrs. Bryant Gives Luncheon for Club.

Mrs. E. L. Bryant entertained at a luncheon Tuesday afternoon, at her home on Piedmont road, in honor of the Busy Bee Sewing club.

Miss Mamie Craig Willis, of Nashville, Tenn., will arrive Sunday to be the guest of Miss Margaret Nelson.

Pillsbury's Best Flour



Better Biscuit—Yet Cheaper

Mix your own biscuit flour, using Pillsbury's Best. You'll get better biscuit because Pillsbury's is a better flour—rich in nourishing gluten, the meat of the wheat. Its creamy-white, natural color proves that the golden gluten is there.

You'll get cheaper biscuit because Pillsbury's absorbs more liquid—milk or water—and makes 4 to 6 additional biscuit to every quart of flour. Cut down on the amount of flour at each baking and still get your usual number of biscuit. That's real economy!

Get a sack of Pillsbury's Best and mix tomorrow morning's biscuit flour yourself. It's easy—and you'll see each ingredient and know that it's fresh and pure and full-strength. Use Pillsbury's for cake and pastry too. It's an all-purpose flour—milled extra-fine.

PILLSBURY FLOUR MILLS COMPANY
MINNEAPOLIS, U. S. A.

Atlanta Representative: L. S. FURRY, 23 Broadway St.

Pillsbury's Family of Foods
Pillsbury's Best Flour • Pancake Flour • Health Bran
Wheat Cereal • Rye Flour • Durum Flour • Farina

Make them this way— Pillsbury's Buttermilk Biscuit

1 quart Pillsbury's Best Flour.
3 teaspoonfuls baking powder.
1 teaspoonful salt.
2 pinch of soda (added to flour).
3 tablespoonfuls lard.
Buttermilk.

Rub lard well into sifted dry ingredients. Mix to soft, but not sticky dough, with buttermilk. Roll to half-inch thickness and bake in a quick oven for 10 to 12 minutes.

For Sweet Milk Biscuit

Omit soda and add one more teaspoonful baking powder.



What a Great Stir It Has Caused



RICH'S GOLDEN HARVEST SALE OF

Smart Silk and Wool Dresses Clever Wool and Plush Coats Sports and Fur-trimmed Suits

We watched yesterday's crowd of women enthusiastically buying two and three garments at a time—it was an inspiring sight. It would be a great pity to miss this intended new \$25 to \$45 apparel at \$19.95

IT started yesterday. Crowds came through yesterday's drenching rain. And by this time it is quite the feminine topic of town.

—You heard of it everywhere—on the avenues—on the street cars—women were exclaiming—“Oh, have you been to the Coat and Dress Sale at Rich's?” “Isn't it simply splendid—so glad I came down.”

—Crowds of women are buying these late New York Coats, Suits and Dresses with an enthusiasm that comes of getting something decidedly unusual.

The Dresses, \$19.95

—Of excellent Canton crepe, satin, crepe de Chine, satin back Canton and Poirer twill.
—Fully 100 styles—basqued, bloused, and draped models, coat effects, long waisted and straight line styles. In navy, black, brown, tan, gray and other colors.

The Suits, \$19.95

—New sports suits of homespun and diagonal weave wools. Oxford, green, gray, brown and navy. Sizes 14 to 44.
—Suits of duvet de laine and velour with collars of beaver, nutria, squirrel and black caracul. Navy, black, brown, reindeer, Sorrento, etc. Sizes 16 to 42.
—Tailored suits of Poirer twill with straight line 36-inch jackets. Sizes 16 to 44.

The Coats, \$19.95

—Made of velour, Normandy, suedine and Bolivia. Straight line styles, bloused and wrappy models.
—Most of them are fur trimmed—others have huge crushed collars of self material. Brown, black, navy, reindeer, Sorrento, etc.
—Also short silk plush coats with fur collars. Black. Sizes 16 to 40.

—They are making no mistake—that is certain—for indications are that coats, suits and dresses so uncommonly smart as these will not be available again at such prices for a long while to come.

—For leading New York designers literally gave us these new garments as Harvest Sale tributes in appreciation of our regular business with them—otherwise these prices would be impossible.

—To every woman in need of a new Fall Dress—new suit or smart coat we wish to say that it would be a serious mistake to miss this Sale today.

\$19.95

Miss Buchanan Writes Last of Letter Series

The last series of letters written by an Atlanta girl, Miss Lola Buchanan, while she was traveling abroad touch interestingly upon Switzerland, France and London. Her letters follow:

Gorgeous Scenery.
“Le Grand Hotel, Venise.—We are at Lucerne tonight after a ride through the most gorgeous scenery I ever saw. Words simply cannot express it, but we rode through the Swiss Alps and you can imagine in a measure what that is. We passed through tunnel after tunnel, one being nine and a half miles long—but as we were pulled by an electric engine and there was no smoke it wasn't bad at all. On one rather tall mountain we saw snow and streams were coming down all the mountains, all of the streams merging into one great torrent which ran like a mad stream at the side of the railroad track. Then we passed two or three lakes and the calm blue water at the foot of these gorgeous mountains, some of the peaks soaring above the clouds—well, it was wonderful. I'm sending you a map and you can see how we came.
“We spent last night at Lake Cone, a very pretty spot. Our hotel was located right on the lake at the foot of a huge mountain which had homes and in fact a regular resort at the top of it.
“Venice is wonderful—there's no other place like it nor any other sensation like the one you have riding on a gondola on a pretty night with music boats furnishing you this most gorgeous Italian music—and you know, every Italian has a good voice and the most of them are really wonderful musicians. They have regular boats which anchor out in the water and then the gondoliers come up and stop by the music and after the program rendered the man goes from gondola to gondola taking up a collection.
In Southern France.
“Carlton Hotel, Vichy.—I'll declare I've seen so much since I wrote you last I hardly know where to begin. First of all, in southern France—the wonderful vineyards are so so-ticable and also the most marvelous fields of it. I saw my first windmill in action, and it was certainly picturesque. We spent one night at Vichy, the Newport of France, and there was where we saw the real French-looking women. It's a wonderful resort, more attractive shops, but everything is terribly expensive. The Carlton hotel is a very swell sort of place. And, believe me, I saw some gorgeous clothes and jewelry there. Paris didn't stand a show to what I saw there, but of course, Paris was dead when I was there—all the best people being off at resorts. We'll see things there when we go back in September.
“Aix le Bain for lunch and there also I saw some wonderful sport clothes.
“Then we passed through and are still passing through the Savoy Alps, and the scenery is beyond description. I just wish I could begin to describe the grandeur of it all to you. There are little Alpine chalets located all over the side of the mountain, and there are sheep and cows grazing. We went around several mountains' kinds' on the order of going up Signal mountain, but much more to it, and of course, a hundred times more wonderful. We saw mountains above the clouds and at my first glimpse of a snow-capped peak I thought I would have a fit. It was absolutely beyond all expectation. But that is not the half of it. We stopped at Chamonix and I got my letters. The news, though, seems almost stale—it was written so long ago. I can't hardly get accustomed to it taking so long. But to continue on the trip: At Chamonix we stopped at a wonderful hotel—and Sunday morning we went up to Blanc—Mont Blanc—and it is covered in snow, and I went out, or rather climbed up on the ice—Mer de Glace, it is called, which means sea of ice. Just think of it! Climbing on a glacier. And it was hot, too. Can you imagine it? Hot weather in all that snow and ice! We went up on the mountain before the snow part was reached at all. It is my birthday morning. I am 31. We stopped last night at a little town called Digne, in France, and we are waiting to get started. We expect to be in Nice tonight. I'm feeling fine, and the trip is marvelous. I'm enjoying every minute of it.”

Hotel Cecil, Strand, London.
“It's go, go, go, and not only in the day but at night. A man who just inherited \$150,000 has joined our party and he's taken me out at night. He's ‘kinda’ simp—just not at all attractive, but that's the least of my worries if he wants to spend some of that money on me.
“To get back to my trip. We've seen so many things since I last wrote that I don't guess I can begin to tell you all. Please keep this letter for me cause I'm behind in my diary and I just can't see my way clear to write to you and in it too, so I'm going to write to you and copy it when I get home.
“Well, we went to Sulgrave, the home of the Washington family, and it is a very quaint sort of place with the most wonderful garden—the hugest shasta daisies and a rose called Constant—which we must have if we can get it. Then we went on to Oxford, where the famous Oxford university is. Oxford university is composed of 22 colleges, three of which we saw—Trinity, New college, Christ's church. In New college chapel there is a window—one of the most beautiful in the world, and I wish I could describe it to you. It was first painted by Reynolds, the subject being the nativity of Christ, and then put on to glass by Gervais. Underneath ‘The Nativity’ are windows posed for by famous women and representing Fortitude, Charity, Faith, Justice and Prudence. The altar piece is surrounded by statues of apostles and saints, and there is an old staff which dates from the fourteenth century, used by the first bishop. The wood carving of the altar piece was done by Greenly Gibbons, and it is a magnificent piece of work—cherubim and flowers. We went in the Bodlian library, founded by Sir Thomas Bodley, and saw ‘Acts of the apostles’ written in the seventh century and several of Shelley's original poems, and also a folio of Tennyson's with Gareth and Lynette written in it in his writing. We spent the night in Oxford at the Hotel Randolph. Next morning we went out to Blenheim castle, the Duke of Marlborough's home, who married Consuelo Vanderbilt and divorced her to marry the Duchess of Brecon, considered the most beautiful woman in England. Then we started out for London. We saw Chaucer's home, which is very nice, and we stopped at Henley on the Thames for lunch. Oh yes, the Thames is a very narrow river but long. Oxford is also on the Thames. We got into London after about 5 o'clock and came up to the Cecil. That night Mr. Ruth took me to see Sir Charles Hawtrey in ‘Ambrose Applejohn's Adventures’, an awfully good comedy. Then we went to the Trocadero afterwards for supper and dancing. Oh, yes, I forgot to tell you we passed Windsor castle on our way in, but it was closed to the public and so we could not go in.
“Windsor castle is the residence of the king and queen, and about fifteen miles outside of London. Most of the London streets are as narrow as our own and three of four parts reminded me very much of Atlanta. There is a lot of formality here—all the men dress for dinner in evening gowns. I wore my lace dress to the theater the first night because I wasn't sure about the correct dress, and it was all right. None is allowed in the Trocadero unless in evening dress. Saturday we went through the Tower of London and saw old armory and dungeons and where kings and queens were beheaded. That afternoon we went to the Wallace collection and saw some famous paintings and, believe me, some of them are rare and rare. Some of the most famous artists were Titian, Watteau, Laocret, ‘Love me, Love my Dog,’ by Reynolds; Gainsborough's ‘Perdita’ and ‘Laughing Cavalier,’ by Franz Hals.
“Westminster Abbey is wonderful. It is the place where Princess Mary was married and it is beautiful inside. There we saw the grave of the unknown Soldier, the tomb of several famous kings and queens, among whom were Elizabeth, Mary, Edward I, Edward the Confessor, and we also saw the famous chair and stone which was brought from Scotland by King Edward and on which every king and queen has been crowned except one—since about 1400. We saw Westminster palace, and out in front is a monument to Queen Victoria. We also saw Albert's memorial—Queen Victoria's husband, you know. On Sunday we went to St. Paul's, the fifth largest church in the world, the National Art gallery and the museum and drove through the east end of London, which is like the east side of New York. The conditions of the tenements here seem much better than in New York, however. The streets are lined with shops, and every Sunday take their wares on a kind of a cart and sell them. They have everything in the world, even a dog market. That night there was a wonderful concert in the hotel here. Oh yes, on Saturday night Mr. Quillian, Mr. Ruth and I went to see ‘Sally’—Dorothy Dickson—and then we came back to the hotel here and danced.
“All the clothes are long over here so don't make any more short ones. The hats are about what I saw in New York. Nothing especially striking that I can see. The women are wearing fall clothes almost altogether. Believe me, don't ever let anybody tell you that things are cheaper over here than at home, cause in England they are not. You pay dearly for everything you get. I wish I had a new dress cause you know how it is—all my street clothes have been worn so much. I think maybe I'll buy me one in Paris if I can find something cheap.”

“Last night Mr. Ruth took me to see an awfully funny comedy, ‘Tons of Money,’ and then we went to the Midnight Follies at the Hotel Metropole. Monday afternoon we drove out to Hampton Court, Wolsey's former home, but he gave it to Henry VIII. I've never seen such flowers as are in those gardens.”

PICTURES FRAMED
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Manufacturers—Jobbers—Retailers

The Kiddies Just Love Them

Those light, golden-crusted, dainty biscuits made with CAPITOLA.

Every sack that comes to you must conform to the high standard we have set for 40 years.

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PLAIN FLOUR

ATLANTA MILLING CO.
Atlanta, Ga.

M. RICH & BROS. CO.

THE WISABLE HUSBAND

By Margaret Murray

Who's Who in the Story.

INSTALLMENT No. 12.

Phyllis Gay, a movie queen, who has

carried a million for every director.

Finkenberg, a fat and disagreeable director.

Hattie Reeves, press agent for Star Film company.

Madame Marie, fifth avenue model, who has a contract for Miss Gay's wardrobe.

Deborah, a little middle girl who changes her name from Loretta to Deborah, to try her fortune in the film.

It has all come about through a glimpse of movie life, which one night when Deb delivers a gown to Phyllis Gay's apartment on Riverside drive.

Larry Demarest, leading man. Larry notices Deb that night, waiting for a bus, he offers to drive her home, later on the effect he would have on the dream-eyed child who craved to go in the movies.

Kala Kyan, a mannequin, who is of the opinion that a girl who is married is less interested in the movies.

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THE CHEERFUL CHERUB

Autumn days are gold like wine.

I like them more than all the rest—

And yet each year when spring is here

I change my mind and like spring best.

By E. K. Forster

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AT WOMAN'S WINDOW

BY W. L. GEORGE

Every now and then, in an article, or in an interview of a big business man, we find the complaint that the young men and women whom he employs fail to make good because they are unobservant. The employer complains that they do not notice the way he proceeds; that they overlook details, and, therefore, that they are not worth promoting because they are not learning; they are merely doing the mechanical job for which they are paid.

On the whole these complaints are justified, and in general the children's home training is at fault. Most mothers are content to send their children to school, leaving the work to the school. The school cannot do it. The school gives information, but it cannot make a mind. The mother who wants her children to succeed, should systematically train them in the observation of the things that surround them. She needs to train herself to do so, and in a previous article I indicated how this could be done. But her children are not old enough to observe in as great detail as can the grown-up. She must train them more gradually. She must point out to them the color of their father's tie, and a few hours later ask them if they remember. She must train them to observe the color of people's eyes; many adults do not know the color of the eyes of their family. She can take a familiar object, such as a pen point, and ask them to describe the shape. She can get them into the habit of observation by continually stressing it. By so doing she opens their eyes not only upon the uses of the world, but upon its strangeness and its beauty.

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BEAUTY CHATS

By Edna K. Forster

FOODS TO MAKE YOU FAT.

We talk a great deal in this space about foods for reducing and foods for clearing the skin. Last week we were discussing foods for those who cannot or should not eat meat, but who needed an equivalent in nourishment. Today I shall like to suggest some foods to build flesh without overtaxing the digestion.

This problem of what to eat to grow fat is always a great one. It is easy enough to eat in order to grow thin. The answer to that is mostly "don't," for you cannot gain flesh on what you do not eat. But if you overeat to grow fat, you overtax the digestion and do much more harm than good. But these foods are easily assimilated.

Eat thick soups always instead of thin, eat thick slices of meat thickly coated with butter, eat meat if you like it and digest it, giving preference to the fat rather than to the lean portions. Have your fish fried or served with a thick sauce, eat potatoes covered with butter or rich gravy, or mashed with cream, butter and seasoning.

Have your green vegetables served cold in a salad with thick mayonnaise, or done in the Italian style, which is to fry them in olive oil, seasoning and sometimes grated cheese.

Have all fried foods cooked in olive oil or vegetable fat. These are as nourishing as lard and much more easily digested. In the matter of puddings, pies, cakes, ice cream or any such sweet your choice is restricted only by your inclination. All these dishes are fattening, as the stout woman knows to her great sorrow. Cheese omelets and cheese sandwiches, the way, are easily digested and very fattening. Drink milk whenever you can.

Beacon—Your red nose and pimples are a result of disorders in the system, which accounts for the reason why the local treatments are not helping you very much. A diet in which there is too much starch or too much meat would cause this condition, and a change to a more balanced one would correct the trouble. Often the digestion is improved and the skin cleared merely by changing from white bread to that made from whole wheat flour.

G. M. R.—Dash cold water over the bust each day and dry through light friction from a coarse Turkish towel. This will make the muscles firm in a few months, unless the flabbiness is the result of drying up the milk by using camphor after nursing an infant, and in such a case it will take a longer time to effect a recovery.

T. M.—With a height of five feet two inches your weight at 113 is all right. If your proportions were correct your bust and hips should each be 34 inches with the measurement of 24 inches for the waist. Increase your chest and bust through deep breathing, and reduce the hips by taking the following exercises: Stand erect, hands on hips and bend the body forward and the waistline. Swing the upper part of the body around to the right and then to the left as far as is possible, aiming to describe a circle with the upper part of the body, while the lower part remains stationary.

All inquiries addressed to Miss Forbes in care of the "Beauty Chats" department will be answered in these columns in their turn. This requires considerable time, however, owing to the great number received. So if a personal or quicker reply is desired, a stamped and self-addressed envelope must be enclosed with the question.—The Editor.

Hash! Add a little chopped parsley to the hashed cold meat; it will improve both appearance and flavor.

For Health Teeth. Crusts of bread and hard crackers should be given children, as soon as they can eat them, as they will harden the teeth and cause them to grow healthy.

The Lost Stitch. If your knitting needle is accidentally pulled out of your work, take up the stitches on a smaller needle and then transfer them to the original needle. It will prove much easier.

DRESS BY ANNE RITTENHOUSE

The Hat Made of Wide Ribbon in Satin or Velvet Gains in Power and It Is Especially Smart in White Velvet. This Fashion Was Launched at Deauville on the Day of the Grand Prix.

The black hat made of satin ribbon is not a novelty, but it was widely chosen in Paris by American

at the sides. With it was a white velvet muffler, an evidence of the new fashion for some kind of collar above a low-necked gown in the afternoon. Another evidence of fashion was the necklace and long earrings of deep red quartz.

The white velvet hat has more novelty than the black satin one and for this reason the milliners took more notice of it. Callot, Worth, and Chanel attempted to make white a ceremonial color in the early autumn and it may be that their attempts will bring back white velvet into first fashion.

There were wide-brimmed hats of white velvet worn with black gowns in the afternoon, the crown decorated with a wide scarf of silver Indian lace. This same scarf is put on a black velvet hat.

There are modified white Russian turbans as the one Suzanne Talbot makes in Paris; they are ornamented with Italian silver lace in the open Florentine pattern.

Possibly there may be a reaction in favor of the about hat, but at this hour the majority of women are running true to tradition in accepting the all-black hat or the black hat with the silver ornamentation.

Housecleaning Wisdom. The bang of every woman's existence is here again, housecleaning. But why not lessen it this time and throw out, give away or sell every thing that is of no use to you? Don't hoard. It only means more work and less order.

One of the best of these hats was launched at Deauville when kings and queens were playing there during the Grand Prix, and because a real king and queen are such curious evidences of an ancient form of government to republicans in Europe, they came in for more attention than usual. "Look at them well," said an American man to his young son whom he held on his shoulder, "for soon they will be as extinct as our buffaloes."

Well, when the kings and queens and the North and South American spenders were turning their Deauville into a splash of red, white and blue, a smart woman wore a smart hat, possibly to catch the eye of royalty. No one can say that Alphonse of Spain and the Shah of Persia did not have roving eyes.

This hat was of white velvet ribbon starting as a turban and extending out into wide pointed wings

women who have a curious way of deciding on the clothes in Paris for themselves, which the commercialists in Paris insist are out of fashion.

The ribbon hat has as much reason to be standardized as the Russian toque of felt and the wide-brimmed hat of black velvet. At least, this seems to be the verdict of Paris. Many of the American women doing their shopping in France thought likewise, evidently, for they bought these hats to take home.

One of the best of these hats was launched at Deauville when kings and queens were playing there during the Grand Prix, and because a real king and queen are such curious evidences of an ancient form of government to republicans in Europe, they came in for more attention than usual. "Look at them well," said an American man to his young son whom he held on his shoulder, "for soon they will be as extinct as our buffaloes."

Well, when the kings and queens and the North and South American spenders were turning their Deauville into a splash of red, white and blue, a smart woman wore a smart hat, possibly to catch the eye of royalty. No one can say that Alphonse of Spain and the Shah of Persia did not have roving eyes.

This hat was of white velvet ribbon starting as a turban and extending out into wide pointed wings

women who have a curious way of deciding on the clothes in Paris for themselves, which the commercialists in Paris insist are out of fashion.

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DRASTIC NEW RULES FOR SOUTHERN COLLEGE SPORTS

Post-Season Games Barred To South's Football Teams By Committee of S. I. A. A.

Committee in Session Here Friday Tightens Restrictions on First-Year Men and Insists on Scholastic Excellence.

Post-season football games between universities and colleges holding membership in the Southern Intercollegiate Athletic Association will be barred this year, under a ruling made by the executive committee of that organization at a meeting here tonight.

The ruling probably will affect the game scheduled for Havana, Cuba, on Christmas day between the University of Florida and Louisiana State, the by-laws reading that the "football season shall close not later than the Saturday immediately following Thanksgiving day."

All members of the committee were present at tonight's meeting except Thomas W. Atkinson, of Louisiana State university.

Stress One-Year Rule.

It was also ruled that scholastic and residence rules would be strictly enforced, as embodied in sections 6 and 7 of article 9 of the constitution and by-laws of the association, which read that "no student shall participate in intercollegiate athletics at an institution until after the expiration of 12 months from the date of his matriculation there, and until he shall have completed the scholastic requirements of that association," which the by-laws read "is interpreted to mean: The student must have or be entitled to have a class standing higher than that of the previous year."

Freshmen Are Barred

A request from eight members of

the association asking that they be permitted to play freshmen in contests with each other and with larger colleges where the larger institutions were favorable to the waiver, was denied by the committee, which ruled that it had no authority to waive the one-year rule or any other rule of the association. The institutions making the request were the University of Chattanooga, Mississippi college, Birmingham-Southern, Howard, Transylvania, Millsaps college and Oglethorpe and Mercer universities.

An exception to this ruling was made in the case of Davidson college in North Carolina, which will be permitted to play freshmen against Georgia Tech owing to the fact that the contract between these two institutions was entered into before the one-year rule was adopted by the S. I. A. A. This would also apply to any other non-S. I. A. A. team having contracts with S. I. A. A. teams, it was stated.

Player Wallace of the Oglethorpe university football squad was declared ineligible because of his failure to qualify under the one-year residence rule.

The committee deferred action in the case of A. H. Maurer, a player on the Oglethorpe university eleven. Maurer, it was stated, claimed to be only trying out with the team.

PREP ELEVEN'S PLAY TODAY

Rain spoiled a perfectly good prep football game yesterday afternoon between Marist and Powder Springs and the authorities have arranged the game for this morning at 10 o'clock on the Marist campus.

Tech High and Locust Grove meet on Grant field at 10 o'clock, while both University and Boys' High will hit the rattle for foreign soil. University plays the Newnan High eleven in Newnan, while Boys' High journeys down to LaGrange to battle the LaGrange High eleven this afternoon.

The Tech High-Locust Grove game will be the center of attraction this morning as those two teams always put up a real interesting prep affair. The Locust Grove lads generally furnish the tonnage and many times they have some speedy lads in the backfield, while the Smithies have both this year. This will be the first appearance of the Locust Grove lads in Atlanta for several seasons, as Tech High and other local prep teams generally play on their own Locust Grove field.

Much interest has been centered on the showing of the Marist team and fans are beginning to realize that it was no mistake when the returns of the recent game actually showed Marist on the long end.

Creasy Up at St. Joe.

St. Joseph, Mo., October 6.—William Creasy, of Kansas City, tonight led the field of the thirty-six holes of the annual St. Joseph open golf tournament. His score was 68-70-138. Two strokes back of him was John Golden, of New York, with 69-71-140.

The field of fifty players will go 36 holes more tomorrow to decide how the \$2,500 prize money will be divided.

Carrying a crew of nine men, a seaplane has been built in Germany chiefly of aluminum and its alloys, no wood being used.

DUBLIN BEATS WAYNESBORO

Dublin, Ga., October 6.—(Special.) In the prettiest football game of the season, Dublin's Green Harp team swept the Waynesboro High school eleven before this afternoon by a score of 19 to 0. At no time during the game was Dublin's line in danger.

Officials were Duck Swann, of Macon, referee; Laurens, Penn State, umpire.

SCOTT PITCHING WINS EASILY FOR GIANTS

Continued From First Page.

Babe would have been the prize book of the day, not excepting Whitey Witt or the educated baboon that was brought to the park by its trainer in a baseball uniform.

Scott's failure to take advantage of his opportunity to catch the Babe napping off first made it possible for Whitey Witt to win the ivory crown. Whitey got himself on first base and, while the game continued, he wandered down towards second for five or six feet, put his hands on a mound and a bluff to throw to a man trying hard to think about something.

Perhaps he was thinking about something, a date, perhaps, or a place where you can get the real stuff for \$5, or something important like that. Certainly he was not thinking about the ball game then in progress and in which he was supposed to be a participant. Earl Smith, catching for the Giants, took the ball pitched to Dugan, straightened up and made a bluff to throw to first near which Mr. Witt was doing, or thinking, or doing whatever he was doing. Witt stood with hands on hips, like first feet off the bat, paying absolutely no attention to Mr. Smith's threat.

Prize Bone Play.

Smith could not surprise and somewhat hurt at this intention, he tossed the ball down to Kelly, the Giant first sacker, in considerable of an arc. Not a fast peg to catch a man off base but just a sort of idle practice throw. The ball sailed slowly to Kelly and Witt continued to stand some five feet from the bag and act like he was thinking.

Hoffman, who was supposedly coaching at first, was also thinking about something far remote from the ball game of the moment.

He walked five feet from the bag and disturbed Witt's reverie by poking him in the slats with the ball. Witt acted like a man just awakened from a sound slumber. It took him several seconds to realize just what had happened. Then he recalled that he was a ball player at the Polo ground and realized that he had been put out. About this time, Hoffman, the coach, yawned and opened his eyes and stared about and got some of the recent remarks of developments immediately about him.

The Yankees did a lot of dumb stuff during the day but the above incident is about typical. They played dumb, listless baseball. It took them throughout like a lot of men sentenced to stay there and suffer just so long and be defeated in the end.

The losing threat and they are lucky the score was not larger. If they play the same kind of baseball on Saturday and Sunday the series will be over and the Giants will up the ante for next night.

Score and Summary.

YANKIES. ab. r. h. po. a. e.
Witt, cf. 3 0 0 1 0 0
Dugan, 3b. 4 0 0 2 3 0
Ruth, 1b. 3 0 0 0 0 0
Pipp, 1b. 4 0 1 0 1 0
Holt, 2b. 2 0 0 1 0 0
Schang, c. 3 0 1 2 2 0
Ward, 2b. 2 0 0 2 4 1
McNally, 2b. 0 0 0 1 1 0
E. Scott, ss. 2 0 1 1 2 0
Hoyt, p. 2 0 1 1 2 0
Jones, p. 0 0 0 1 0 0
Earl Smith, c. 1 0 0 0 0 0
xxBaker 1 0 0 0 0 0

Totals 30 0 4 24 15 1

x Batted for Ward in seventh.

xx Batted for Hoyt in eighth.

Score by innings: R. H. E.

Giants 002 000 10x-3

Yankee 000 000 000-0

Summary—Two-base hit, Schang; stolen base, Pipp; sacrifices, Frisch, Kelly; double play, Ward and Pipp; left on bases, Yankees 5, Giants 9; bases on balls, off Hoyt 2 (Frisch, Bancroft), off Scott 1 (Witt), on Jones 1 (Cunningham); struck out, by Hoyt 2 (J. Scott, Bancroft), by Scott 2 (Pipp, Elmer Smith); hits, off Hoyt 11 in 7 innings, off Jones 1 in 1 inning; hit by pitcher, by J. Scott (Ruth); umpire, McCormick (National); umpire in charge, at the plate, Owens (American), first base, Klem (National), second base, Hildebrand (American), third base. Time of game, 1:53.

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BIG TEN DRIVE HARD FOR SATURDAY PLAY

Chicago, October 6.—Pre-season practice in most of the football camps of the Big Ten ended today with drills in preparation for the kick-off tomorrow.

With the exception of Illinois, all western conference eleven go into action tomorrow but none meet other teams of the Big Ten.

There was a lot of hard scrimmaging in most camps last night, but the Illinois, Chicago and Iowa eleven were worked under full steam.

Director Stagg drove the maroon eleven hard in preparation for tomorrow's conflict with Georgia, who invaded the midway yesterday.

Northwestern concentrated on the forward pass in anticipation of an aerial attack by the Beloit eleven tomorrow.

TULSA WINNER OVER MOBILE

Mobile, Ala., October 6.—Tulsa defeated Mobile today after eleven innings of play, making the series between the Western league and Dixie champions 3 to 1 in favor of the Oilers. The game was played on a soggy diamond which was responsible for nearly all errors made. Manager Levitt's home run with Davis on second decided the contest.

The game furnished a pretty pitching duel between "Lefty" Fuhr, for the Bears, and Boehler, for Tulsa. When the latter threw up his glove in disgust over decisions of Umpire Holmes on balls and strikes and at a time when Boehler was losing control, he was put out of the game. Black, a southpaw, however, pitched a good game.

After Mobile had an earned run in the eighth, Tulsa came back in the ninth with the tying score. Shortstop Leathers substituted player after Mullen was ejected from the game. Mullen was ejected from the game, in handling an easy grounder by Lamb, threw the ball into the stands. Two more errors quickly followed and Tulsa scored the tying run without getting a base hit. With the bases full, Shortstop Leathers, Manager Niehoff, Huhn and Schulte pulled off a triple play.

Bauman's catch of a line drive by Mullen high in the air and Mullen's feature play on Levitt's grounder were other features of the game.

The two teams will play here tomorrow at 3 o'clock.

The Box Score.

TULSA. ab. r. h. po. a. e.
Bennett, lf. 5 0 2 1 0 0
Thompson, 3b. 3 0 1 0 1 0
Davis, rf. 5 1 1 6 0 0
Lamb, cf. 4 1 1 2 0 0
Levitt, 1b. 4 0 1 5 4 0
Bauman, 2b. 5 0 2 4 3 0
Stewart, ss. 5 0 0 2 2 0
Crosby, c. 5 0 1 8 1 0
Mullen, p. 5 1 1 1 0 1
Black, p. 3 0 0 1 1 0

Totals 42 3 9 33 10 2

MOBILE. ab. r. h. po. a. e.
D. Williams, rf. 4 0 0 2 0 0
Custo, ss. 3 0 0 0 4 2
Niehoff, 2b. 4 0 1 5 4 0
Levitt, 1b. 4 0 2 1 0 1
R. Williams, lf. 5 0 0 1 0 0
Mullen, 3b. 3 0 0 3 1 0
Leathers, ss. 2 0 1 0 2 1
Huhn, 1b. 5 1 1 8 1 0
Schulte, c. 4 0 1 5 1 0
Fuhr, p. 4 0 0 2 4 0

Totals 38 1 6 33 19 4

Score by innings: R. H. E.

Tulsa 000 000 001 02-3

Mobile 000 000 010 00-1

Summary—Home run, Levitt; sacrifice hits, Custo (2), Lamb; stolen base, Thompson; double play, Crosby to Stewart; triple play, Leathers, Niehoff, Huhn and Schulte; pitcher, Fuhr 4, by Boehler 3, by Black 5; bases on balls, off Fuhr 2, off Boehler 3, off Black 1; winning pitcher, Black; left on bases, Mobile 8, Tulsa 9; Umpires, Holmes at plate, Brennan at first base, Ormsby second base, Pfirman at third base. Time, 2:30.

Rosy Ryan to Wed.

Dorchester, Mass., October 6.—Announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Anna H. Reilly, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius J. Reilly, of this city, to Wilfred ("Rosy") Ryan, the Giants' pitcher, who held the Yankee scoreless in the last two innings of the first game of the world's series.

Electrically operated an adjustable folding machine has been invented by a Chicago man for printing plants with a capacity up to 20,000 folds and more.

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Famous Shoes for Men.

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With Squared Toe and Perforated Cap—

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GOLF TOURNEY AT WEST END

H. A. Cagle and Sam Dull tied up for low net on the qualifying play with E. H. Hendee, runner-up in the West End golf tournament, Friday. Match play starts today and must be played before next Saturday. All matches, with the exception of division, are 18 holes. The play for the cups in the finals will be over the 36-hole route.

Championship Flight.

Four flights of 64 have qualified and are matched as follows: J. F. Kiefer (Main 6000) plays J. P. Warren (Main 12144); L. F. Beloit plays H. S. Ollington (Main 12085); G. S. Ogg (Walnut 4135) plays W. L. Hargrave (West 0618); F. H. Barrett (Ivy 5316) plays A. H. Phillips (Hemlock 5061); H. A. Cagle (Main 1380-Ex. 10) plays J. S. Peoples (A. F. Lively (Ivy 5081) plays M. F. Anderson (Walnut 0972); C. E. Rodeburg (Walnut 0287) plays R. G. Lyons (Main 3553); O. E. Cook plays J. A. Broach; N. E. Love (Hemlock 4690) plays R. H. Hendee (Hemlock 4135); A. T. Swanson (Main 2016) plays J. C. Alexander (Walnut 1738); W. W. Burns (Walnut 1761) plays Sam Dull (Ivy 6000); T. E. Tolleson (West 0222) plays Ralph Kinsler (Craig (Main 1394) plays W. F. Gillooly (Ivy 5680); Jack Anderson (Ivy 3551) plays J. M. Swicegood (Ivy 8588); J. J. McElvyn (Ivy 4400-Ex. 148) plays D. L. Spooner (Ivy 1313); J. E. Cochran (West 0264) plays P. A. Duke (Walnut 3762).

Third Flight.

D. M. Dockade (Walnut 0887) plays E. Stearns (Western Union, Ex. 22); H. B. Wright (Walnut 3844) plays C. S. Raven (Main 1880); R. J. Barrett (Walnut 0972) plays S. Rubin (Main 3132); R. S. Freeman plays T. J. Norman (Walnut 5308); E. A. Hoffman (Main 12280) plays R. H. Mayfield (Main 12180); O. A. Sharpless (Walnut 3022) plays E. H. Fell (Ivy 6616); F. D. Pierson (Walnut 1455) plays J. C. Overstreet (Ivy 7000); J. B. McElvyn (Western Union, Ex. 22) plays S. S. Gibbs (Walnut 1406).

Fourth Flight.

W. A. Hammett (Ivy 4400, Ex. 148) plays T. M. Rogers (Main 12180); F. H. James plays Al Matthews (Ivy 1474); G. M. Perry plays W. G. Hecht (Ivy 0604); E. H. Bradley plays D. Cohen (Walnut 0280); Beloit (Walnut 2070) plays W. A. Sharp (Ivy 1871); Frank Heinstead (Walnut 5573) plays W. F. Stewart (Walnut 0416); L. H. Shiehe (Walnut 1381) plays Harry May (Walnut 0053); T. D. Body drew a bye.

Barnett K. O'd By Gene Payner

Columbus, Ga., October 6.—(Special.)—Eugene Poyner, of Columbus, let fly a left hook at the stomach of the ninth round of a scheduled 15-round main attraction here tonight and Battling Barnett, of Atlanta, fell for the count. This was the first 15-round boxing exhibition ever held in Columbus.

During the early rounds it seemed that the battle would go the limit, although Poyner seemed to have the best of the punching.

Barnett's guard was excellent, but he could not seem to reach the local boy. Barnett's blows would tell.

Poyner lead the melee all the way. The blow came just after Poyner had caused Barnett to lower his guard with rights and lefts to the head and body. Barnett showed good foot work and he gained many friends in the big crowd in the Springer Opera house.

The lad has been working here and in Macon in semifinals for the past year. He has met and defeated Jackie Carr and Eddie Cook. It was rumored here tonight that events would be made to match Poyner with Kid Peck, former featherweight champion of the south, in the next attraction in Columbus.

In the semi-final Kid Earle, of Columbus, was given the decision over Hooty Flahive, of Macon, but newspapermen declared that Flahive should have won.

Electrically operated an adjustable folding machine has been invented by a Chicago man for printing plants with a capacity up to 20,000 folds and more.

FORMER ATLANTA PREP STARS AT TRINITY

BY HENRY BELK.

Some football players are born great, some achieve greatness, while others have greatness thrust upon them. The opening game of Trinity college, Durham, N. C., on September 30 seemed to indicate that a couple of Georgia youngsters are in a fair way to achieve their ambitions by one of the aforementioned routes.

Anyways, "Pete" Boswell, star prep performer with the Peacock school teams last year, and "Cooter" Carter, of G. M. A. fame, were in on the big ruckus when Trinity was topped Guilford 43-0 in the starter. Although Boswell got a pass for a touchdown, his work did not shine that of Carter at right end. It was right there with the stuff, heading off every Guilford play that came his way and carrying on for his mates when they had the ball—and they had it most of the time, making 17 touchdowns to Guilford's one. Carter has a speed and driving power that has won him a regular place at end on the Trinity team.

HAGEN LEADS GENE SARAZEN

Pittsburg, Pa., October 6.—(By the Associated Press.)—The magic in tonight's series, in order to get in a Sunday game here, the Saints and Orioles will rest, while Manager Kelly, of the visitors, has ordered his players to report at the ball yard for practice.

Rest in Baltimore.

Baltimore, October 6.—Today being left open in the schedule of the little world's series, in order to get in a Sunday game here, the Saints and Orioles will rest, while Manager Kelly, of the visitors, has ordered his players to report at the ball yard for practice.

The first half of their 72-hole special match was witnessed by the greatest crowd that ever trod the course at Oakmont and the two champions will start the final 36 holes tomorrow at Rye, N. Y., with Hagen two up.

This world's series between Hagen, holder of the British open crown and the 21-year-old Pittsburg professional, who is national open and professional champion, was responsible for scenes never before witnessed on the Oakmont course. Sarazen fought an uphill battle all day, chiefly because his putting was erratic, but the great gallery cheered him until the 76th hole was played. Now and then some of the partisan spectators forgot golf etiquette and roared in delight when Hagen's ball found a trap, but the New Yorker smiled good naturedly.

Par is 74. Gene and Walter shot the 36 holes 150 each. Both have beaten par at Oakmont many times but it is doubtful whether the gallery would have been thrilled more frequently if the medal scores had been lower. The struggle of black-haired Gene to overhaul black-haired Walter and the fact that Sarazen had a splendid opportunity to square the match in the 35th hole, made the battle a heart breaker.

Sarazen and Hagen left for New York tonight. The course at Rye is familiar to both.

The winner of the 72-hole struggle will receive 55 per cent of the \$3,000 purse donated by the clubs, and the loser the balance.

The Cards.

Sarazen:

Out 555 443 444-88

Hagen: 445 443 434-35

Sarazen:

In 444 345 444-36-74

Hagen: 365 454 435-30-74

Sarazen:

Out 644 643 434-38

Hagen: 534 443 436-36

Sarazen:

In 555 334 344-36-74-148

Hagen: 446 454 534-30-75-149

Moultrie Beats Sylvester Team

Moultrie, Ga., October 6.—(Special.)—Although three of his first string were out of the game, Captain Summerour and Moultrie Warriors decisively defeated the Sylvester football team here this afternoon. The final score being Moultrie 33, Sylvester 0. The game was cleanly played but hard fought at all times.

Redfern started off the game for Moultrie with a 50-yard end run and time after time thrilled the crowd with scintillating broken field runs. Belvin and Summerour were the all round stars for Moultrie, but the line men Stokes, Westbrook and Hiers played an surprisingly good game.

For Sylvester the outstanding play was a 30-yard run by Shiver in the fourth quarter. After this run Moultrie was penalized 15 yards, which put the ball on their own 8-yard line. At this time Moultrie woke up and after Sylvester had completed four plays it was found that they had not only failed to score but that they had lost 28 yards.

Score by quarters:

Moultrie 6 13 7 7-33

Sylvester 0 0 0 0-0

Referee, Barber (Mercer); Umpire, Powell (Georgia); Head linesman, Stokes (Emory).

Rest in Baltimore.

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Foye Leads Lumbermen.

Memphis, Tenn., October 6.—Playing in a fine cold rain, W. J. Foye, Omaha, Neb., drew away from his nearest rival, L. E. Cornelius, St. Louis, in the National Lumbermen's Golf tournament on the course of the Colonial Country club here today, winning the championship with a score of 151 for the 36 holes.

The Cards.

Sarazen:

Out 555 443 444-88

Hagen: 445 443 434-35

Sarazen:

In 444 345 444-36-74

Hagen: 365 454 435-30-74

Sarazen:

Out 644 643 434-38

Hagen: 534 443 436-36

Sarazen:

In 555 334 344-36-74-148

Hagen: 446 454 534-30-75-149

OLD JACK SCOTT COMES BACK TO LIFE WITH VICTORY

Pitcher Leaves Has-Been Category and Pitches

Giants to 3 to 0 Victory

Yankee Batters Completely at Mercy of One-Time Glass-Arm Pitcher—Makes Games 2-0 For Giants.

World Series Figures.
(Third Game.)
Paid attendance, 37,620.
Receipts, \$122,354; (new record.)
Players' share, \$62,400.54.
Each club's share, \$20,800.18.
Commission's share, \$18,353.10.

BY WESTBROOK PEGLER.

United Press Staff Correspondent.
New York, October 6.—For Jack Scott and the New York Giants it is fortunate that dead men aren't buried until they're totally dead all over. If partial defunctness had any standing in the coroner's office, Jack Scott would have his name on the sexton's roll of some quiet North Carolina burying ground, not where it is this day, on the winning side of a world's series 3 to 0 shutout that puts the Giants two up on the Yankees.

Jack Scott is the man who got some sort of a gumball inside his right elbow while pitching for the Boston Braves a year ago and was David Harrowed into Garry Herrmann's box stalls out in Cincinnati during the winter trading season in exchange for Rube Marquard, Larry Kopf and a modest roll of money.

Sausage, pumpernickel and such like items of the Cincinnati diet made no perceptible improvement in Jack Scott's arm, so Herrmann wrote to Judge Landis demanding to know what kind of monkey gschelt the Braves had played on him, selling him a pitcher with a dead arm, and wouldn't the judge please send him a burial certificate before the arm became obnoxious to the neighbors.

Life After Death.
But there was life after death in Jack Scott's arm. Last winter down in North Carolina, his kinfolks wondered what they were supposed to do with a dead-arm pitcher around the house. Should they administer a firm but affectionate sock with a broadaxe over the instep, where pitchers are reputed to keep their legendary brains, and thus put an end to this anomalous and embarrassing situation? Or should they enshrine the arm and let the rest of him live on toward the dissolution which fate and the laws of nature had planned for Jack Scott?

Jack solved their perplexity by coming to New York and, after a summer of torture, worry and work, landing with the New York Giants. As a Giant he pitched a world series ballgame on Friday, holding the New York Yankees to four hits and not any runs at all. Scott is a tall, tanned democrat, with prominent ears, a nose which is more like geography than a mere facial characteristic, and a running stride like that of a drunkard on roller skates. He was a desperate choice in a world series game but John McGraw had used Art Nehf and Jess Barnes in the first two starts and all was desperation in the Giants' pitching department.

Babe's Zero Average.
Of large importance among the day's wonders issuing from the dead arm which has risen, is Babe Ruth's batting average for the afternoon consisting as it does of three rounds, yawning zeroes in three official times at bat, which is not the sort of batting average that buys shoes for the Babe's bambino.

Pappa Ruth fanned vehemently in the first inning and twice went out



John Scott, also known as "Jack," proved Thursday to nearly 40,000 world series fans that the epithet "has-been" means little in the life of a good ball player. He hurled the Giants to a clean 3 to 0 victory over the Yankees, giving his opponents only four hits and causing the thoughtless to think even "Babe" Ruth a prospective candidate for the has-been club.

with docility and dispatch at first on short hits dumped in the neighborhood of first base. Although the troubled home-run virtuoso had a most uncomfortable afternoon, for he received the stands to booming Bronxian roars which are the fastest raspberries grown in the gardens of American sport, by dumping Heinie Groh into the dust in a collision at third.

Ruth had taken his base after a slight beating and was gallumphing to third on an error by Frankie Frisch, when Groh took the throw, touched him out and was sent spinning five feet into Huggie Jennings' private and personal grazing ground. Thereafter the stands seemed full of Pullman conductors, but with Judge Landis pensively chewing a stogie in a nearby fieldbox, this was no occasion to go recruiting trouble as man to ballplayer among the customers. Groh made snoots at Ruth, which was something superlative in snooting.

One—Two—Three.
In five of the innings, Jack Scott faced only three batters. In the second, fourth and sixth he had to work on four men and only once, in the seventh, when Bob Meusel beat out an infield hit and Wally Schang doubled to right, did the lately risen dead arm have to work on five batters. In the seventh with Meusel on third and Schang on second, and only one man out, Scott called on all the Swedish fortitude which had been rubbed into his wing by a Swedish masseur during the summer. He struck out Elmer Smith, the outfielder whom the Yankees obtained from their reserve dugout in Boston this summer and the same E. Smith who spanked a homer over the fence in a world series game while playing with the Indians against the Dodgers two years ago.

The Yankees used Waite Hoyt, the aged school-boy pitcher, for seven in-

Weather Threatens to Dampen Georgia's Chances

DECATUR HIGH TIES G. M. A.

Another dark horse has appeared on the scene in the ranks of the prep football in Atlanta for Friday afternoon in a sea of mud and water in Decatur, the Decatur High lads held the G. M. A. eleven to a 6 to 0 tie.

Two weeks ago the Decatur High team held the Boys' High eleven to a 0 to 0 score and that was thought to be nothing out of the ordinary since the Boys' High team was playing its first game of the season but now that they have held the G. M. A. team to a tie, it begins to look as if the prep league will have to be widened out and a few more of the prep teams around Atlanta taken into the loop.

The Decatur High eleven scored a touchdown in the very first quarter, played 25-yard well-aimed pass into their territory on the kickoff and carried it far into G. M. A.'s territory by a series of end runs and line busts. With the ball into G. M. A.'s territory the Decatur High lads pulled an unexpected forward pass and a drizzle of rain for a gain of something over 20 yards and a touchdown.

It was a neat piece of work and caught the G. M. A. lads unawares since the field was several inches deep in mud, and unusual play to try with the ball so slippery but one that worked to perfection.

G. M. A. scored its lone touchdown in the last quarter of play. G. M. A. recovered the ball in their own territory in the last quarter of play and by some neat end runs and off tackle bucks carried the ball into Decatur's grounds and then Pearsall, playing halfback for G. M. A., played back, seemingly to punt, and threw a 25-yard well-aimed pass into the waiting hands of Smith, who ran a few yards to a touchdown. The try for goal after touchdown was missed.

The Decatur High team outplayed the G. M. A. team in the first half of the game but the cadets got together in the last half and played much better football.

During the entire game Pearsall, playing halfback for G. M. A., played back, seemingly to punt, and threw a 25-yard well-aimed pass into the waiting hands of Smith, who ran a few yards to a touchdown. The try for goal after touchdown was missed.

Shoes Important.
Should the field be that way this afternoon, it is a matter of conjecture as to who would be benefited. The first advantage, of course, is in the matter of shoes. If Davidson should come to Atlanta prepared for wet weather equipped with mud cleats and rain accessories, then no advantage would be gained through that path. If not, then Tech would have the edge as far as equipment is concerned. They tell us that the Pitt defeat in 1918 was due to the lack of mud cleats, or at least, that lack was in a measure responsible for the score.

From point of actual play, it will be about fifty-fifty. Davidson's attack, as developed thus far, consists of a highly concentrated mass on the tackles, with a short end run now and then. They have not attempted long end runs from punt formation. Tech has countered by playing to straight football, the main, with one or two tricks to slip over now and then. So if the field remains wet, neither side will be absolutely put to a disadvantage. Either team can still buck the line, and make quick dashes at the flanks. Neither team has de-

MUD WILL NOT INTERFERE WITH DAVIDSON CONTEST

BOTH TEAMS USE SMASHING ATTACK

BY JOHN STATON.
In order to be thoroughly cocked for Davidson, Georgia Tech's coaches allowed men who are going to start to take it less hard than the rest in Friday's practice. But with that, the boys were on the field until dark. The nagging rain, which fell all during the afternoon, could not in any way dampen the spirits of the players. Mud cleats were issued and ankles were wrapped securely, then the fellows did not fear the slippery field. But it was a veritable hawwash before the practice ended. All that was necessary to go down under punts in fine style was to get a good start, and then slide all the way. The only hitch came when you skidded. The field last night was about two inches in mud all over. A continuous rain turned it into a small pond, in spite of the excellent drainage system under the field. Muddy and soggy, there was no secure footing to be had. Wearing long cleats was of no avail.

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TODAY'S GRID GAMES

Alabama vs. Oglethorpe at Tuscaloosa.
Alabama Polytechnic institute vs. Spring Hill at Montgomery.
Arkansas vs. Drury at Fayetteville.
Bates vs. Tufts at Lewiston.
Baylor vs. Simmons at Waco.
Boston college vs. Boston university at Boston.
Brown vs. Colby at Providence.
California vs. Redlands at Berkeley.
Carnegie Tech vs. Geneva at Pittsburgh.
C. N. Y. vs. St. Stephen's at New York.
Centre vs. Mississippi at Danville.
Chicago vs. Georgia at Chicago.
Clemson vs. Newberry at Clemson.
Colgate vs. Allegheny at Hamilton.
Colorado vs. Regis college at Boulder.
Columbia vs. Amherst at New York.
Cornell vs. Niagara at Ithaca.
Creighton vs. Hamline at Omaha.
Dartmouth vs. Maine at Hanover.
Detroit vs. Duquesne at Detroit.
Dickinson vs. Albright at Carlisle.
Drake vs. Cornell college at Des Moines.
Franklin and Marshall vs. W. Maryland at Lancaster.
George Washington vs. Quantico Mar. at Washington.
Georgetown vs. Lehigh at Washington.
Georgia Tech vs. Davidson at Atlanta.
Hamilton vs. Rochester at Clinton.
Harvard vs. H. Cross at Cambridge.
Haverford vs. Stevens at Blooming-ton.
Iowa vs. Knox at Iowa City.
Iowa State vs. Drake at Ames.
Johns Hopkins vs. Mt. St. Mary's at Baltimore.
Kansas Agricultural college vs. Washburn at Manhattan.
Kentucky vs. Cincinnati at Lexington.
Lehigh vs. Cath. university at Bethlehem.

SOUTHERNERS ON WAR PATH

Four of Dixie's leading football teams will set out tomorrow in the hardest kind of intersectional games, while most of the others still are playing lighter opponents.

North Carolina will play Yale and Virginia will meet Princeton, while Georgia is lacking the University of Chicago and Sewanee will be playing against Pennsylvania university. All of the southern eleven will be playing on the opponents' fields and will have considerable bearing on their particular opponents for the first time. Virginia and North Carolina, however, met the same teams last season. Auburn will turn back the sons of the Old Dominion 34 to 0, the same score by which Yale triumphed over North Carolina.

Washington and Lee and North Carolina State, playing at Lexington, will furnish probably the most interesting game on a southern field Saturday, although the heavy General for the new men representing the Tar Heel State college.

Centre will play Mississippi in Danville, Ky.; Maryland will visit Virginia for a game with Richmond university; Auburn will play Davidson at Greenville; Georgia Tech will play Spring-son; Vanderbilt will tackle Henderson-Brown; Alabama and Oglethorpe of Washington will play Lebanon in some of the other principal games of the day.

WATER BOYS GAIN IN GAME

Columbus, Ga., October 6.—Coach Clyde Chestnut's Columbus High school football team opened the local prep season at the Driving park here this afternoon by smothering under the Greenville High eleven by the score of 52 to 0.

The locals opened up with an excellent attack through the line and after the first few minutes of play skirted the ends for long gains almost at will. Greenville's eleven seemed at the loss to fathom the attack of the locals and only gained two first downs during the whole forenoon.

FULTON-HIGH WINS FROM COMMERCIAL, 6-0

The Fulton High school eleven defeated the Commercial High team on the latter's gridiron at 6 to 0 yesterday afternoon by the score of 6 to 0. The game was hard fought throughout, and not until the third quarter did either team show any signs of scoring. In the third session Simonon, at right-half, bucked the ball over for the only counter of the game.

Simonon, Moore and Chambers played great ball for the Fultonites, considering the fact that this was the first battle of the season for the Whitehall street lads. Welch, at full, played the best game for the Commercial team.

The coaching of Wimberly this year has been a main factor in Fulton's showing and much is expected of the country lads. Wimberly has been assisted by Professor Moore, who has worked hard towards producing a strong combination.

Several battles have been arranged for the Fultonites this season, with some of the strongest teams in the state. Their next battle is with Marietta High. Friday afternoon in Marietta.

Southerners in Chicago Praying for Sunshine But Rain Is Predicted

Dopesters Figure That Dixie Boys Are Better Fitted to Play in Hot Weather Than Northern Eleven.

BY CLIFF WHEATLEY.
Chicago, October 6.—(Special.)—There is a chance that the rain, which is making a brave effort to drown out Chicago as these lines are being transmitted to Atlanta, will have considerable bearing on the game Saturday in which event some predictions concerning the result of the Georgia-Chicago intersectional football battle might be knocked galley-west.

Chicago, until a few moments ago, was locked in the embrace of a summer that continued to hold on when by all precedents, residents of this city should have been separating their overcoats from their mothball guardians.

Want Hot Weather.
Should Saturday dawn hot and fair, as our genial weather prognosticator sometimes says in the south's best city, the chances of the Red and Black Bulldogs to win its encounter with the western conference representatives would be much brighter. This reporter has had a suspicion that northern football players don't thrive on that portion of the year generally conceded to the good old summer time, whereas the early meetings south of the justly famed line are eternally staged under a sun that would have little trouble frying bacon to a nicely executed brown.

The solar system would favor the southerners at Cambridge last season when a chorus of "my word" expressed John Harvard's approval of ability displayed by these stalwart sons of Dixieland. Harvard stars melted slowly before the sun's attack, while the Georgians flourished under the barrage.

Should the sun peek through on the morrow and dispell some of the chill that will drive us under double blankets shortly, Georgia's stock is going to go up considerably. Lawrence Costa, that distinguished specialist in ice cream sodas and rainfall and optimism, argues that this rain tonight is no infallible omen of colder weather Saturday. He declares that he has known it to rain in Georgia at this season of the year and that the sun will be out, the liquid assault was quieted. Whether that will occur in this state remains to be seen, but even Lawrence admits that he is not an expert in offering testimony about Chicago's climatic changes.

Hope for Victory.
Hot or cold, or both, we still believe that victory will perch on the Red and Black banner in this intersectional battle. The players have just enough confidence to believe firmly that one or two fortunate breaks, plus their own hard efforts, will bring the desired result.

Georgia wants to win—these boys believe that no music is sweeter than the victory chime of that old-fashioned bell in the chapel belfry. Chicago is not quite so indifferent to its pit as Harvard was last season, is yet to realize the strength of the invaders.

Chicago's real attitude is that the season must open eventually and that there is no use throwing a conviction fit over the opening engagement. Georgia's anxiety to win might prove the deciding factor.

Georgia Nearly on Edge.
In the matter of condition, there is little comparison. With two smashing triumphs behind them, the Bulldogs have succeeded in getting them-selves mighty close to the edge all coaches seek. Georgia isn't quite at that point yet, mainly because Coach Stegeman doesn't want her to hit

that mark this early in the playing season.

Chicago on the other hand will be entering its first game. The Maroons' work has been confined to learning only a few routine plays, usually sufficient to overcome first-game opposition, but the brand that Georgia is capable of uncocking can hardly be described as preliminary.

The Bulldogs have many plays and they'll have many more to spring before the curtain rings down. For use tomorrow, Stegeman has in his repertoire probably 45 offensive moves. Chicago will not show more than 10. Plenty of money is going begging. The point system isn't looked upon kindly by the wise ones in this community and the waging we have seen is on an even basis. Georgia adherents request odds, but if the Maroon is confident in its ability to smother the gentlemen from Georgia, the feeling of security does not extend to the boys who like to risk the family jewels.

Soldiers' Eleven Plays Prisoners
BY M. D. GLEASON.
All roads will lead to Fort McPherson Sunday where the big football game between the Fort McPherson and the Federal prison teams will take place at 2:30 o'clock.

Lieutenant H. E. Beine, who is coaching the soldiers, has a team of big fellows who will average over 150 pounds all around. He has a team of picked men who have had plenty of football experience and know the game.

Lieutenant Beine himself has had several years experience as a coach and player and has only lost one game, having played for nearly six years in this country as well as all army games in France and Germany.

The Federal prison team is going to prove a great surprise to everybody this year. Manager Bishop, who has had great success as manager of the baseball team, is coaching the football team again this year and he has had the opportunity to select his team from 2,350 men and among them happen to be a few former star college players. The players have just on this team than in their college days.

The officials at the fort announce that the big front gates will be open and everybody is welcome and special invitation is extended to all strangers, visitors and college men in Atlanta.

Colonel R. H. Beck, commanding officer at the fort, announces that the big military band at the post will play several selections during the game and that a large number of men will be detailed to extend the courtesies of the post and see that the usual good order prevails at the game.

Shauderman Buried.
Pasadena, Cal., October 6.—Funeral services for Harry D. Shauderman, 23, former all-American football player of the University of Illinois, who died here yesterday, were held today. He graduated from the University of Illinois in 1920, having served on the varsity eleven for two years.

MUSE

The Muse Lightweight Top Coats—

Shower-proof—Cravanetted—

—the Fall double-breasted, convertible collar light top coats, with inverted pleat in the back and a belt all around—lively patterns—fash-heather. In Gabardines at \$25 to \$45 and Whip-cords at \$35 to \$48.

Muse's

See the Muse Shoes at \$8

"The Style Center of the South"

Peachtree :: Walton :: Broad

In Rain or Sunshine A Hat Always Protects is none other than

Dobbs Avenue Hat

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Ray's Good Shoes

WHAT IS SUCCESS?

Hear Dr. Lacy—Sunday Night

CENTRAL PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

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Stewart's Men's and Boys' Dept.

Announcing the arrival of a complete line of the famous

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The "Truffi" Black Kid\$12.00

The "Latonia" Black Kid\$12.00

Brown Russia\$13.00

The "Upton" Tan Russia\$13.00

Black Kid\$11.00

Brown Kid\$13.00

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Do so many of Atlanta's good people eat at

CAFE MINERVA

34 Peachtree St.—At Five Points—Always Ready for You

Listen to Pete Stamos: "They eat in Atlanta's newest cafe because it is a place of refinement for ladies and gentlemen, where the best of food and service is given."

BANK CLEARINGS, COTTON AND OTHER QUOTATIONS **NEW YORK BOND MARKET** **HEAVY SELLING**
 Broadcast by The Constitution's **DECLINES WHEAT**

DECLINES WHEAT

Chicago, Ill., October 6.—Although warlike aspects of the Turkish crisis gave the wheat market an upturn at the opening today, buying power failed to broaden, and prices declined under persistent selling, largely of a profit taking character. The close was unsettled at the same as yesterday's finish to 1 cent lower, with

December 1961.2 to \$1,058.55 and May 1962.2 to \$1,085.55. Canadian wheat was sold at a profit of 10 cents per bushel, whereas the foreign wheat was sold at a loss of 5 cents to 6 cents per bushel.

The fact that the wheat market had been on the upswing for four years (1957-61) and that the foreign outlook although uncertain (disturbance was still ascribed to the Chinese and the Soviet Union) had not resulted in an enlarged selling and the lack of an aggressive new demand. Besides the Winnipeg reported greater resistance to the export of wheat, the Canadian wheat was further restricted by the fact that the foreign market was still recovering from the effects of the 1956-57 crop year. In addition, the United States was at the time, the largest buyer of Canadian wheat. In primary points in the United States, the wheat was sold at a profit of 10 cents per bushel, whereas the foreign wheat was sold at a loss of 5 cents to 6 cents per bushel.

States continued liberal.
 However, owing to the drought,
 crops of late harvested the south-
 west of winter wheat was a further
 bearish influence.
 Corn was weak from the start.
 The export of Argentine competition in
 the United States and the lack of
 port business acted as a handicap to
 bulls. Oats were strengthened by
 the comparative absence of rural offer-
 ings.
 Provisions were firmer in line with
 hogs.

CHICAGO QUOTATIONS.

Following were the ruling quotations for
 the exchange:—

	Open.	High.	Low.	Close.
WHEAT—				
Dec.	1.07 $\frac{1}{2}$	1.08	1.06 $\frac{1}{2}$	1.06 $\frac{1}{2}$
May	1.09	1.09 $\frac{1}{2}$	1.07 $\frac{1}{2}$	1.08
July	1.02 $\frac{1}{2}$	1.02 $\frac{1}{2}$	1.01 $\frac{1}{2}$	1.01 $\frac{1}{2}$
CORN—				
Dec.	.61 $\frac{1}{2}$.62 $\frac{1}{2}$.60 $\frac{1}{2}$.60 $\frac{1}{2}$
May	.62 $\frac{1}{2}$.63 $\frac{1}{2}$.61 $\frac{1}{2}$.62 $\frac{1}{2}$
July	.56 $\frac{1}{2}$.56 $\frac{1}{2}$.55 $\frac{1}{2}$.55 $\frac{1}{2}$
OATS—				
Dec.	.38 $\frac{1}{2}$.38 $\frac{1}{2}$.38	.38 $\frac{1}{2}$
May	.39 $\frac{1}{2}$.39 $\frac{1}{2}$.39 $\frac{1}{2}$.39 $\frac{1}{2}$
July	.35 $\frac{1}{2}$.35 $\frac{1}{2}$.35 $\frac{1}{2}$.35 $\frac{1}{2}$
PORK—				
Not quoted.				
LARD—				
Oct.	11.22	11.45	11.22	11.45
Jan.	9.25	9.27	9.25	9.27
TIERS—				
Oct.	16.77	16.78	16.75	16.75

Cash Grain.
Chicago, October 6.—Wheat, No. 2 hard, \$1.00.
Corn, No. 2 mixed, 67¢@71¢; No. 2 yellows, 69¢@71¢.
Oats, No. 2 white, 39¢@42¢; No. 3 white, 38¢@40¢.
Rye, No. 2, 72¢. Barley, 56¢@67¢. Timothy seed, \$5.00@25. Clover seed, \$14.50@18.50.

St. Louis, Mo., October 6.—Wheat, No. 2 red, \$1.14@1.21; No. 3, \$1.14@1.15; December, \$1.05½; May, \$1.00½.
Corn, No. 2 mixed, 67¢@71¢. No. 2, 69¢; December, 61¢; May, 62¢, bid.
Oats, No. 2 white, 42¢. No. 3, 41¢@41½; December, 39½¢, bid; May, 41½¢.

Minneapolis, Minn., October 6.—Cash

Wheat, No. 1 northern, \$1.05½ @ 1.15½.
Corn, No. 3 yellow, 58½ @ 59½.
Oats, No. 3 white, 35½ @ 37½.
Flax, No. 1, \$2.35.

Toledo, Ohio, October 6.—Cash wheat,
\$1.15; clover seed, \$11.50; alsike, \$10.00;
timothy, \$3.25.

Kansas City, Mo., October 6.—Cash wheat,
No. 2 hard, \$1.00 @ 1.12; No. 2 red, \$1.14 @
1.16.
Corn, No. 3 white, 62½ @ 63½; No. 2 yellow,
60½.

Toledo, Ohio, October 6.—Cash wheat, \$1.15; clover seed, \$11.50; alsike, \$10.05; timothy, \$3.25.

Kansas City, Mo., October 6.—Cash wheat, No. 2 hard, \$1.05@1.12; No. 2 red, \$1.14@1.16.
Corn, No. 3 white, 62½@63c; No. 2 yellow,

Country Produce.

New York, October 6.—Butter, steady; receipts 1,000 tons; creamery, higher than extra, 45½¢; 46¢; creamery extras, 42¢; 43¢; 44¢; 45¢; 46¢; 47¢; 48¢; 49¢; 50¢; 51¢; 52¢; 53¢; 54¢; 55¢; 56¢; 57¢; 58¢; 59¢; 60¢; 61¢; 62¢; 63¢; 64¢; 65¢; 66¢; 67¢; 68¢; 69¢; 70¢; 71¢; 72¢; 73¢; 74¢; 75¢; 76¢; 77¢; 78¢; 79¢; 80¢; 81¢; 82¢; 83¢; 84¢; 85¢; 86¢; 87¢; 88¢; 89¢; 90¢; 91¢; 92¢; 93¢; 94¢; 95¢; 96¢; 97¢; 98¢; 99¢; 100¢.

Cheese, firm; receipts, 1,300 tons. State, milk tinned, held, specials, 24½¢; 25¢; 26¢; 27¢; 28¢; 29¢; 30¢; 31¢; 32¢; 33¢; 34¢; 35¢; 36¢; 37¢; 38¢; 39¢; 40¢; 41¢; 42¢; 43¢; 44¢; 45¢; 46¢; 47¢; 48¢; 49¢; 50¢; 51¢; 52¢; 53¢; 54¢; 55¢; 56¢; 57¢; 58¢; 59¢; 60¢; 61¢; 62¢; 63¢; 64¢; 65¢; 66¢; 67¢; 68¢; 69¢; 70¢; 71¢; 72¢; 73¢; 74¢; 75¢; 76¢; 77¢; 78¢; 79¢; 80¢; 81¢; 82¢; 83¢; 84¢; 85¢; 86¢; 87¢; 88¢; 89¢; 90¢; 91¢; 92¢; 93¢; 94¢; 95¢; 96¢; 97¢; 98¢; 99¢; 100¢.

Life poultry steady; chickens, by export, 10¢; ducks, 12¢; geese, 14¢; turkeys, 16¢; dressed poultry steady, prices unchanged.

Chicago, October 6.—Butter, higher; creamery extra, 46¢; firsts, 50½¢; 51¢; extra firsts, 52¢; 53¢; 54¢; 55¢; 56¢; 57¢; 58¢; 59¢; 60¢; 61¢; 62¢; 63¢; 64¢; 65¢; 66¢; 67¢; 68¢; 69¢; 70¢; 71¢; 72¢; 73¢; 74¢; 75¢; 76¢; 77¢; 78¢; 79¢; 80¢; 81¢; 82¢; 83¢; 84¢; 85¢; 86¢; 87¢; 88¢; 89¢; 90¢; 91¢; 92¢; 93¢; 94¢; 95¢; 96¢; 97¢; 98¢; 99¢; 100¢.

Eggs, ordinary firsts, 25¢; 26¢; 27¢; 28¢; 29¢; 30¢; 31¢; 32¢; 33¢; 34¢; 35¢; 36¢; 37¢; 38¢; 39¢; 40¢; 41¢; 42¢; 43¢; 44¢; 45¢; 46¢; 47¢; 48¢; 49¢; 50¢; 51¢; 52¢; 53¢; 54¢; 55¢; 56¢; 57¢; 58¢; 59¢; 60¢; 61¢; 62¢; 63¢; 64¢; 65¢; 66¢; 67¢; 68¢; 69¢; 70¢; 71¢; 72¢; 73¢; 74¢; 75¢; 76¢; 77¢; 78¢; 79¢; 80¢; 81¢; 82¢; 83¢; 84¢; 85¢; 86¢; 87¢; 88¢; 89¢; 90¢; 91¢; 92¢; 93¢; 94¢; 95¢; 96¢; 97¢; 98¢; 99¢; 100¢.

Spring, 10¢; roasters, 15¢.

St. Louis, October 6.—Hens, 22c; springs, 10c; ducks, 20c; others unchanged.
Butter and eggs unchanged.

Kansas City, Mo., October 6.—Eggs, butter and poultry unchanged.

Chicago, Ill., October 6.—The butter market got on a firmer condition this afternoon, but the price of the best reported as today became available. The small available amount of 92-score was held firm at 33c, while the 88-score was reported at 32c at the latter prices. Low grades, especially 86-97 scores, in good demand. Cattle centralized, much of which was harder to sell, today were firmly held at a higher price than last week, and the market was also firmer and slightly higher prices were paid.

Provisions.

New York, October 6.—Lard, firm; middle west, \$12.00@12.10; other articles unchanged.

Chicago, October 6.—Pork nominal. Lard, \$11.45. Ribs, \$11.00@12.25.

Minneapolis, Minn., October 6.—Flour unchanged to 10c higher. In carload lots, family brands, quoted at 34.50@36.5 a barrel. 25-pound cotton sacks.

Coffee.

New York, October 6.—After opening irregular at an advance of 3 points to a low of 2 points, the market for coffee futures did a little better on covering or shorting, but the heavy supports of a firmer coast and freight situation and a slightly better spot demand. Sales were reported at 10c.

December, 9.00c; January and March, 9.00c; May, 8.60c; July, 8.80c; September, 8.75c.
Soft coffee futures, Rio de Janeiro, Santos 65, 102.15¼c; cost and freight offers were higher on the average, including Santos 34 and 35 at 102.15¼c. Sugar, Santos 65, cleared 9.00-9.60c and Victoria 75 and 88 at 9.00-9.60c. American credits.

Sugar prices set off by an advance of 20 reis in the dollar buying rate, with a decline of 1.33d. in L/R exchange on London 100 = \$1.00. The dollar bought 100 Santos 65 to 100 reis earlier. Later cables from Rio were 75 reis higher to 70 cents per dollar. The dollar bought 70 Santos 65 to 100 reis in the dollar buying rate. Special cable rates were also reported. The dollar was in the early Santos market, but later there was a decline of 50 to 250 reis. Brazilian exports were valued at 21,600. Santos cleared 1,800 for New York.

Sugar.

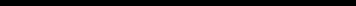
New York, October 6.—Raw sugar was quiet today and prices were unchanged at 14c for Cubas, cost and freight, equal to 12.28c for centrifugal. There were sales of 8,100 bags of Cubas now loading to a local refiner at quoted prices.

There was renewed selling pressure in the raw sugar futures market today, owing to the fact that the market is still

Refined sugar was unchanged at 6.25c to 6.80c for fine granulated, with business light.

Dry Goods.

fabrics. Jobbers reported a steady business, interfered with somewhat by the warm weather. Burlaps held about steady. Yarns were firmer. Wool goods advances con-



Sale of Tortures Inflicted on Boy Parents Told

Lightful Cruelties Against
4-Year-Old Are Charged
in Chicago Court.

BY RODNEY DUTCHER.

United News Staff Correspondent.
Chicago, October 6.—Six-year-old
Noriwaki was told to be known
to the boy who never smiled, but they
called him that name.

Walter has gone through more
spring and torture during the past
years than the average man can
endure in a lifetime.

But lately the Illinois Humane so-
ciety has brought the first sunshine
into the life of the boy, and the news
was on Walter's face when he was
brought from the county hospi-
tal to domestic relations court.

Day to testify to the almost un-
bearable cruelties which his father,
Theodore and Sophie Noriwaki,
charged with inflicting upon

him. Mrs. Noriwaki were arrested
nearly a month ago when Mrs.
Constance, sister of the boy's
mother, reported their alleged
abuse of the boy to the humane so-
ciety.

Nightmarish Horrors.
The boy, it was alleged, had been
with heavy chains; one of his
hands had been twisted and broken
and it was forced back of his head;
and he had been placed in a cage
above; his hair had been burned
by a lighted match; he had been
on scraps and bones and crusts
of the family table.

In these things, the humane so-
ciety charged, were inflicted upon
the boy by Mr. and Mrs. No-
riwaki, who held policies with three
companies insuring his life.

When Walter appeared in court his
was still somewhat twisted and
in spots. There were ugly scars
on his body and his burnt hair
was thin. His ribs and stomach had
been cut out, however, and his legs
were from plaster casts.

His First Toys.
Proper food and the care of physi-
cians and nurses during the past
month had changed Walter a lot—both
physically and mentally—but the im-
mediate causes of his happiness were
his toys—the first he had ever had.
He got a baseball and a teddy bear
and a little automobile, he told the

judge, "an I got a sore throat, too,
want to keep on living out at the
county hospital, where they were good
cats."

Mike McDonald, humane society
agent and Walter's best friend, ex-
amined him after the doctor and tes-
tified to the boy's injuries.

"Who was it that put you in the
oven?" McDonald asked.

Stuck In Oven.
"My ma—she stuck me in the oven."
"Was it hot?"
"Yes, it was," Walter said at this point
Walter actually grinned as he thought
of the things he had been freed from
"Sure it was hot. I yelled like every-
body else."

Who put the rope around your
neck?
"That was my ma done that, an' my
ma did burn my hair with a match."

And who broke your leg?
"My dad. He bent it over my back
and busted it. But I got a teddy bear
an' a baseball an' a toy automobile."

Decency Features
Best of Musical
Shows This Year

BY WESTBROOK PEGLER.

United News Staff Correspondent.
New York, October 6.—Surviving
members of the "Merry Widows" origi-
nal first night audience, some of
them in a mood of almost tragic
lamentation that there will never be
another light opera like it or nearly
as good.

The "Yankee Princess," which was
produced this week, is not much like
"The Merry Widows," whose failure to
reproduce her merry king is a major
affliction in the lives of sentimental
veterans. But there is a compensa-
tion. "The Yankee Princess" is nearly
as good as the widow show which has
become the standard for gauging Vi-
cennese light opera. Ten years hence,
perhaps, the first nighters who saw
the premier of "The Yankee Princess"
will still run their fingers
through their hair and shudder at
the thought of the things which they
saw there will never be another like
it.

"The Yankee Princess" was modestly
introduced as a musical comedy, but
developed into a charming light opera
such as the theater world has come
to expect only from Vienna:
a light opera with haunting music
and a plot which is a masterpiece of
the Knickerbocker, and a complete
logical plot which is carried through
with comedy of unusually high order
and almost haughty decency.

Englishman In Lead.
Thorpe Bates, a young English-
man, sang the role of the Indian
prince who courted Vivienne Segal
in the part of an American prince
living in Paris. The Indian prince
ultimately wins her of course, but
not until he has given rise to the
entire plot of the show by first
attempting to conquer the lady in
the underworld, secondly by being
treated by the girl's rough doesn't do
it so he treats her gentle. And natu-
rally.

The "Actors' Equity" produced a
Spanish drama in which Jane Cow-
ling played the title role of a courtesan
named Malvaloca, weeps and blubbers
because she and her Leonardo
have gone into the peevish business.
The Knickerbocker, and a complete
logical plot which is carried through
with comedy of unusually high order
and almost haughty decency.

This is the first of the productions
which the Equity will do at the
Forty-eighth Street theater where it
has gone into the peevish business.
Hundreds of plays were read but no
American manuscript was found
which was considered worth doing as
the first show.

Good Operetta.
The Shuberts introduced "The
Lady in Ermine," an extraordinarily
good operetta and well produced, at
the Ambassador theater. The Shuberts
Bennett as the star. It is the New
York edition of an adaptation from
the German which has been playing
in London for a year under the title
of "The Lady of the Rose." But in
this case the Gothamizing has been
done with better taste than is usual
in such transferences. This show,
"The Yankee Princess," which is about
the best in New York now, all indicate
by their cleanliness of line that good
taste and high business possibilities
no less than vulgar.

The New Daily's theater, which is
the old Sixty-third Street music hall
where "Shuffle Along" ran for a year,
was opened with "The Lady of the
Rose," a romantic biography called
"Dolly Jordan." Dolly was an actress
in the latter part of the eight-
eenth century and the play is given
against a historic background, with
special reference to the English the-
ater at that time.

Long Bench, Cal.—A liberal inter-
pretation of the Volstead act that
would permit the sale of light wines
has been voted by the recent de-
bate in the California legislature.
Three distinct jolts occurred.

Anchorage, Alaska.—Another of
a series of minor earthquakes which
have been felt at intervals of several
weeks visited this vicinity at an early
hour last night. Three distinct jolts
occurred.

Rochester, N. Y.—William Alexander,
rural mail carrier of Mount Morris,
was wounded early today when a
loaded rifle sent flying from the mail
box of Philadelphia was discharged as
he lifted the package containing it
from a sack. The bullet shattered the
bone of his right arm.

Vera Cruz.—Sult has been filed by
the Transcontinental Oil company
against the state of Vera Cruz to test
the constitutionality of the recent de-
cree putting into effect taxation of
oil production and of the property of
oil companies. The company asks
an injunction against the decree.

Vera Cruz.—The gunboat Saragosa
has sailed from Tampam with 500 sol-
diers to reinforce the federal mili-
tary in the oil region where renewal
of rebel activities is reported. Addi-
tional reinforcements will leave Sunday
on the steamer National.

Woodstock, N. B.—Benny Swin,
convicted murderer who was tempo-
rarily reprieved until a hangman could
be found who would spring the trap,
was hanged today with two men try-
ing three times to do the job. Swin
was convicted of shooting his cousin,
Mrs. Olive Swin Tremblaine, and her
husband, Henri Tremblaine, in a
"true love case" shooting at Ben-
ton Ridge.

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New Fall Suits That Characterize The Successful Man



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\$1.00 SALE FREE TUBE \$1.00 SALE

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30x3 1/2	2 TIRES—2 TUBES	13.95	
30x3 1/2	2 TIRES—2 TUBES	17.40	
31x4	2 TIRES—2 TUBES	18.75	
32x4	2 TIRES—2 TUBES	21.70	
32x4	2 TIRES—2 TUBES	23.85	
32x4	2 TIRES—2 TUBES	24.90	
32x4 1/2	2 TIRES—2 TUBES	31.25	
32x4 1/2	2 TIRES—2 TUBES	31.90	
32x4 1/2	2 TIRES—2 TUBES	33.40	
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WE GIVE FREE ROAD SERVICE

New Organization Of Shop Employees Of L. and N. Road

Louisville, Ky., October 6.—(By the Associated Press.)—A new organization of maintenance and equipment employees of the Louisville and Nashville railroad was perfected here today at the second meeting of railroad executives and 110 delegates representing all of the shops belonging to the road.

According to C. F. Giles, who represents the company, an agreement has been reached in which the word "strikes" does not appear. He said: "The shopmen will be so well pleased with the new agreement that there never will be an intimation of walking out in the future." The terms were not divulged.

The officers of the new association are: Edward J. Young, president; Richard Wright, vice president; William E. De Leull, secretary, and W. C. Woodbridge, treasurer, all of the Louisville shops. The executive committee is composed of W. T. Elliott, Howell, Ind.; R. S. Sales, Covington, Ky.; Charles Nichols, Etowah, Tenn.; L. R. Cavin, Albany, Ala.; S. A. Dykes, Knoxville, Tenn.; Thomas Tulley, Louisville, and J. J. Beyers, of New Orleans, La.

A government laboratory in Europe has installed a hydraulic press for testing concrete that has crushing force of 4000 tons to the square inch.

"Glossomania" is the name which has been given to the newest "science." It consists in reading some people's characters by the shape and size of the tongue.



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Roast Pork Loin—
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Served with Heinz Catsup

Lambert's Cafeteria
1 E. Ala. St. Connally Bldg.

MISSING PASTOR IS DYING LIGHTS IN NEW ORLEANS

New Orleans, October 6.—(By the Associated Press.)—The Rev. F. M. Johnson, pastor of St. Paul's Episcopal church of Marfa, Texas, who disappeared Monday from a church conference in El Paso, Texas, and was found here yesterday making application for enlistment in the United States marine corps, spent today working in an electrical establishment, dyeing light globes red and blue.

"I don't know whether I shall return to Texas or not," the Rev. Mr. Johnson told the Associated Press. "That depends on what I hear from my wife. I don't care to say why I left."

"But it wasn't because the K. Klux Klan was after me. They had warned me to leave Texas. I had been fighting them; and am still but I have been in too many fights to be bluffed out by threats."

Jacksonville Mayor Orders Police War Against Beggars

Jacksonville, Fla., October 6.—Beggars, both worthy and otherwise, whose pilgrimage to Florida during the fall and winter months to great all of the type found on the streets and arraign them in municipal court. Chief Roberts has passed the order along to individual members of the police department with instructions that it be rigidly enforced.



General Gouraud, high commissioner of Syria, said, issued an order increasing train fares. "The citizens, believing the increase to be a taxation measure for the support of French troops in the territory, with one accord quit riding on the lines," she said.

"The boycott was so complete," she declared, "that the company had to resort to the hiring of riders in order to give the impression that the company's business had not been entirely destroyed. It still was on in full force when I left there two weeks ago."

Over 300 Suit and Overcoat Styles at \$35 and Less

for Men who want good Tailored Clothes at Small Prices

Tailored by
C. P. Talbot Co.
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10 EDGEWOOD AVE. AT FIVE POINTS

The First Course

Consisting of soup, which whets your appetite and gets you on edge in anticipation of what's to follow. We have such a variety of good things to eat that we often congratulate ourselves on our good fortune. But we never raise prices.

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The signal success and popularity of the Walter Ballard Optical Co. is evidence that Americans do discriminate. There's a growing host of people who demand the best service and the best glasses. We claim the leadership in service and quality, because we have never sold anything but the best glasses. You can pay any price for frames you like, but the glasses must be the best that can be produced for your eyes or we cannot serve you. Results—thousands of satisfied customers all through the states. We refer you to any of them, also the better oculists, physicians, and people in all walks of life.

WALTER BALLARD OPTICAL CO.
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Associated Press Sports Reporter Dies in New York

New York, October 6.—Joseph McGinn, for many years a sporting reporter for the Associated Press and known to newspapermen all over the country as the dean of New York sporting writers, died today at his home in Brooklyn after a long illness. Born in Ireland in 1861, Mr. McGinn worked until 1884 on the Londoner Journal, Belfast Morning News and Freeman's Journal. Then he came to this city, working on various papers before he became connected with the Associated Press in 1888.

Mr. McGinn, who covered scores of international sporting events, was regarded as an expert on boxing and in the day when official decisions were not given in this state, his opinion generally was taken as the final word.

DIXIE TARIFF MEN THANK PRESIDENT FOR NEW MEASURE

Washington, October 6.—A delegation from the Southern Tariff Association, headed by its president, John H. Kirby, of Texas, called on President Harding today to formally thank him for his leadership in what was described by Mr. Kirby as a public tariff policy, "national in its scope and helpful in its efforts upon industry throughout the republic."

Mr. Kirby in a brief address to the president said that in the judgment of the association "the Fordney-McCumber tariff measure is as a whole a just measure and capable of promoting thrift throughout the land and the contentment and happiness of our people everywhere." He said the association especially wanted to congratulate the executive and congress "on the deserved recognition which had been given to the farmers of America in placing their products on the dutiable list."

Street Car Boycott Forces Operators To Hire Passengers

New York, October 6.—The story of a boycott of the tram system of Beirut, Syria, by the citizens, as a protest against French occupancy, was brought home by Mary Hallock Greenwalt, of Philadelphia, pianist, who arrived here yesterday after a tour of the Near East.

Office Furniture Salesman Wanted

WANTED—By old established southern stationery house of seventy-eight years continuous business, an experienced Office Furniture Salesman to solicit business in the city. Only high class men with A-1 references need apply. State salary wanted.

The R. L. Bryan Co.
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TIRES

South Atlantic Tire Co. Two Stores

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Tube Free with each tire at either store. All tires first quality and guaranteed.

Fabrics, 6,000 miles; Cords, 8,000 miles

SIZE	FABRIC	CORD
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34x4	12.95	18.00
32x4 1/2	15.95	22.70
33x4 1/2	16.95	22.80
34x4 1/2	17.95	24.50
33x5	28.70	
35x5	28.90	

Mail Orders Filled Promptly. Send \$3.00

SOUTH ATLANTIC TIRE CO.
Ivy 4103 and Ivy 0529
Bring this ad

GOMPERS ANSWERS ALLEN IN KIND

New York, October 6.—Samuel Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labor, last night replied to Governor Henry Allen, of Kansas, whom he quoted as having said before the American Bankers' association convention today that "it would be impossible to curtail freedom of speech in Kansas unless everybody got locked up."

"Governor Allen was speaking facetiously in an attempt to defend his court of industrial relations," said Mr. Gompers.

"I would answer, speaking just as facetiously, that Governor Allen's law won't stop strikes in Kansas unless every workingman in that state becomes law-abiding, and unable to walk away from his job."

The labor council adopted a resolution commending the move to impeach.

PEACHTREE ROAD LOTS

NEAR BROOKHAVEN DRIVE, fronts 100 feet, runs back 473 feet; price \$35 a front foot.

NEAR PIEDMONT ROAD, fronts 200 feet, runs back 550 feet; price \$50 per front foot.

NEAR DUNWOODY ROAD, fronts 210 feet, running back 1,200 feet; price \$50 per front foot.

A SPECIAL LOT, fronting 110 feet, running back, 330 feet; price \$40 a front foot.

WE HAVE a number of exclusive listings of other fine lots on Peachtree Road. This section is building up rapidly and anyone who contemplates a purchase of a Peachtree Road lot should buy at once, as he will never have an opportunity to buy at a lower price.

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LOANS Walnut 0942 INSURANCE 624 Grant Building

BIRTHS REPORTED

To Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Connell, 687 North Boulevard, a girl, October 1.

To Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Jones, 6 West Georgia avenue, a girl, September 26.

To Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Adams, Fairburn, Ga., Route 6, a boy, September 26.

To Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Charles, Fort McPherson, Ga., a girl, August 22.

To Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Williams, 830 Gordon street, a girl, September 30.

To Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Williams, 500 West Peachtree street, a boy, September 25.

To Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Morrison, 250 Shiloh street, a girl, September 6.

To Mr. and Mrs. B. J. Garrett, 12 Oxford avenue, a girl, September 21.

To Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Ataway, 66 5/8

Funeral Notices

MEADOWS—The friends of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Meadows, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Meadows, Mr. J. C. Meadows, Jr., and Mr. and Mrs. S. H. McEliff are invited to attend the funeral of Mr. J. C. Meadows this (Saturday) morning at 10:30 o'clock from the residence, 18 Edgemoor avenue. Rev. W. D. Owens will officiate. Interment Prospect churchyard. Harry G. Poole, funeral director.

EDMONDSON—The friends of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Edmondson, Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Wolden, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Beard, Mr. and Mrs. Willie Shaw, Mrs. B. W. Wolden and Mr. J. H. Edmondson are invited to attend the funeral of Mr. J. W. Edmondson this (Saturday) morning at 11 o'clock from Flat Shoals church, near Kennesaw, Ga. Interment churchyard. Harry G. Poole, funeral director.

PRENSLEY—Luther Prensley, of Smyrna, Ga., died at a private sanitarium Thursday. He is survived by his wife, Mrs. Prensley, three brothers, Thomas Prensley, three brothers, Thomas Prensley, Misses Fay and Elizabeth Prensley. Funeral services will be at Mosley church this (Saturday) afternoon at 2 p. m. Interment in the churchyard. Greenberg & Bond Co., funeral directors in charge.

CROSS—Mr. L. P. Cross died Friday morning at the residence, 608 South Pryor street, in the 53d year of his age. He is survived by his wife, five daughters, Mrs. J. H. Becker, Mrs. C. A. Evans, Misses Annie, Sarah and Billie Cross. The remains will be taken this (Saturday) evening at 11 o'clock to Laurel Hill, for funeral and interment. Harry G. Poole, funeral director. A member of W. O. W. Camp No. 80.

HENRY—The friends and relatives of Mrs. Georgia A. Henry, of 122 Davis avenue, East Point, Ga.; Mrs. W. J. Shannon, Mrs. W. J. Shannon, Mr. E. P. Davis, of Warrenton, Ga., are invited to attend the funeral of Mrs. Henry this (Saturday) afternoon at 3 o'clock from the residence of Mrs. W. A. Shannon, of 217 East Point avenue, East Point, Ga. Interment at College Park cemetery. Barclay & Brandon Co., funeral directors.

DIBBLE—Friends of Miss Rosa F. Dibble, of 108 Washington avenue, Miss Nellie Dibble, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Grant, Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Pearson, Mrs. M. E. Patton, Montgomery, Ala., are invited to attend the funeral of Miss Rosa F. Dibble this (Saturday) afternoon, October 7, 1922, at 3 o'clock from the English Lutheran Church of the Redeemer, Dr. Karl L. Reiser, officiating. The following gentlemen will act as pallbearers and please meet at the church at 2:45 p. m.: Messrs. John G. Granath, G. A. Anderson, L. S. Banting, J. J. Miller, P. J. Riker, Charles H. Stieglitz. Interment at West View. Barclay & Brandon Co., funeral directors in charge.

WENTZ—The friends of Mrs. Julia E. Wentz, Mrs. B. R. Stevens, Mr. and Mrs. N. L. Taylor, of Tacoma, Wash.; Mr. and Mrs. F. V. Jones, of Montclair, N. J.; Mr. and Mrs. Howard Stevens, Mr. and Mrs. Sydney S. Stevens, and Mr. and Mrs. Leslie V. Stevens, are invited to attend the funeral of Mrs. Julia E. Wentz this (Saturday) afternoon at 3 o'clock from the chapel of Harry G. Poole, Rev. J. L. Alcock will officiate. Interment West View. The following gentlemen will please act as pallbearers and meet at the chapel at 2:45 p. m.: Mr. J. H. Baker, Mr. H. T. Young, Mr. T. S. Florence, Mr. George H. Coates, Mr. T. W. Thornton and Mr. H. L. Bosworth.

WHITE—The friends of Mr. and Mrs. Charles C. White, Mr. and Mrs. Elizabeth White, Mr. and Mrs. Carl C. Holley, Mr. and Mrs. William T. White, Mr. and Mrs. E. B. White, Mr. and Mrs. O. J. White, of Lithuania, Ga.; Mr. and Mrs. F. M. White, Mr. and Mrs. W. L. White, Mr. and Mrs. John B. White, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Ross, of Cordelle, Ga.; Mr. and Mrs. Murphy, of Cordelle, Ga.; Mr. and Mrs. Charles C. White this (Saturday) afternoon at 1 o'clock. Services will be at Grant Park M. E. church with interment at Wesley Chapel, the Rev. William O. McMillen, officiating. Comanche Tribe, No. 6, Improved Order of Red Men, will have charge at the grave. Greenberg & Bond Co., funeral directors in charge of arrangements.

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The expense of putting in such a system is small in comparison with the many advantages derived from it. We shall be glad to tell you about it.

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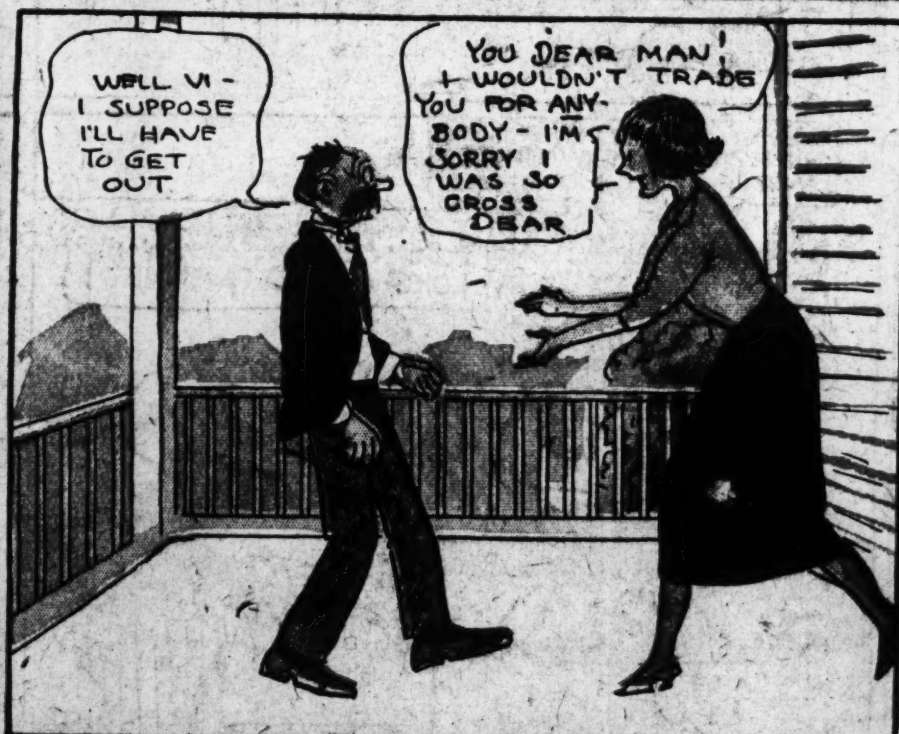
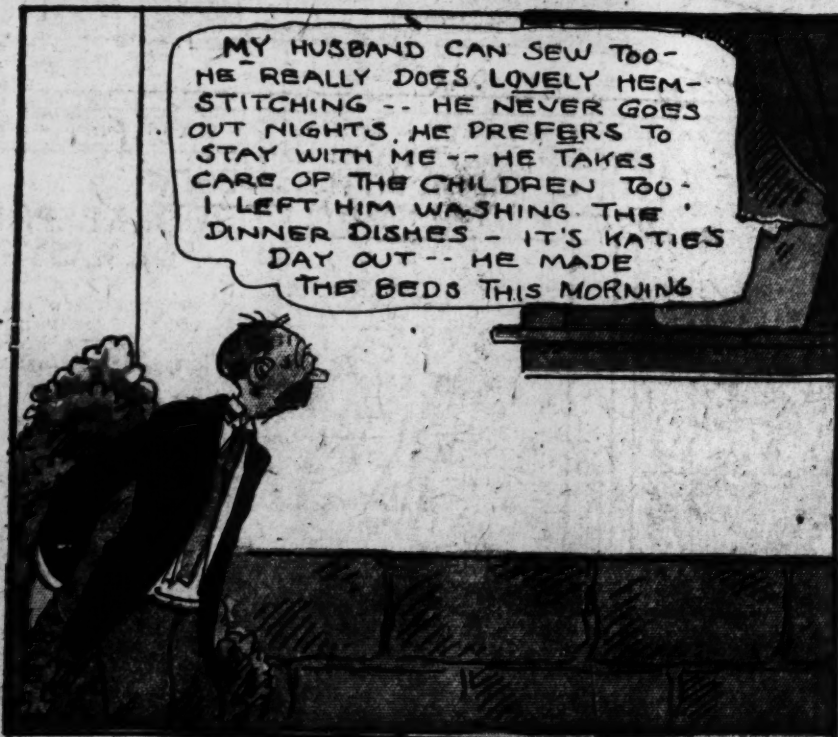
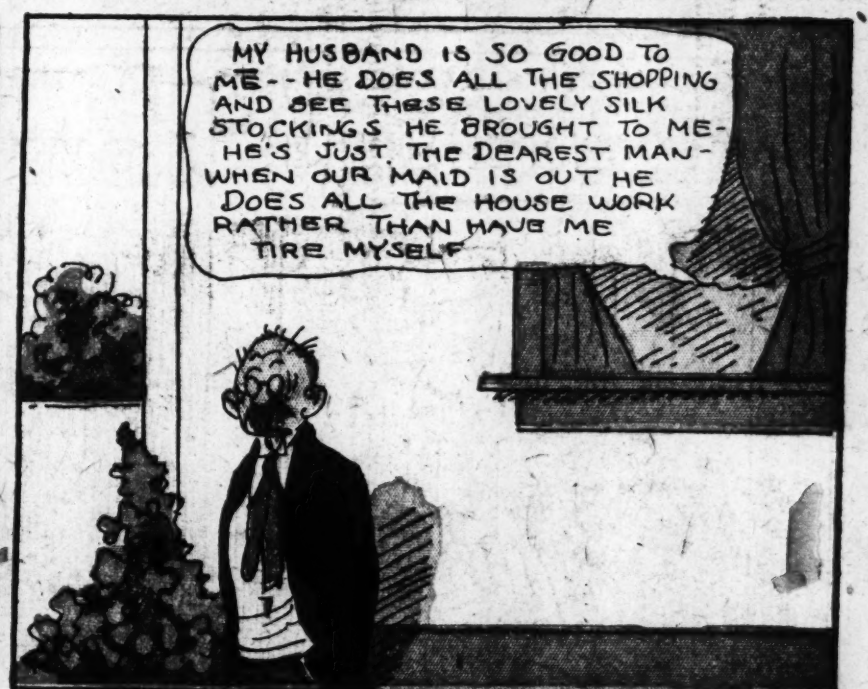
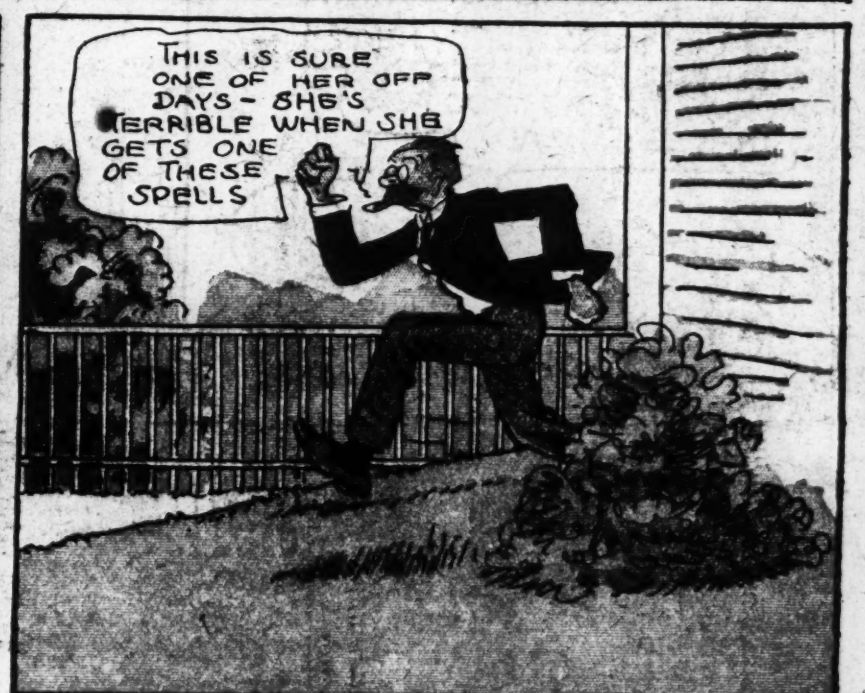
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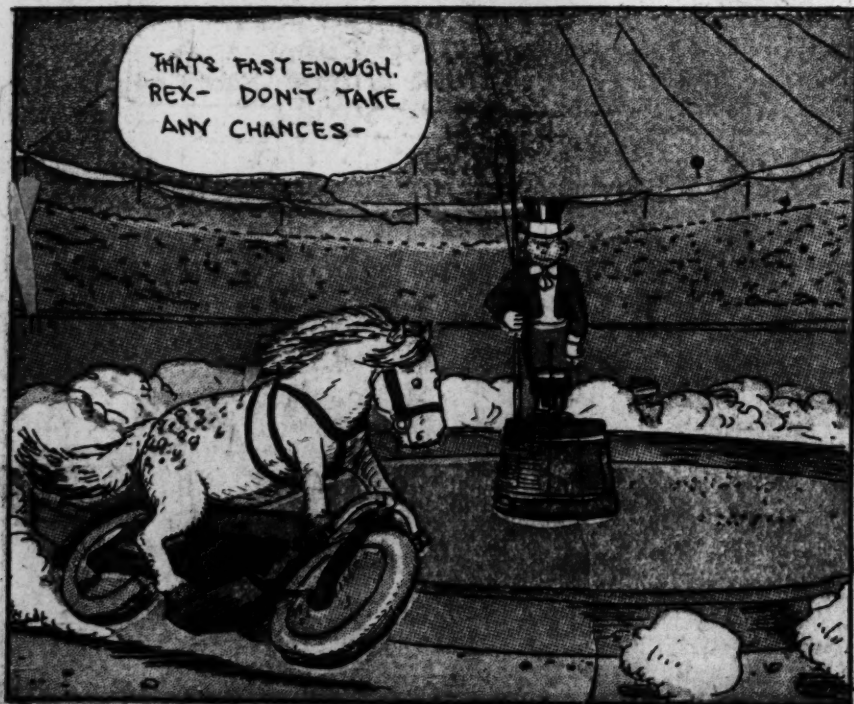
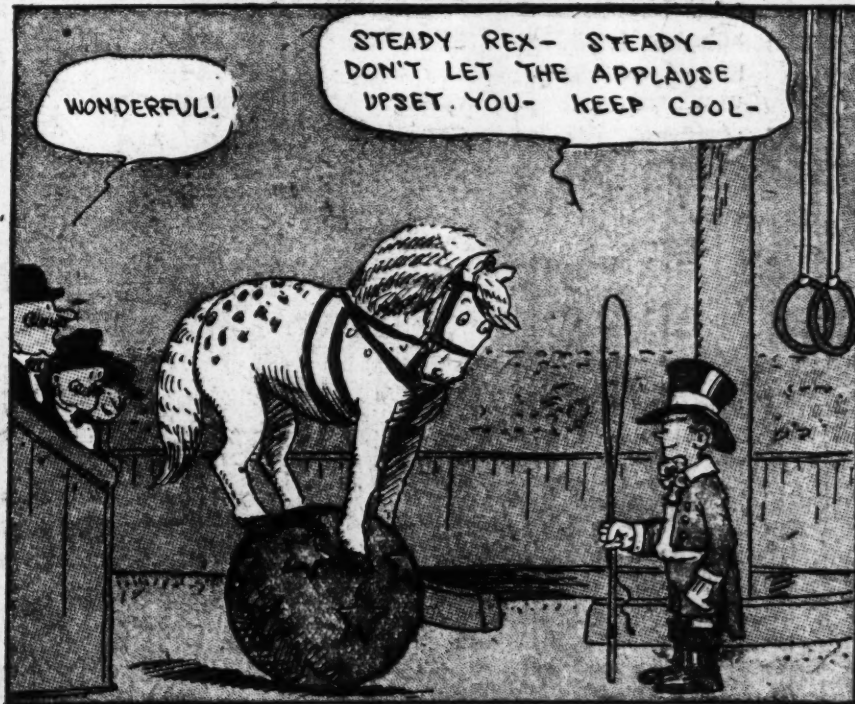
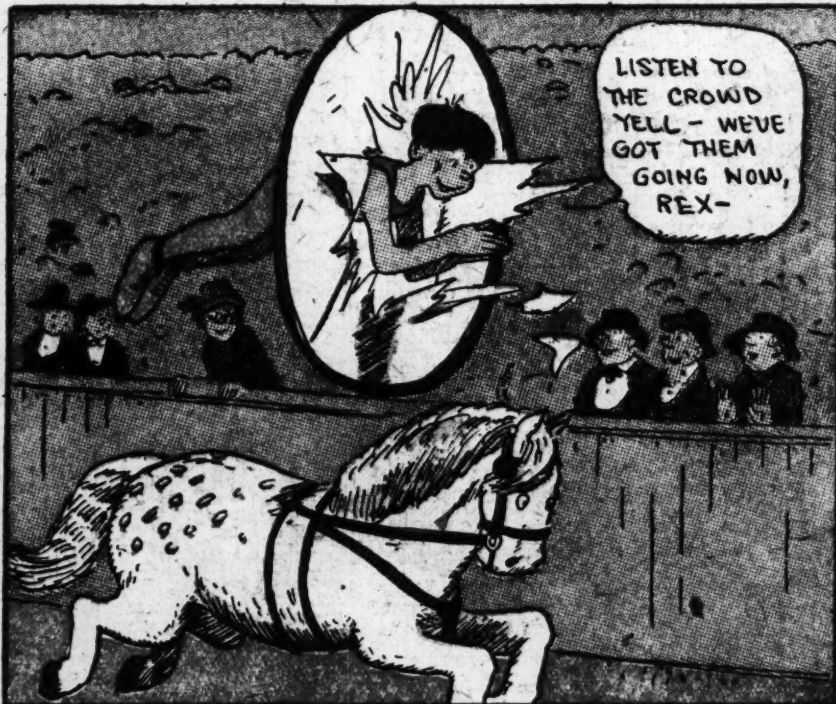
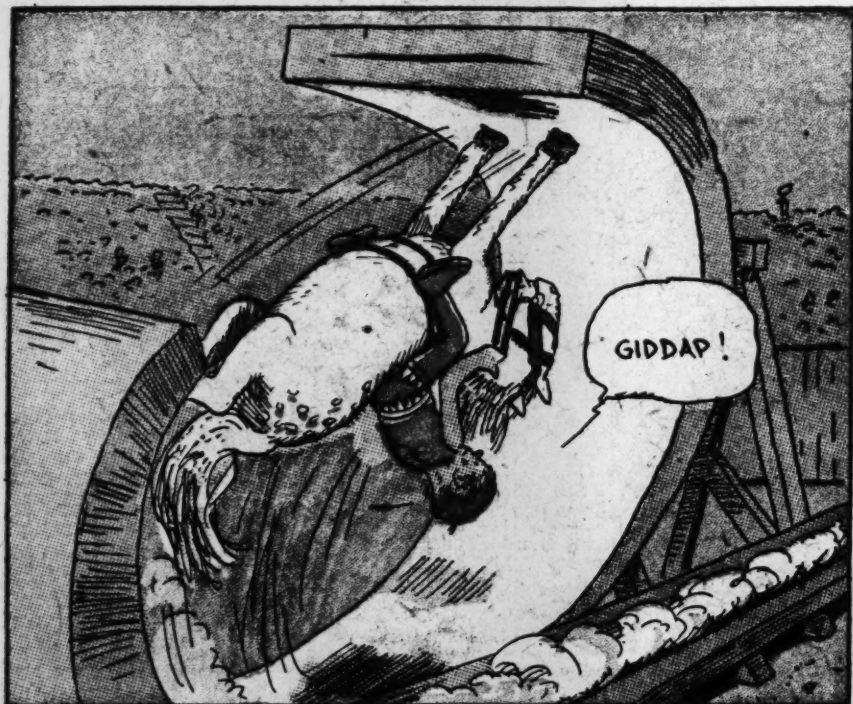
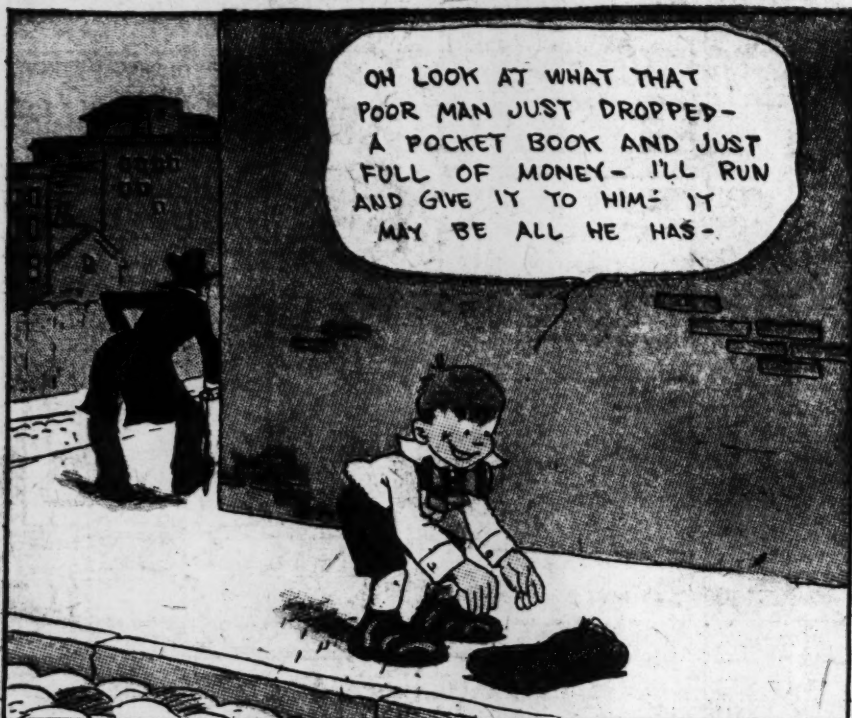


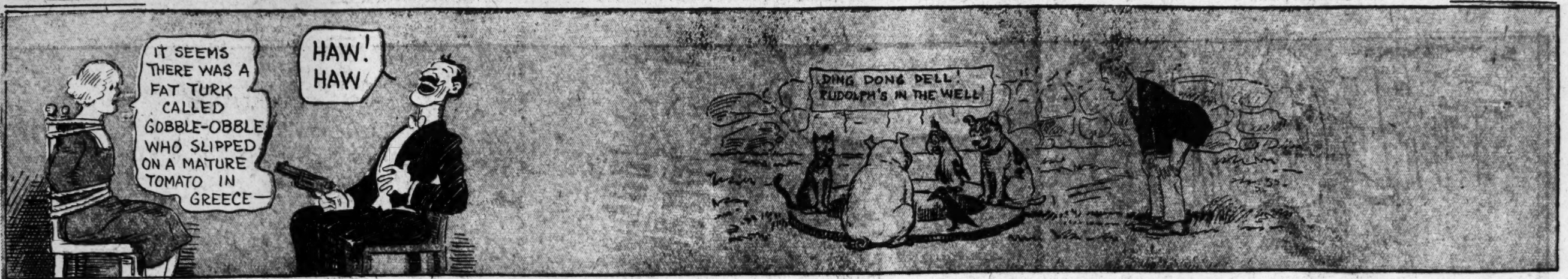


PA'S SON-IN-LAW

By Wellington







Hairbreadth Harry

The Story of A. Laddin and the Wonderful Lamp.

By C. W. Kahles

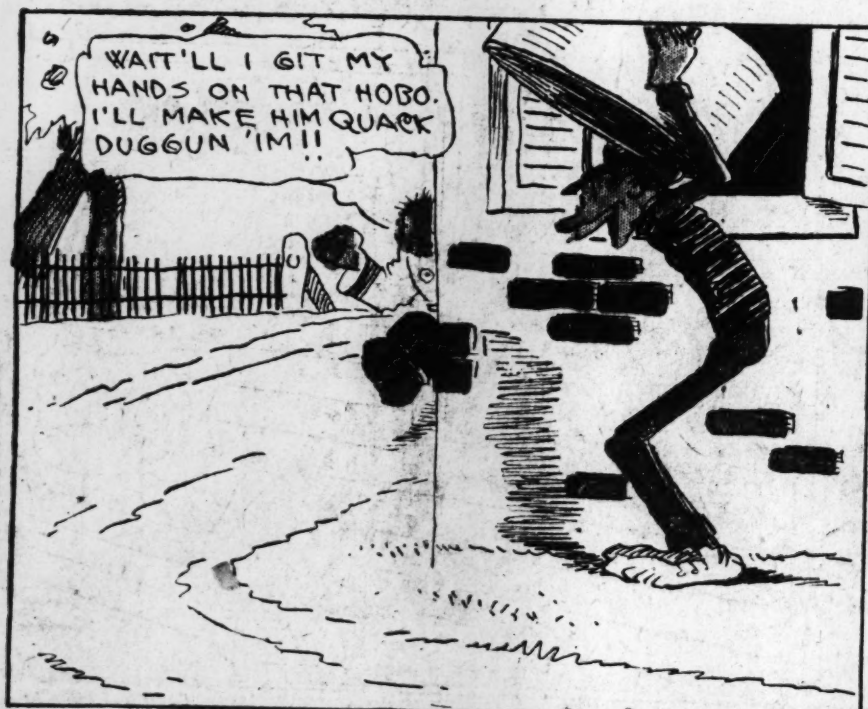
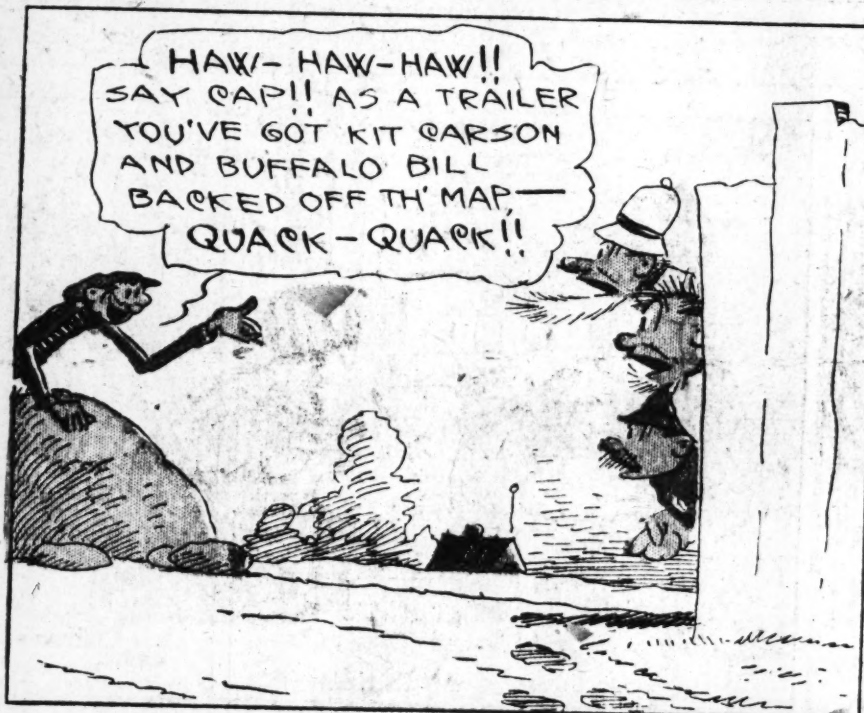
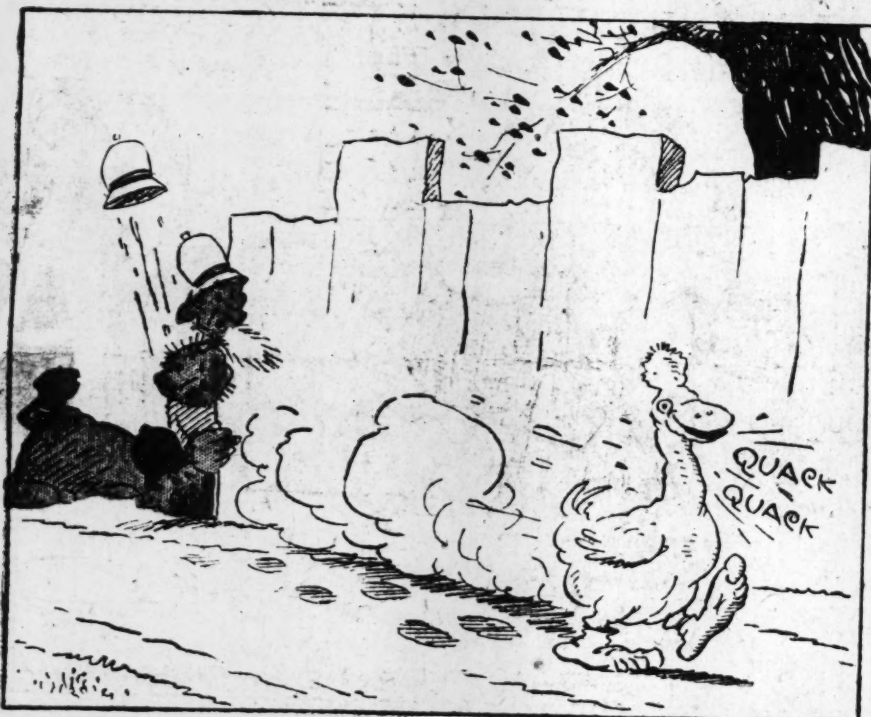
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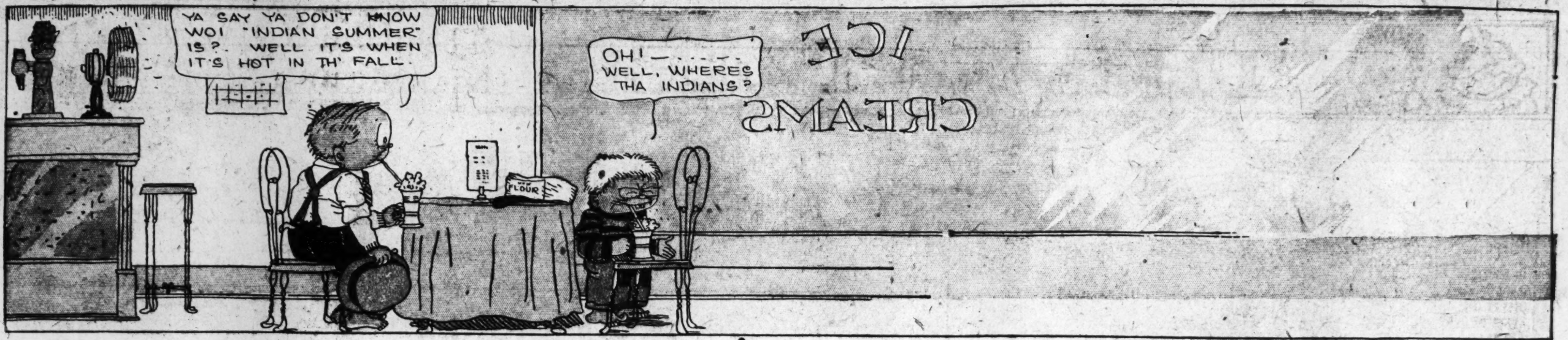


CONSTITUTION COMICS



SLIM JIM AND THE FORCE

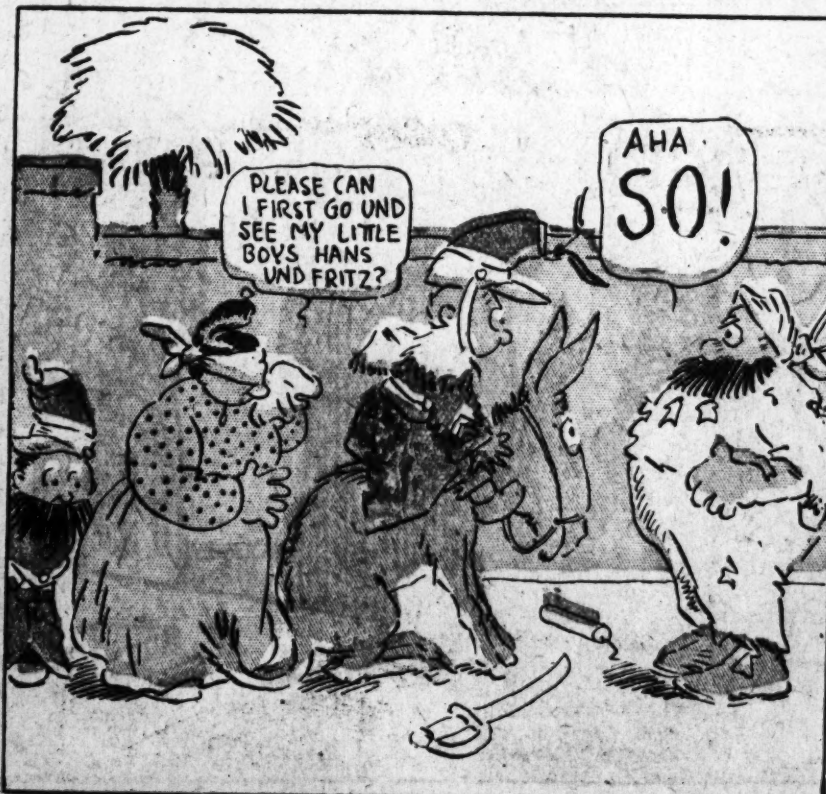




Just Boy—Elmer's Scheme Works Perfectly.



THE KATZIES They Join der Nicaraguan Army



ATLANTA, GA., SUNDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 8, 1922

BETTY

By C.A. Voight



24 PAGES
A 25-cent
Magazine
for only
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The SUNDAY CONSTITUTION MAGAZINE

FEATURES
FICTION
FACTS
FUN

ATLANTA, GA., SUNDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1922.





ON MARQUIS has made good again.

It has been many a long day since the dramatic critics have been as unanimous about anything as they are about the excellence of his play, "The Old Soak," in which Harry Beresford is playing the title role at the Plymouth theater on West Forty-fifth street. Most of them compared it to "Lightning," which had a run of more than 1,000 consecutive nights, on Broadway, and those who did, declared it to be better than that famous play. There wasn't an unkind word in any criticism.

Well, what the dramatic critics say is well enough, but I have a better test, that is, a better one for me, so I went to see "The Old Soak" for myself. Not being a professional dramatic critic it is necessary for me to confine myself to some simple statement that everyone can understand, and so I will merely say that it is the best play I have seen for years. It is so good that one performance did not satisfy me. I am going to see it again.

Of course, I had read "The Old Soak" in book form (by the way, if you haven't read it you had better go and buy one, because you are missing something), and therefore I was familiar with the character and his quaint humor, but until I saw the play I did not fully realize how great a character Don Marquis could make of him.

All this will be good news to Atlantans because our city was the scene of his real literary beginning. He has friends there by the hundreds who remember his early newspaper work and later his career on "The Uncle Remus Magazine."

So when you come to New York seize the first opportunity to see this new play of his, that is, if you can get tickets, because it will keep you laughing for forty-eight hours.

Incidentally, it is the most powerful argument for temperance I have heard. Now, remember, I didn't say prohibition, I said temperance. However, that isn't the theme of the play at all.

The theme? Oh, it's just that sweetest of all things, a simple little touch of real home life, a home where folks love each other.

While we are on the subject, Mr. Marquis you may as well know that he has severed his connection with the New York Sun, for which paper he has conducted "The Sun Dial" column for the past twelve years or so, and early in September began "columnizing" for the New York Tribune.

I understand there was some heavy bid-

ding for Don Marquis when it was learned that his contract with The Sun would expire in September. The Tribune finally landed him, about ten months ago, on a long term contract to take the place of F. P. A., who moved over to The World with his Canning Tower on the first of the present year.

Here is a new slang expression.

Of course, I am not going to undertake the task of keeping Atlanta informed about

It seems to be impossible for New Yorkers to do a simple little thing like requesting a cigar clerk for a particular brand of cigarettes without coupling the name of the Savior with the order. An improperly served dish or a cup of coffee that is too cold in a restaurant calls for a line of profanity that one might expect in a saloon of the rougher kind, but which comes with a surprise from the daintily rouged lips of the young lady who occupies the adjoining table.

It is all very disgusting and displeasing. I wish they would stop it.

Goodness knows I am about the last per-

rette from the hand of a young woman who persisted in smoking on his beat. Of course, the women all protested at once and endeavored to have him removed from the force. They made their same old foolish argument that if men had a right to smoke cigarettes on the street they should have that right, too.

They don't seem to see the point at all, or if they do see it they purposely ignore it. Men and women, thank goodness, are surrounded by and repressed by entirely different customs and conventions. They have always been, are now and will always be, and it doesn't make any difference at all how much would-be masculines and would-be feminines attempt to assimilate the characteristics of the other sex, they face only failure in their struggles.

A man can smoke on the street without being guilty of disorderly conduct. If a woman does it she gathers a jeering crowd, and makes a spectacle of herself. She ought to be made to stop, since she hasn't enough common sense to stop of her own accord.

A woman can henna her hair, pluck her eyebrows to a thin line, paint her face, blacken her eyelids, rouge her lips and talk baby talk, between kisses, to a nasty little Pekinese pup all afternoon on Broadway and nobody will say a word to her, but if a man does the same thing he will be arrested, and very properly.

Don't understand me as being against women. I am for them. I love them so much that I want to keep them as they are. Masculine traits

never did strike me as being very lovable. Oh, I am full of brotherly love and all that sort of thing. I swore to be in five different secret orders, swore on everything you can think of from a wampum belt to a Bible, but I am not talking about that kind of love.

Yes, I love the women. That's why I hate Pekinese pups. I'm jealous of the nasty little brutes.

There has always been a question in my mind as to whether those who make the laws would ever have enacted them if they could have suspected the fool manner in which they would be enforced. Take the present immigration law, for instance. The prime case has recently arisen and been ruled upon.

Of course, here in New York we get the first news regarding the manner of enforcing the law over on Ellis Island, because this is the principal port of entry. Some of this news is discouraging, to say

(Continued on Page 20)



An improperly served dish or a cup of coffee that is too cold in a restaurant calls for a line of profanity that one might expect in a saloon of the rougher kind, but which comes with a surprise from the daintily rouged lips of the young lady who occupies the adjoining table.

all the latest slang that percolates up and trickles down to the common level that is said to be in the neighborhood of Broadway and Forty-second street, where gangsters and millionaires, poets, thugs, preachers, thieves, calicos and furs, gold-headed canes and Pekinese pups crash into each other in a mad scramble for the subway trains, but whenever I just stumble into a bit of slang that sounds impressive I will announce it. Well, the latest one is "Hot Lip."

A "Hot Lip," I am informed, is one who grows silent in the art of osculation, or is it a pastime instead of an art?

New Yorkers have a habit I wish they would quit. It is getting on my nerves.

I am talking about cursing, and I am referring to both men and women. The habit isn't confined to any class. It's quite general.

son to be accused of attempting to reform the world, and I am not doing so now, but I would like to have the privilege of walking along the streets, sitting in a restaurant for a quiet meal or purchasing a package of cigarettes without having my ears offended with bits of profanity that would be deplorable if used by gutter snipes, but which come as total surprises from the well dressed men and women who employ them.

Of course, the reason for this profanity is that those who use it have neither a sufficient vocabulary with which to express themselves nor personality enough to make forceful language of simple English.

Speaking of cigarettes reminds me that a New York policeman who patrols a beat over on Eighth avenue got himself into a lot of trouble recently by knocking a ciga-



Found: 50,000 Scions of Lost Tribes

By Ray Bril.

Decoration by Herb Roth.



The man who found the Falashas.

THE mystery of the lost tribes of Judea has intrigued generations of scientists. Explorers and expeditions have searched records and ruins in an endeavor to unearth the missing traces. Like the "missing link," the lost tribes of Judea have become a familiar subject.

It remained for Prof. Jacques Faitlovitch of the University of Geneva to bring back a comprehensive report on what remains of two and a half tribes of Judea. Prof. Faitlovitch has just returned from Abyssinia, to which he headed an

expedition under the auspices of the American Jewish Committee and the Joint Distribution Committee. Prominent men like Louis Marshall, Cyrus Adler, President of the Jewish Theological Seminary, and Justice Louis D. Brandeis of the Supreme Court, were interested in the quest. The descendants of the lost tribes, Prof. Faitlovitch claims, are now living in Abyssinia under the name of Falashas.

In his apartment at No. 500 West 122d Street, the professor, who is a dark-skinned, blue-eyed man, spoke enthusiastically about his discoveries. He illustrated his remarks with photographs and objects of archaeological interest he had found.

This tribe of Falashas traces its origin back to King Solomon when the kingdom of Israel was divided. Two and a half of the tribes were exiled to Judea. Therefore, racially the Falashas are Jewish, although they have had a different historical development. Watching the customs and ceremonies of the Falashas, one learns how people lived in ancient Palestine. It is like meeting the early Hebrews face to face. Secluded from the rest of the world by tradition and language, the Falashas have kept the old customs almost intact. Their daily lives are run on the schedule prescribed in the Bible. Through the changing centuries they have preserved and adhered to the customs of Biblical days.

The Falashas still offer up religious sacrifices of oxen and lambs, just as their ancestors did in the days of Jerusalem and Babylon. Religious dances form a part of their ritual. On the Day of Atonement the dances quicken to a high pitch of frenzied intensity. Drums, bells, zithers and other resonant instruments are used. These are accompanied by voices chanting prayers and psalms. Out of the somewhat pure God worship of the early Hebrews the Falashas have devolved a fetish, African in its development. Yet, of course, the Falashas are not an African race.

Their skin, only slightly dark, and their regular, finely cut features proclaim them distinctly non-African. Their name, "Falasha"—a surname given to them by the natives, meaning exiled immigrants—proves them strangers come from abroad to establish themselves in Ethiopia. They call themselves Beta Israel (The House of Israel) and state with pride that they are the offspring of the stock of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. Although no historical documents exist in writing, their oral traditions, handed down from father to son, sustain their claim as Jews.

"It is their religion," said Prof. Faitlovitch, "which saved them from the obscuring torpor of African barbarism. Their belief, strictly monotheistic, raised their intelligence to a level which the aborigines, half fetishists, could never attain. In

their prayers they ask God to make Zion resplendent and bring them back to Palestine, their cherished country. Like many Jews, they await the Messiah who will re-establish the Jewish nation, and who, according to them, is to be a Prince or prophet of the issue of the family of David.

"The houses of the Falashas are always segregated. They live in separate quarters from the native Abyssinians. Wherever they are in great numbers, they establish themselves in a village quite a distance from those of the natives. They surround themselves with a hedge, serving not only as an inclosure but also as a defense against people not belonging to their cult.

"Without consent, no stranger may enter the limits of their establishments. Never do they permit non-Jews to come into their dwellings. Their relations with the exterior world are carried on outside the precincts. They take care to establish themselves near a river or running water in order to carry out their ritual ablutions.

"Their houses are constructed in the same manner as those of the natives. They are huts of wood or stone, cylindrical in shape, plastered inside and out with mud or clay. The pointed roof is covered with reeds and straw. Doors serve as the only opening for light. All the houses are built on a level with the ground. They are usually uniform and each family, in accordance with its means, has one or more huts.

"The mesgid (place of prayer) is generally near the dwelling place; possibly a little more elegant in construction. In the important religious centres, at the larger settlements, the houses of worship are constructed after the pattern of the ancient temples of Jerusalem. The mesgid has a courtyard, and is surrounded by a palisade of brush. The inclosures are often used for public meetings, and as a school for the teaching of religion by the Kahen (priests) and the Dabteras (scholars). Admission is forbidden to all strangers not belonging to their religion.

"In the larger communities an altar is erected near the main entrance, where occasional sacrifices are offered. The approach to this place is forbidden to women, who are required to remain at a distance if they wish to attend the sacrificial ceremony. During the service, the priest and his assistant place themselves in the centre with the offering, which may be a lamb or an ox. The faithful about them chant special prayers and biblical verses about sacrifice. After the sacrifice all retire into the mesgid where they pass the day in feasting.

"The Falasha priest conducts divine services and is the religious head of the community. It is he who offers the sacrifices prescribed in the Bible. Among the Falashas exists no difference of religion nor any class distinction. The priests follow trades and work, like every one else. Only in the matter of headgear are they distinguished from the others. They wear turbans of white cloth, while the others, like all Abyssinians, go bareheaded.

"All the books of the Falashas are written in Gheez, the classical and literary language of Abyssinia. Except for a few Biblical names, nothing of the Hebrew language has been preserved among them. Even their prayers are recited in Gheez. That is also the language of their Bible, which was translated from the Hebrew. The Falashas ordinarily speak the languages of the regions in which they dwell, and—contrary to the assertion of several travellers—they have no dialect of their own. Those who live in the central and southern provinces speak Amharic and those of the northern speak Tigrigna, the two languages of Abyssinia.

"The family life of the Falashas is dignified, patriarchal and noble. To the traveller the contrast between their family life and that of the Abyssinians is striking. The husband, wife and children constitute a most respectable domestic circle.



A Little Cure for Bachelors

::

A Blue Ribbon



"You couldn't help liking some people at first sight."

SOME marriages are inevitable, some accidental, some so marvelously unexpected that only a miracle surely can have created them. Of such a miracle was the marriage of James Todhunter. Not one of his immediate circle, a small and percipient circle, it may be said, understood in the very least how it had come about. Here he was, the most confirmed, the most saturnine, the most reserved of all bachelors, and there he was, only a month later, engaged to a pretty but silly young woman and then a fortnight after that married and lone for.

It was not as though he were a chicken, being 43 years of age, long, tall, thin, and black in appearance, with the heaviest of black mustaches and black, beetling eyebrows that would have frightened most women out of their senses, and if the black eyebrows hadn't done it his literary reputation certainly would, because it's natural for any woman to suppose that the author of books with such titles as "The Esoteric Tendency Toward Art in the Early Hebrews," and "The Mathematical Principles of Milton's Prosody" and "Aether and Ether; or, Gas and Common Sense" (this last his only really frivolous work), must be so clever and so superior that mundane affairs like clothes and tea parties should never enter his head at all.

This was well enough for women who knew Todhunter only from a distance, but it was surprising that his lifelong friend, Mallory, also a confirmed bachelor, should be so deeply amazed at this marriage. It took Mallory off his feet and laid him on his back and stamped upon him. He was a little, round, fat man with rosy cheeks, very tempting to stamp upon, and as he explained to his friends in his rather high, excited treble, "I can't understand it. It isn't as though she had an idea in her head. No one knew better than Todhunter the absurdity of getting married. It must be witchcraft." It was not, however, witchcraft, and the way that it happened was this:

ONE thing that very few people knew about James Todhunter was that he was exceedingly lonely, and another thing that nobody knew was that he was exceedingly shy. Every one of his friends and acquaintances would have roared with laughter had you spoken of him as a shy man, but, as is so often the case, that same brazen exterior with its supercilious glance from beneath the beetling eyebrows, that

rather lazy, drawing "O, do you think so?" all this that looked like conceit was in truth timidity. He was a shy man because he was a modest man, and he was a modest man because he knew that he had not touched even the fringes of the great subjects that he was studying. Very few suspected him of being a lonely man, and yet they might have done so had they considered with any real attention the large house looking on to Regents Park in which he lived in solitary grandeur with a butler, a cook and a maid servant, in whose confines he occasionally gave dreary little parties and in whose library he sat studying hour after hour, absorbed in a way and yet suddenly starting to consciousness and wishing that he had somebody suddenly to come in and shout at him or clap him on the back.

On most afternoons he took his walk in Regents Park, viewing from an apparently supercilious distance the children playing their games, the lovers exchanging confidences, the unemployed discussing wages in sinister twos and threes, the animals on the Mappin terraces looking up to heaven and wondering when on earth they would taste freedom again. Supercilious, yes, but only apparently. He would have loved to collect one or two of the dirty children, to have given five shillings to one of the unemployed. He sighed with a kind of pathetic curiosity as he watched the lovers and he looked at the animals as though they alone of all the creatures in the park had feelings that he himself could understand.

One fine afternoon in May he sat down on a seat under a tree, a long way from anybody, and tried to puzzle out the intricacies of a chapter of his book, "The Lake Poets and Natural Symbolism," which he was then writing. Lake Poets on that lovely May afternoon seemed surprisingly gray and distant. Wordsworth was a silly old prig, Southey a conceited ass, Coleridge a drug-taking maniac and De Quincey a spiteful old woman. He hated the lot of them and he looked at two babies far away on the green grass and cursed himself for a self-contained idiot because he had not one or two of his own whose noses he could blow, whose eyes he could wipe, and whose hair he could curl beneath his hand when he felt lonely and dispirited.

IT was just then that he perceived, not very far from him, sprung apparently from nowhere and gazing at him with nervous, eager apprehension, a little dog. Now

If There Is a Moral to This Diverting Tale, It Is: Beware How You Befriend a Dog With a Tin Can Tied to His Tail.

he fancied that he had no love of animals and he was encouraged in this belief by his admirable servants, who hated animals in the house and said so, but there was something about this little dog which inevitably attracted his attention. It was perhaps a puppy, but not a very young puppy, and one of its immediate characteristics was that it was very difficult to be sure of anything about it, so indiscriminate was it, so long where it ought to have been short, so thick where it ought to have been thin, containing, indeed, so many dogs in one dog that it was impossible to give it a real family name. It was perhaps more of the Seslyham tribe than of any other—that is, it was some sort of a terrier with rough hair that nature had intended to be white, that was now here gray and there entirely black.

Todhunter could perceive that it was in a state of great nervousness, that it was ill fed, and that it had tied to its stumpy tail a dirty piece of string with a tin can adhering thereto. One of the immediate absurdities of it was that the can was almost as large as the dog, being, indeed, a sort of bucket, and when the dog made an apprehensive movement the can seemed to have a life of its own and to bump about on the grass in a most alarming manner. The dog was saying as plainly as a dog could say, "Please relieve me of this horrible thing—take it and throw it away so that I may never see it again." At the same time it was also saying, "Relieve me of it without coming any closer to me, because I trust no man and have the very best reasons in the world for that misbelief."

It was a pathetic little face that looked at Todhunter, the more pathetic from the fact that its rather over-large nose had a big black spot like a penny piece on one nostril which was ill balanced by another big black

spot on the opposite ear. The nose quivered in the air, the eyes glittered with unshed tears, the tail with its hideous appendage bumped up and down with eager anxiety and excitement.

Todhunter looked as he always looked, as though he had but just come out of a tailor's shop, his black clothes as stiff and stern as though they were a suit of armor. He was, indeed, sitting upright on the seat, more like a model from Madame Tussaud's than anything else you can imagine. Nevertheless, within this iron exterior his heart was soft and was touched in spite of itself by the trembling image that looked at him with such beseeching eyes, but refused to move an inch nearer to him. He attempted to lure the dog toward him; he made those absurd noises that human beings make to animals and babies, a kind of chirrup, a sort of drunken whistle, a manner of gurgling in the throat. The dog recognized these advances and banded his tail and the can with it more vigorously than before, but he refused to budge an inch.

"Come, then," said Todhunter, "pretty little dog, come along, then, I'll take it off for you. Come and let me take it off."

The dog slobbered a little at the mouth, but refused to come an inch further. Todhunter got up from his seat, took a step forward, and the dog backed away. Irritated and determined now to achieve his purpose, Todhunter moved resolutely on, the dog resolutely backed. There then began a strange sort of game, the animal moving round in a kind of circle. The dog's eyes never left Todhunter's face. They were appealing, miserable, sensitive, starved, longing eyes, but they had not in them an atom of trust in any human being in this world. Todhunter then had an inspiration. He went back to his seat, took off his top hat, and put it down on the grass in front of him. This action alone showed what a long way his soul had progressed since he first sighted the little dog, as he was nor-

mally terrified of sitting in the open without any covering to his head, especially on a warm day like this.

The dog saw the hat, so large and black and strange, growing apparently straight out of the grass, something that he had never seen before, something possibly that was good to eat. His puppy spirit also, long defeated and stamped upon, nevertheless finally indestructible, rose again within him. This might be something to play with as well as something to eat. The puppy expected it to move. It did not. The puppy expected it to make some kind of a noise. It did not. The puppy expected it to smell. That perhaps it did, but from the distance he was keeping he could not be quite sure. There was a smell, but whether it was of the earth, or of the sky, or of some unknown animal he could not be sure. His curiosity began to get the better of him. He made a little wriggle, expecting the strange black thing to wriggle also, but when it did not reply he was more intrigued than ever. He advanced a little, and so eager was his excitement that he never noticed the rattle of the can behind him. He advanced closer yet, and then lay down flat on the ground, his nose on his front paws, and stared steadily at the thing, his appetite rising, his tail as erect as the can would allow it to be. Still the black thing did not respond. Then he came quite close to it, forgetting in his eagerness the human being behind it. He put out a paw and touched it. The surface was strange, unlike anything that he had ever known before. He gave it a push and it moved backward. He bit the edge of it with his teeth and at that same moment Todhunter caught him by the scruff of his back and took him on to his knee.

WHEN Mr. Todhunter felt upon his lap the trembling body of the dog some strange thing happened to his soul. Even as the dog was there quivering so had he also quivered. Even as the dog was anticipating at every moment some blow from above, so had he all his life been anticipating. Even as the dog wriggled under his hand, trying to withdraw himself into some dark corner of safe obscurity, so had he wriggled, so had he longed for darkness. The wretched creature squinted up at him, showing a large piece of white in each eye, then stopped as though it suddenly occurred to him that this show of amiability might be dangerous, then lay quite flat, awkwardly on Todhunter's rather bony knees, sagging through in the space between his legs, hanging on, as it were, "with nails set and terror free," to quote a long forgotten poem by Mr. Thomas Campbell.

Todhunter clumsily untied the can and kicked it into limbo. Then he stroked



the dog, murmuring to it, trying to reassure it. Gradually it tranquilized, its heart beating with less and less fury, and even at last it put out its tongue, licked Todhunter's finger, and discovering there, I suppose, the essence of a soap new to its canine experience, began eagerly to devour the whole hand.

The feel of that rough tongue was something quite new to Todhunter. Very seldom in his long life had any beings, human or otherwise, made to him physical demonstrations of affection. But few men had patted him on the back or laid a friendly

Short Story

By HUGH WALPOLE

hand on his shoulder. Women had kissed him from duty and family custom, never because they thought him kissable. No one had grasped him by the hand as though to hurt him. No one, even when he had been a small boy, had tucked him up in bed and told him not to be afraid of the dark. He was desperately moved by the dog's advances, stared out across the grass in front of him, feeling the warm body beneath his hand and the little beating heart, realizing more than ever before what impossible sticks the Lake poets were, how remote, how absurd, how unworthy to lay toll upon the time and intelligence of later generations.

To cut a long story short, he started homeward with the dog creeping at his heels. To an uninitiated observer it must have seemed that the dog had but now been severely chastised and was crawling miserably behind his severe and inhuman master. Indeed, one or two threw indignant glances at the tall, black browed, striding man and wondered how so large a human being could be cruel to so small a morsel of dog, but as a matter of fact, it had been this dog's way for a long time past to creep about the earth like the accursed serpent, having discovered that the more he crept, the less likely he was to be abused, the less likely, in fact, to be noticed at all, and, although he crept, he was entirely determined not to desert his new friend. There was kindness beneath those eyebrows, tenderness in the stroke of that hand, and he knew it. So into 25 York Terrace he crawled, slithered along the passage, and obscured himself as completely as possible beneath the umbrella stand. There the evil glance of Mordant, the butler, discovered him. Mordant was like a butler on the stage, one of those large, stout, red faced butlers with immobile countenance, mouth sarcastically but discreetly shaped, and beautiful clothes. "Get out, yer varmit," he murmured toward the umbrella stand, thinking that the dog had crawled in unnoticed from the street.

It was one of the really awkward moments of Todhunter's life. I am afraid that he feared Mordant. "It's all right," he said, stammering in spite of himself and struggling to adopt that voice that he used when addressing girls' colleges and meetings of the Geographical society. "I brought him in."

"You, sir?" said Mordant, staring.

"Yes, poor little beast. He hasn't had anything to eat for days. I found him being teased by some boys. Give him some food and a bath and then bring him up to the library."

"You're not," said Mordant, "you're not intending, sir, ahem, to keep him?"

"I can say nothing about the future," said Todhunter, very haughtily. "Please do as I ask."

He sat up then in his library wondering whether the dog were being kindly treated, and waiting, with an impatience that surprised himself, for the animal's arrival. Nearly an hour later Mordant appeared in the doorway with a white, shivering object in his arms, and, most astonishing of all things, a smile on his face.

"He's not a bad little animal, sir," said Mordant. "Looks better when he's washed. Took to the cat in a surprising way." And he put him down on the floor and retired, with great dignity and condescension.

The dog staggered across the polished boards of the library floor, stopping every once and again to give himself a shake, as though he were trying to drive from his system the extraordinary bathing experience that he had just been through.

When he had staggered half way towards his new master he saw the tasseled end of the rope of the window curtain, a deep and magnificent red, swaying ever so slightly before him. He steadied himself to watch this; he moved a few paces towards it and steadied himself again. He then went down on his front paws, his eyes staring at it with utter absorption, and there proceeded from somewhere inside his body a strange noise like a kettle just on the boil. He advanced closer, raised a paw, and pushed it ever so slightly. Then what his soul had longed for, but scarcely dared to expect, occurred. The rope swung. He hit it again. It swung more violently. With excited rumblings he was at it and upon it, catching it between his teeth, worrying it, pulling it, letting it go again, tumbling, in his eagerness, on his head, pulling himself up again, rolling once, when he missed it altogether,

over on to his back, and then suddenly pausing, sitting down on his haunches and looking up at Todhunter with eyes that were bright with happiness, a body quivering with excitement. From that moment he may be said to have been firmly established in the Todhunter household.

HE was christened with the commonplace name of Bob, because Todhunter, with all his knowledge and erudition, could think of nothing better. He devoted himself completely to his master, following him about whenever he was in the house, refusing to have his meal anywhere but in Todhunter's presence, and sleeping on the end of Todhunter's bed. He very quickly acclimatized himself to the ways of the house, was no trouble to anybody, and the cook would have ensnared him body and soul and turned him into the merest kitchen dog (an ambition that every cook in the world most unfortunately possesses) had not his loyal soul been capable of only one attachment at a time.

Then came the great day which was to change Todhunter's life. There arrived an afternoon, fine, warm and beautiful, when Todhunter thought he would like a stroll in the park. The dog, as was his habit, presented himself in the hall, wagging his tail in a frenzy, his eyes raised passionately to his master's face, his whole body one throbbing appeal. Todhunter yielded, took the lead which Mordant had purchased, and strode off, the dog at his heels. They went up into the inner circle, passed the Botanical Gardens, through the little gate, over the railings, on to the great sweep of green that faces the zoo.

Today this green was covered with families, babies and cricketers. It was early in June, and everybody who could was playing a ball game of one sort or another, from the very elegant teams in white flannel who were playing like aristocrats, with a large crowd watching them, to four small boys who had a stick and an old tattered ball and spent their time delightedly screaming the one at the other.

Now how should Todhunter have known that to this particular dog anything in the shape of a ball was like drink to a drunkard, opium to a Chinaman, and a hat shop to a woman? Indeed, more than these. A ball flying in the air was his own soul projecting into the ether, something that he could no more hope to resist than a cat can resist a mouse. And here was suddenly the whole space of the earth, the blue of the air, the very winds of heaven itself, filled with flying balls, balls of every kind, color, and size, rising, falling, rolling, leaping, the very final paradise which he had always dreamed and never hoped to see. At once behind him, his nose in the air. First, he made for two nursemaids and some babies, but here the ball was too large for him to secure it with his teeth, so he merely wagged his tail at them and scuttled across to three little girls who had a tennis ball that they were throwing very inaccurately the one to the other.

The moment he had it in his mouth he was off again and all three little girls set up a howl that could surely have been heard from one end of the park to the other, and that brought two stout, perspiring women hastily to the rescue. Todhunter reached them just as they were looking angrily around for some one to abuse. "I do beg your pardon," he began, quite breathless with his hurry (he was, of course, not in the very best condition), "my little dog . . . I assure you I didn't intend . . . nobody knew. . ."

They were mollified by his obvious agitation. The dog was rescued and brought back, the tennis ball, punctured in several places, dragged from its mouth, some money offered to pay for the ball and haughtily rejected, and by the time this was just coming to an honorable but somewhat awkward conclusion, the dog was off again, this time plunging into the middle of the elegant cricket match, where two men were running for their lives between the wickets. Todhunter had just time to see the dog run gayly with them, bolt into the wickets and knock off the bales, leap delightfully upon a stout and indignant umpire, and then run after the cricket ball which had been flung too far by one fielder, rush at it as though it were a live thing, push it with his feet and then go for the legs of the fielder who picked it up.

There followed then an enchanting half hour, enchanting, that was, for the onlook-

ers, but not exactly so for the unfortunate man in a top hat and a tail coat who, trying to catch the dog, inevitably just missed him and was, as all the delighted observers agreed, a most ludicrous and helpless figure. Every one watched, applauded, shouted, laughed and incited the animal to further exploits. The dog had never known such a half hour before and will pretty certainly never know such a half hour again. When at last he was caught by a stout woman attended by a large crowd of children, nursemaids and small boys, Todhunter was a wreck of heat and agitation.

"Poor little thing," said the woman, concernedly. "Must have a little bit of fun at times."

All the crowd offered comments with that frankness and humor that so especially belongs to the cockney. A great deal of advice was offered. "Put 'im on the lead. Shove 'is 'ead in a bag. Take 'im 'ome and tie 'im up. 'Ave a bath, mister, yer 'ot. Stick yer top 'at over 'im," and so on.

There followed then the agitating business of trying to fasten the lead on to his collar. The clasp was a new one and very stiff. The dog wriggled into every shape and size, and finally the really remarkable vision was offered to an admiring world of the author of "The Lake Poets and Natural Symbolism," kneeling in the middle of Regents Park, his hat off, his tie waving in the wind, his face crimson, trying to attach a very small dog and a long piece of leather while a continually increasing crowd laughed, admired and expostulated.

The scene might have continued for a long time had not a soft voice been heard to say, "Perhaps I can do it for you," and Todhunter, looking up, beheld two of the loveliest eyes and one of the prettiest mouths in the world, set in a pattern of pink and white against the bluest of skies. A young lady bent towards him. For a moment his hand touched hers. In another second the lead was adjusted; for the general public the game was over, but for Todhunter it had only just begun.

MORDANT greeted his master's return that afternoon with that air of strangled surprise that was so especially his own. He suggested a bath and changing into evening clothes a little earlier than usual. "You look warm, sir," was all he actually said.

Todhunter, lying in his bath and looking up at the ceiling, was conscious of the strangest mixture of feeling, a mixture like some spiritual indigestion, as though his soul had been indulging in a meal of the feelings, crab, duckling and ice pudding, all at one and the same time. The dog, who followed him everywhere, was sitting on the bath mat looking up to heaven, patiently waiting for the moment when his master, who had mysteriously dropped into a large white hole, would once again mysteriously rise. He was preparing his own little celebration of barks, gurgles, and Muller exercises for that notable occasion. Todhunter tried, his face just so happily extending above the water, to straighten out his thoughts and discover his line of action. For once they would not straighten, being perpetually crossed and confused by the recollection of those beautiful eyes, that lovely mouth, and the softness of that white hand.

He half rose, peered over the edge of the bath into the eyes of the dog, wondered what had happened to him, thought it must be the dog, stretched out a hand to pat him, decided that it wasn't the dog after all, found himself to his amazement longing for the next afternoon when he could walk in the park once again, and stung to sudden madness by his perception of this weakness, jumped out of his bath, scattering water to right and left, causing the dog to bark ferociously.

The next day came. It was fine and beautiful, and he found himself to his horror actually plotting to launch the dog towards unsuspecting strangers in order that some scene might be created that would evoke the goddess from the surrounding bushes. She was not evoked. Five babies were upset, three tennis balls ruined, two elderly gentlemen made almost apoplectic from temper, one old lady, delighted with what she called "the little darling's playful ways," one policeman insulted so seriously that he had to be placated with a gift, but no goddess.

It was that evening, in solitude in his own house, that showed Todhunter what he had really become. He, a settled and

solidified bachelor, who had escaped the dangerous age, had decided quite finally that women were nothing to him, now he sat in his large, chilly library and sighed and even groaned and flung the Poet Laureate's erudite work on Milton's Prosody from one end of the library to the other. He behaved, I am sorry to say, like a mauldin sentimentalist over the dog. He fondled him, caressed him, tickled his ears, muttered absurd things into his mouth, and finally let him sleep on his lap, sitting there staring in front of him till every bone in his body ached, but he would not wake the animal, that little messenger of Jove, that little evoker of the goddess, that canine symbol of cupid.

IT was undoubtedly the dog's best evening. There never was, there probably never will be again, such a sentimentalist as that dog. It was not the dog's fault. He had been created a sentimentalist. The one thing in life that he wanted was to be loved and caressed and it was the one thing in life that hitherto he had not obtained. Unlike most dogs, his stomach was nothing to his heart, and he would desert any bone for a caress. Not that with all this he was entirely soft. He had the fighting quality, he had his dislikes and showed them, but when he loved, he loved with all his heart.

On that great evening he just gave himself up completely to his master, and how was he to tell that it was not of him that his master was thinking, but of something quite different, something far more dangerous? It was well that he made the most of that evening; so far as Todhunter was concerned, it was the dog's last, because on the next day, another lovely afternoon of sun and color and scented leaves, the goddess was evoked, stepped forth from the bushes, gave a little startled smile of recognition when Todhunter raised his hat, said, "Why, there's the dear little dog," entered into conversation about dogs in general and of what particular breed this dog in the majority was, passed from that to remarks about the weather, how badly rain was needed, from thence to how the weather always broke when she took her holiday, and it was a shame, because she loved tennis so, and from that to why in general things were never quite as you would have them to be, and she supposed that it was because it wouldn't be good for people's characters if they were, and from that again to character and discipline, and finally the last step towards how you couldn't help liking some people at first sight, and she really didn't know why it was so, and she supposed it was foolish to go so often on first impressions as she did, but that one way and another she had never been deceived, although her mother kept on saying to her, "Look out, Dulcie, you'll be taken in one day," but up to now she hadn't been.

By this time they were half across the grass and almost directly under observation from a very long legged, melancholy looking animal on top of the Mappin terraces, whose thoroughly pessimistic outlook should have been a warning to both of them, but was not.

Todhunter, it may frankly be said, was unaware whether he were walking on his head or his heels, whether he was in London or Timbuctoo, whether his heart, which was beating like a hammer, resided in his calves or somewhere just above his left ear. He only knew that she was wearing some wonderful color that was like cherries, but wasn't cherries exactly, and that when she smiled the world took a sudden slip into space and was only hauled back from disappearing altogether by the strongest exercise of judgment on his part.

HERE two things add to the development of my story. One was the entrance of Mallory, the bachelor friend of Todhunter. The other was the beginning of the tragedy of the dog.

It is difficult, of course, to know exactly what goes on in a dog's mind, but we may suppose, without venturing into the realms of psycho-analysis or treading on Dr. Jung's German toes, that that evening made glorious by the caresses of his master had roused in him highest hopes of a splendid and slobbery future. In truth it was at that very moment that his decline in his master's affections began.

How could he tell that in following his natural playful instincts on that wonderful ball flying afternoon he had laid a pit for his own destruction? How could he tell that it

(Concluded on Page 20.)

They Make You Pay to Look in a Mirror

'Atlanta Girls In Europe Have Many Odd Experiences—O. O. McIntyre, Famous Humorist, Flies With Them From London to Paris—Germans Spot American Women By the Way They Fix Their Hair.

By Stewart F. Gelders



JUST imagine it!

Paying tuppence for the privilege of powdering one's pretty little nose in a nasty old British mirror!

Can you fancy that? Well, I should think you wouldn't fancy it, but you would most assuredly run your dainty fingers down into your meshbag and find the proper coin if you intended to remove the shine from your nose by aid of an English public mirror.

Of all the bizarre and insufferable oddities faced by an American tourist in Europe that was certainly just about nothing short of the absolute limit, according to Mrs. Charles A. Verlin, of 831 Ponce de Leon avenue, who returned this month from a season's tour of England, France and Germany and Belgium. She visited all the points of interest in company with her sister, Miss Eloise Ivey. Miss Ivey, one of Atlanta's most beautiful girls, has been much in demand by artists of New York and Paris as a model. She is now in Alaska and will tour the Orient in the winter.

While in England Mrs. Verlin and Miss Ivey were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Thatcher, of London. Mr. Thatcher was formerly head of the Atlanta bureau of the Associated Press and is now London correspondent for The Philadelphia Public Ledger.

OSCAR ODD MCINTYRE, famous New York journalist, whose bits of philosophy and humor are read avidly by subscribers of The Constitution and of other newspapers throughout the United States, was an airship voyage companion of the Atlanta tourists. He and his wife are touring the globe and met the Atlantans in London.

The McIntyres, Mrs. Verlin and Miss Ivey made the trip from London to Paris by airplane. The machine has a capacity of sixteen passengers and runs regular between the two capitals, with one stop only, that at Calais. It was a thrilling voyage for the first two hours, Mrs. Verlin says, but then became rather too monotonous to be good fun. Aerial transit is a common thing in Europe now. Much of the mails and some light freight and express are carried in airplanes.

The group photograph of Mrs. Verlin, Mr. McIntyre and Mrs. McIntyre, which appears on this page, was snapped by Miss Ivey immediately after landing near Paris. The picture was taken with Mr. McIntyre's kodak and, in forwarding the print to Mrs. Verlin, he wrote:

"Here are the little souvenirs of the memorable day when we risked our necks to fly. They do not show the cold perspiration on our brows, or our fluttering hearts—otherwise they are very good."

"We arrived home this week and are planning now to trek to China. Mrs. McIntyre joins me in best wishes to you and the hope that you will look us up when you come to New York."

BERLIN is now the most marvelous place in the world to shop, Mrs. Verlin found. Just think of spending a whole afternoon in a beauty parlor and buying everything they can give you in an afternoon and paying only \$1.50 for it all, and manicures at 10 cents!

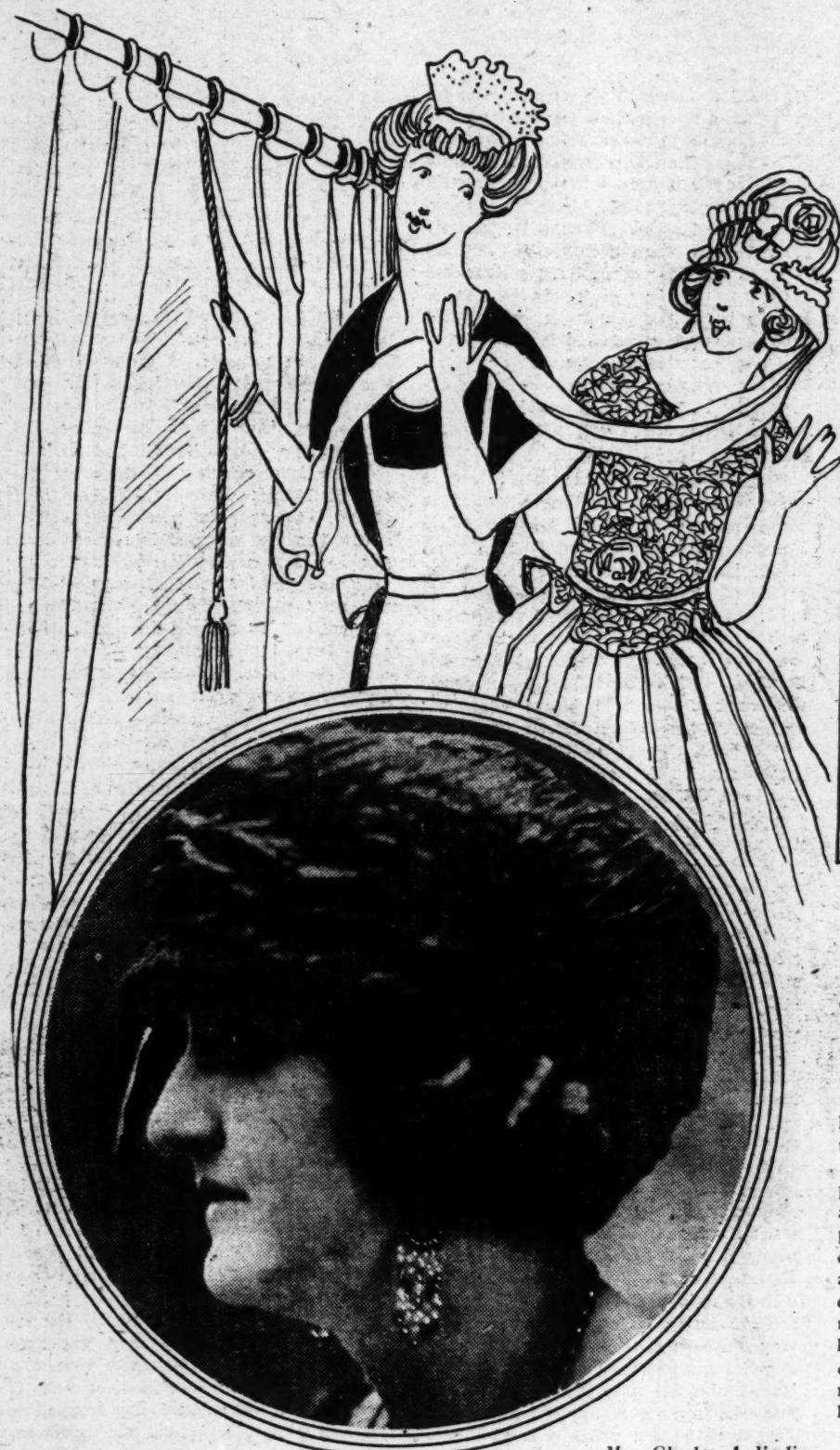
And clothes!

Now that is something else.

Think of paying 3,200 German marks for a hat, a perfect dream of the milliner's art. Three thousand, two hundred marks once would have meant eight hundred American dollars. But when the money was changed Mrs. Verlin found herself out of pocket just \$4.50. The purchase of that hat caused a really and truly sensation in the milliner's shop. Mrs. Verlin had taken a little Belgian girl with her on the shopping tour as an interpreter. They had shown her nearly everything in the place, including the boxes, and a gallery of fourteen interested salespeople were following her shopping efforts when finally she found the bonnet that pleased her fancy.

And talk about people following one!

The Germans seem to think that a foreigner, especially an American, is a curi-



Miss Eloise Ivey

most impossible and the people who frequent the places are largely of the newly rich classes. The upper classes of former days are reduced to poverty.

ENGLAND is a delightful place, Mrs. Verlin thinks. Even in the summer time the climate is not unpleasant. Many of the women are strikingly beautiful and excellent natural complexions are the rule rather than the exception.

The fact that few Englishwomen, as compared to the number of American women, are addicted to the frequent use of the powder puff, may be one reason why the charge of two pence is made for the use of an English mirror in hotel and restaurant dressing rooms. (The mirrors are, for the most part, draped and the draperies are lifted only on request and in return for the customary charge of two pence. Printed receipts are given for the charge. Mrs. Verlin has one as a souvenir.)

The extra toll of beauty has been levied only since the tourist season began, Mrs. Verlin was told.

Europe loves the American—dollars.

The highways of England and of the continent especially impressed the Atlanta visitors. The roads are so smooth that the average life of a motor car is much longer than it is in America. It is not at all unusual for well-to-do people to drive models of American-made cars ranging from 1916 all the way back to 1910 and 1912; and, at that, the cars are in better shape than more recent models driven over the average rough American roads.

The generally excellent condition of the highways and the thickly settled nature of the country make bicycling as popular in England and Europe today as it was in the United States a score of years ago. The tourists visited Stratford-on-Avon, William Shakespeare's home, for a week-end and cycled all through the country, over which the great bard roamed in boyhood.

THE thing that impressed Mrs. Verlin most about England, however, was the seeming inability of the people to express any degree of enthusiasm. Even in the most thrilling climaxes of a polo game, with horses racing at breakneck speed after the flying ball, the most demonstrative sound is a ripple of hand-clapping.

English sport lovers sit silent for hours on end watching cricket games, games that begin after breakfast and continue until lunch, are then resumed until tea, when they are halted for the few customary minutes, and are then continued through the long twilight until dinner time.

Even when nearly all of the royal family (Concluded on Page 21.)

osity worth looking at, and most American girls they see are certainly worth looking at even if they are not curiosities.

The Germans can spot an American any place. They know one by the way she dresses her hair. The German women are not at all artistic in arranging their "crowning glory." It is just drawn straight from the forehead and rolled back or on top of the head. To a lesser extent the French follow this style, and the mounds and puffs of curly tresses displayed by American women are something out of the ordinary in Berlin. The Berliners probably look on it as another evidence of the barbarism of the "crude Yankees."

GERMANY is so "thick," Mrs. Verlin thinks, just as England impressed her as being artificially placid and repressed, and France as being vivacious.

Everything in Germany is thick, the buildings, the trees and the women.

And the currency.

Don't forget the currency.

When the Atlantans first stopped in Berlin they were advised at their hotel to take a suitcase with them to carry the German money they would receive at the bank in exchange for American money. Although a little skeptical and afraid they were being made victims of a jest, they retained a porter, gave him an empty suitcase and set out for the bank. For the first few days \$200, they thought, would suffice for incidental expenses.

It took two hours to get the \$200 changed. The suitcase was loaded until it took all the porter's strength to snap the

cover to. The rest of the money was wrapped up, much as stationery would be, and carried off in a parcel under Mrs. Verlin's arm.

They print money in great scads in Germany. Much of it is rushed from printing presses to banks so quickly that the ink is hardly dry before it is placed in circulation.

BUT with all the money, poverty stalks unmasked and unashamed through Berlin's streets.

The second day Mrs. Verlin was there she was accosted on the street by an elderly woman, severely dressed, but whose well kept hands gave evidence of former prosperity.

"You are an American, are you not?" the woman asked in broken English. "Then perhaps you would like to buy some of my jewels?"

She described amber necklaces, jeweled ear drops, rings set with precious gems, all of which she was willing to sell almost for a song. Fearing that the woman might not be honest and the proposed transaction might involve unpleasant consequences, Mrs. Verlin refused to trade.

Later she learned that the plainly dressed woman was a member of the old junker class and had been immensely wealthy before the war. Since the war and revolution, however, the landed estates had been divided among the thrifty peasants who once had been her tenants and practically nothing was left but a part of her personal property, including the jewelry for which there is little demand in Germany.

In the cafes and theaters of Germany gaiety prevails, but the dance music is al-

The Tenth Mrs. Tulkington

A Story of American Married Life By Ellis Parker Butler

CHAPTER I.

Y only excuse for throwing George Tithers into the lily-pool at midnight is that I thought he was my wife, Susan. As a president of a bank and a highly respected and weighty citizen, I most seriously object to being called "Baldy," and I particularly object to being slapped gaily on the top of my head with an open hand. Or any other kind of hand. And I believed this Tithers person—my wife's brother, I'm ashamed to say—was in Europe. Naturally, then, when I had been dreaming that my wife was standing above me in a divorce court, denouncing me to the judge, and declaring that even the sight of my bald head had come to be nauseating to her, my first thought—when I felt the slap on the head and heard "What, ho, Baldy!"—was that Susan was attacking me. In an instant I had leaped from the marble bench and had grappled with my attacker. George Tithers cried out a moment too late, for I had already given a mighty heave and had thrown him full length into the lily-pond. As my mistake became apparent to me as I saw George Tithers coming out of the lily-pond on his hands and knees, I apologized frankly.

"I beg your pardon," I said; "I thought you were my wife."

"Rather! I should think so!" George said as he emerged and shook himself like a dog. "But it's not a nice way to treat a lady, Tully; is it, now? Wife drowning isn't done in the best circles any more, you know. But, I say: Has it come to this, really? The little gray home in the west must be off its feed, what?"

Now, my home is not gray and it is not in the west; it is white marble and on Long Island; but I let that pass. George Tithers had—in his silly way—put his finger on the exact fact; our home was "off its feed," as he chose to say, and entirely off its feed. I made George remain where he was while I explained the matter fully and to its least detail. Toward the end of the first half hour, as the night grew chilly, his teeth began to chatter and a little later he sneezed many times, with gradually increasing violence, but he listened patiently. This deepened my thought that George and his precious wife must be dead broke again, but I was glad to have even a dead-broke brother-in-law hear the truth about Susan and myself. That truth was that after twenty years of married-life we hated each other. As a matter of fact the reason I was on the marble bench by the lily-pool at midnight was because I had told Susan I would never again spend an hour under the same roof with her and that tomorrow we would begin seemingly but immediate preparations for a separation and divorce. I had meant to spend the night on that marble bench.

"I say!" George exclaimed between sneezes, when I had concluded. "The little old trouble has become quite a snorter, what? Jolly full time the doctor was called, yes? Arrived in the nick of time, didn't I, Tully? And, I say, do you mind if I esconce myself in the pool a bit? The water seems a bit warmer than the air."

THE idiot, I do believe, would have gone back into the pool, but that precious wife of his came out looking for him. She seemed to take his lily-pool bath as a matter of course, quite as if it was a habit of his to bathe in lily-pools at midnight, fully clad—as I have no doubt it is.

"Bathing, George?" she said, after she had greeted me—kissed me, mind you! "Be sure to have a brisk rub before you turn in. And you can come into the house now, Augustus; Susan has explained everything and the chauffeur is sleeping in the

kitchen. Susan has taken his room in the garage, temporarily, I hope, but it is a very comfortable room. You do your servants well, Augustus. It is a lovely trait."

"Susan attends to the servants," I said reluctantly.

"Does she? She does everything so well, doesn't she?" said George Tithers' wife. I might have said, in reply to that, "Too confounded well!" but I did not.

CHAPTER II.

"THE trouble," said George, when he had poured himself a chill-preventer, "is that Susan is a wife in a million. I'll

"Especially if he is the same dear old reliable husband," George corrected her. "It's the blessed routine that warps 'em, don't you think?"

"Rather!" said Amelia heartily.

"IT'S like being married to the bally old Westminster Abbey, what?" said George. "Act of parliament needed to permit even the riotous innovation of a new tombstone. Not a new hair on old Bald-Top in thirteen years! Not a new-style hiccough out of dear old Susie since the wedding bells!"

"Stop it!" I cried irritably, for he was

"A man—a man with a business to attend to—can't be running around divorcing his wife every day or so," I said.

"Crickets, no!" exclaimed George Tithers. "He'd be doing nothing else; that's not the right card—the right card is to marry the whole lot at the first jump-off, if you get me."

"I don't," I said dryly.

"You did it, though," said Amelia, with a laugh. "Susan did it, too. It's a poor stick of a woman that isn't a dozen women, and a poor stick of a man that isn't half a dozen men."

"What we mean," Tithers broke in, "is



She who never used rouge had used it too abundantly. Her gown—even Mrs. Hunterberry, who goes what is practically the limit, would have hesitated at it.

say in eight million. You told her she was a wife in a million, didn't you, old top, when you were a newly-wed?"

"None of your business!" I growled.

"Ah! He confesses!" said George Tithers. "And now, Gussie, me lad, because she is just that—a wife in a million wives exactly like her—you are sore. What? Bored! Biting the old fingernails with ennui! Dead sick of dear old Sue, and dear old Sue dead sick of nice old Gustus! T: trouble with you and Sue, me lad, is that you need a couple of stage managers. That's trouble No. 1. And trouble No. 2 hangs on it—you're both natural big-ests—"

"Stop right there!" I cried.

"Like all of us! Like all of us!" said George.

"Not another word!" I exclaimed, exceedingly angry.

"Whoa up!" George said then. "Stop here! The boss says stop. We're through, Amelia. I only meant to tell him of Lord Algy and Lady Mercedes, but he says 'stop!' and we stop."

"Oh, Lord Algy and Lady Mercedes!" exclaimed George's wife. "The happiest two people! Such a happy pair!"

"Always marrying! Always marry and gay, what?"

The poor wretch laughed heartily at his miserable pun.

"So cheery and happy! Always divorcing each other and marrying somebody else, and marryin' each other again so gaily!" exclaimed Amelia.

"Because a man gets tired of the dear old wife after twenty years, even if she is my sister," said George.

"And of the dear old reliable husband, even if he is the most respectable old baldy," said Amelia.

patting the top of my head, the silly donkey. "Leave my head alone! What about this Lord Algy and this Lady Mercedes—if you must talk?"

"Oh, they're just off-again on-again gay little marriers, Augustus!" George said. "Tired of one wife, get another; tired of one husband; get another. It's done in their circle. A man does get tired of the same wife. Routine stuff, if you get me. Deadly monotony, what? Sick of the sight of her; hate her—what?"

"It's in us," said Amelia placidly. "The bigamy thing, I mean. Any man who can afford it and is not restrained by convention or his ethics hops about a bit; has a variety. King Solomon, the sultan, Henry VIII, Lord Byron. And Tithy, here."

"In a way of speaking," said Tithers modestly.

"And myself, Tithy," said Amelia. "In a way of speaking, as you remark, darling. And Cleopatra, and the Queen of Sheba—by all accounts."

"Now, stop this nonsense!" I said. "You know, both of you, that you do not run about after other men and women—"

"Well, rather not!" cried George. "He don't get us, Amelia, he's a bit dense. Tell him."

"Marriage," said Amelia, "is almost never a failure; married life is. Marriage is the first joining of two people together, and jolly sport it is with the getting acquainted intimately, rubbing sharp points together, and all. Somethin' interestin' all the while, what? And then, in a few years—five, maybe, or ten, or twenty—comes married life; the routine stuff. Awful bore, sometimes; same old wife; same old husband; same old ways and everything! Nothing new! They get jolly well sick of each other, and no wonder."

that you and Sue need to be stage-managed, what? You two have twenty roles in you, between the two of you, but you won't change. You, Augustus, keep the middle of the stage forever and a day as the heavy father; and Sue has been playing the faithful wife twenty long years. 'Twentieth year of the appearance of Honorable Augustus Tulkington and Mrs. Augustus Tulkington in their disgustingly familiar parts of Honorable Augustus Tulkington and Mrs. Augustus Tulkington, what? It's not a wonder you want a divorce; it's a wonder you don't murder each other."

AMELIA TITHERS was looking at me thoughtfully.

"You can't grow new hair," she said, "but you might wear a wig occasionally."

"What ho, yes!" cried Tithers, jumping from his chair excitedly. "When he stages himself as the conceited elderly ass, what? A toupee, what? And white spats! And a monocle. No, not a monocle. A monocle can't be done."

But it was done. It was not a complete success, it would not stick in my eye, but I dangled it from a string and learned to swing it around my forefinger quite well. Exceedingly well, I may say.

AS anything seemed preferable to divorce, Susan and I, after thorough consideration of the matter in company with Tithers and his wife, agreed to appoint George and Amelia stage managers of our married life and I allowed them a liberal compensation. After a long consultation George and Amelia decided that it would be best for George to be my personal manager while Amelia managed Susan. I agreed to everything in advance, but I

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Eighteen Months on the Trail of Cannibals

The Annual Yam Festival of Malekula, as Practiced by the Inhabitants Before the Wondering Eyes of Americans and Englishmen Who Cruised South Seas in Their Quest for Real Cannibals. The Sad Story of Olela, Who Never Will Walk Again.



At left: The minister of war of Malekula Island, New Hebrides. Note the white *welakoo* feathers worn as a headdress.

INSTALLMENT VIII.

IT was the season of the great annual yam festival of Malekula, in the northern part of the New Hebrides Islands, and we learned that Rano Island had already begun its celebration and that a greater pig feast was in course of preparation on Atchin, a small island off the northeast coast of Malekula.

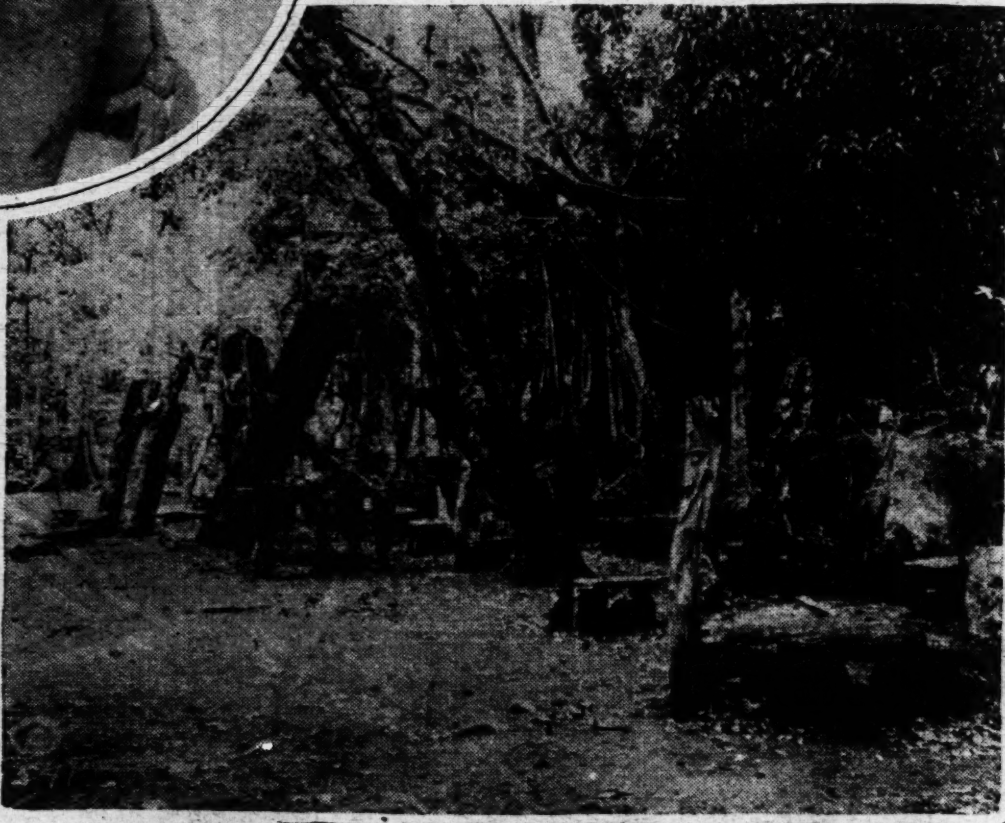
"It is the great sight of the New Hebrides," Francois, the French pilot whom we had taken aboard at the capital of those islands, informed me, "and none too safe if you happen in at the wrong time. Those savages dance in a religious frenzy for twenty-four hours, and then sacrifice their pigs to the Devil Devil and gorge themselves till they can't move. Then they go on to the next place of celebration on their own island or another, and keep it up for thirty days."

We promptly shaped our course for Atchin Island, where a couple of Australian Seventh Day Adventists had set up a small mission house. On the way we sailed among clusters of small islands and found a protected anchorage close to a sandy beach in the lee of Norsup Island.

For quite a while no one appeared. Like most of the wild tribes of the New Hebrides, these were timid when they saw my ship. Then, hearing no gunfire, one or two men came down to the beach, and finally several put out in their canoes to investigate us, but kept, what seemed to them, a safe distance.

We made every signal we could think of to indicate friendship and the dispensing of gifts, but without result. Finally we moved the American flag from the staff to the main truck. Perhaps that helped to reassure the savages that we were not a labor recruiting vessel or a gunboat, on which they were accustomed to seeing the French or British flag. They paddled within hailing distance, and we asked if they would bring us some bananas and yams. They did. And their fellows, seeing no harm ensue, paddled out in crowds. Soon they became brave enough to come aboard and make themselves at home, seeming to relish the freedom of sitting in chairs and spreading themselves all over the deck. A few sticks of tobacco quickly cemented our friendship.

AS soon as the islanders learned what we were about there was no trouble in lining up this race of small people before the camera. None of the men stood over five feet two or three inches, and they wore only the smallest whisk of leaf, and such ornaments as beads, a piece of pigtail coiled up through the lobes of the ears, or a comb in their ill-kept, short, bushy hair. Fortunately, the camera could not chronicle the dirty-black color of their skin nor the odor they carried around with them, and which we were not always able to leave to the leeward.



Above, sacrifice stones on which human beings were formerly sacrificed in the sing-sing grounds of Malekula.

We found not more than a hundred natives living on this island in small houses crudely built of bamboo and thatch, erected, for the most part, directly on the ground, although some were elevated on posts, and grouped in little compounds surrounded by fences of coral stones.

Pointing to these primitive walls the chief told my interpreter that they were built for the purpose of keeping the pigs out of their compounds, but, so far as I could see, just as many pigs roamed inside the enclosures—and even the dwellings—as roamed outside.

A few banana trees and paw-paws gave shade and a touch of beauty to these primitive abodes, but there was no sign of agricultural development on the island.

"Where do you get your yams?" I asked the chief in Beche-la-mer. He pointed across the bay to where, a mile or two away, the jungles of Malekula swung a dense fringe of palms over the lapping waves.

HERE the natives cultivated their yam gardens—their sole dependence for a living—and paddled to and from work in small, very crude dugout canoes. They also ate a few bananas, which they seemed to prefer half-ripe, and occasionally picked up clams and crustaceans on the beach.

Here, as in most sections of Malekula, the man with the most pigs is master of his village. He is elected chief or leader, perhaps because the people hope that by such flattery he may be encouraged to hold a feast.

From here we shaped our course for Atchin Island.

A little cowering native girl pushed herself along the floor away from us as we entered the mission. Her leg was swathed in bandages. Mrs. Stewart stopped her, smiling.

"This is Olela," she said to me, and the child's frightened look fell into bewilderment when I took her hand. She was almost stupefied with delight when I gave her a string of bright beads and a piece of printed calico.

"According to the custom of Malekula,"

Mrs. Stewart told me, "Olela was sold when she was three years of age. Her future husband paid one pig for her and not long ago, when she was twelve years old, he paid the balance of her purchase price, five pigs and some yams, for Olela is sturdy and comely and fetched a higher price than most girls. Her owner put her in his women's compound with his other wives, their

the girl of six years came running to her she said: "Here is a dear child that we rescued from its grave before the earth had stifled it to death." Her gentle blue eyes beamed on her young proteges.

One could say nothing in the face of such a sacrifice which had never made a convert of any of these barbarians. Natives attended their church solely because it amused them to listen to and join in singing hymns which had been translated into their own tongue. But with savage perversity, whenever the time arrived for observance of heathen ceremonies the mission congregation took a specially prominent part in sacrificing to the Devil Devil.

All South Sea Island tribes have a different Devil Devil. Each has a religious belief entirely different from the others. Even tribes only four miles apart in the New Hebrides practice different religious rites and have different customs.

On Malekula the people know no law except that of the club, and no religion except fear of the Devil Devil and of the spirits of departed ancestors. They seem to have no idea of a good spirit that I could discover. Their religious belief appears to be universally founded on fear, not love.

If the Stewarts were unsuccessful in making Christians of these Atchin Islanders, they were able to help their bodily ills through medical treatment. The missionaries had learned the cures and partial cures of local complaints, and to them came suffering natives to be relieved of running sores, the chief affliction of the islands.

The few missionaries who had ventured on Malekula have disappeared. Some were killed, and—

it is said—eaten. Some were driven away by fever. Not one made a convert. But they did some good in combating the evil practices of traders and labor recruiters—known as "blackbirders."

At the time of our arrival Atchin, like all the little neighboring islands off the east coast of Malekula, had been making preparations for their yam harvest festival for a month, and we lost no time in making the acquaintance of natives who would pave the way for our visit to their sing-sing grounds, where the yam festivals are held just after the crop of yams has been harvested.

IT was necessary to interest and accustom them to my cameras in order to obtain pictures of the forthcoming event.

Yams constitute the principal article of food of natives in this territory, and Malekula Islanders believe that this great crop has been given them by the Devil Devil, and so they make thank offerings in their sing-sing grounds to their gods and hold a carnival of dances and feasting. Since they believe that the Devil Devil can only be gratified with a blood sacrifice, they now slay pigs in place of their slaves or captives, or one of their women, as in former times, because gunboats are likely to unpleasantly interrupt their banquet if human sacrifices are offered. The Malekulans reason that if the Devil Devil was satisfied with a woman he would be equally satisfied with a pig, since a woman is worth no more than a pig.

Even on the Island of Malekula there were at least half a dozen sing-sing grounds, and they were distributed on all the other islands thereabouts.

The presence of a Christian mission on the island did not in any way interfere with carrying out the feast in the old accustomed way, except by substituting pigs for human

children and his pigs, and expected her to make an excellent worker.

"Perhaps the large price paid for Olela provoked jealousy among her associates; at any rate, their teasing, added to the dreadfulness of her lot, proved too much for a high-spirited girl, and she ran away. Of course, her husband found her, beat her cruelly, and returned her to her squalid compound, where her existence was made harder than ever. After a few months she watched her opportunity to escape again, and this time, when her husband found her, he not only beat her, but heated a rock the size of a coconut to white heat, put this under her knee and bent her leg back over it, burning through tendons and flesh. You know they do this to a wife who runs away a second or a third time so that she cannot escape again," explained Mrs. Stewart.

"We heard of the search which was being made for Olela and went to rescue her, but we got there too late to save her being crippled. She can never walk again, but at least we may be able to heal her leg and she will not have to drag herself around always with a terrible running sore, as other Malekula women are doing."

In their fight against the barbarities which Malekula men practice upon their women the Stewarts have succeeded in breaking up one custom on Atchin Island and its vicinity—the killing of a man's widow at his death. Some of the natives have heeded the appeal of the missionaries not to kill the poor, helpless creatures, a plea which they, perhaps, fancied was backed by gunboats, but this reprieve has condemned the widows to a fate scarcely less terrible. They are compelled to cover their persons with soot and ashes, make themselves appear as unattractive as possible, and never wash either their hair or bodies during the balance of their lives.

THE missionaries are also trying to stop the burying alive of nursing babes with their dead mothers.

"Come, Mimi!" called Mrs. Stewart, her slim figure bending forward, her toil-worn hand outstretched, and when a bright lit-

By Capt. Edward A. Salisbury, as Told to M. Wilkinson Mount

Missionaries Do Much in Bodily Way for Natives, But When It Comes to the Devil Devil Offerings Most of the Mission Church Congregation Is on Hand for the Dance and the Feast—Places for Religious Rights Known as Sing-Sing Grounds—Malekulans Use Totems for Their Devil Devils and When Worshipping Beat Drums With Tireless Energy.

beings on the sacrifice stones—rock slabs raised upon supporting stones and headed with an upright slab (like a rough tomb headstone), which served for a sacrificial altar or butcher's block, as one chooses to regard the rite.

Each day every family brought the largest and finest yam of the day's digging, lashed it on the end of a bamboo stick eight feet long, took it to the sing-sing ground in the center of the island, where a small piece of jungle was cleared, and stuck the end of the pole in the ground. They swept the sing-sing grounds clean every day. At one end of the grounds stood sections of tree trunks, about ten feet long, some erect, others leaning over, that had been hollowed out from a small slit not more than two or three inches wide. They were carved with huge grotesque faces and small bodies of men, and grinned and bulged weirdly like gnomes in the dim light of the jungles. Other similar posts lined the approaches to the dance grounds, but were not hollowed out. They were simply Devil Devil totems, while the hollow logs were "Devil Devils he fightem he sing out," by which method a Malekulan describes his drums, or tom toms. Drummers beat on the hollow logs with tireless energy and produced the rhythmic sounds to which the natives danced.

ALL the totems were freshly painted and streamers of bark were hung to flutter overhead.

Hundreds of small stakes had been driven around the edge of the grounds, and on one side was a row of larger stakes, diminutive houses and little stone fences. The houses were intended to hold big boars, while pigs were to be tied to the stakes. Hundreds of pigs were tied back of the fence of the sing-sing, and scattered around the edge of the clearing were piles of rocks, where some of the headmen of the past had been buried. Most conspicuous were the stalks of bamboo, hung with large yams, arranged in lines around new-thatched houses on stilts that held piles of smaller yams. A yam house stood in the center of all sing-sing grounds, and frenzied natives danced around it.

Atchin is only about five hundred acres in extent, with a population of over four hundred people, and its yam festival taxed its resources to the utmost.

Canoes began arriving, and all day long they paddled towards us, now in groups, again scattered singly over the water, others in fleets that landed a hundred visitors on the beach at a time.

Of all the savage dances I have ever seen that of the Little Nambus is the most ferocious and wild.

The festival began early in the morning, when a few women were allowed to take a small part in the beginning of the dance. All were grotesquely adorned for the occasion. A flower stuck in each side of their mop of hair is characteristic of the New Hebrides natives, but for this occasion men decked themselves with boughs of trees, strips of bark and flowers. Some wore enormous elephant-ear leaves and palm leaves bound to the side of their head and towering above them.

Arranging our cameras so as to attract as little attention as possible, we photographed the women and children as they commenced to arrive. They were all dressed up in paint and ornaments. Most of them had painted bright red lines and scrolls on their faces and bodies. Some faces were

painted solid red, and others solid black with charcoal. What a shrinking, cowering lot of individuals they were! It was not from modesty, but timidity and habitual fear that they slunk to their places and squatted like whipped dogs around the edges of the grounds out of the way.

THE stage was set. With a wild war-hoop a hundred or more warriors, hideously painted and in their fantastic decorations, rushed in the opening at one end of the grounds and began to dance with various contortions of the body. In their first evolu-

The sing-sing was so full of trees and surrounded by so dense a jungle that it was very difficult to get a good picture in the dim light, and I set off some flares. The dancers seemed not to notice the blinding glare of our flares nor the sudden gloom after they were extinguished.

Along towards afternoon the men had worked themselves up into a state of excitement. They grew more and more savage; the dance wilder and wilder as the afternoon waned. They raced in at one end

Sacrifice bearers carried the animals by a foot, an ear or a tail, swinging them about their heads, ferociously clubbing each other with the poor beats, and then throwing them with full force at the feet of the men in the receiving line. This cruel spectacle continued for hours, until hundreds of pigs filled the grounds. Then, in the early hours of dawn, the horrors of sacrifice began. A hundred pigs at a time were killed by stabbing them in the heart or throat. The sing-sing grounds ran with blood.

Cooking pits were filled with victims of the sacrifices, covered with yams and fruit, and in the morning exhausted natives sat and gorged their fill.

The orgy at Atchin Island lasted two days. On the second day the dancers became so savage that I decided we would be safer on the ship, and about 7 o'clock, when it began to grow dark, we slipped cautiously away, unnoticed by the frenzied natives, and went back to the Wisdom. I wouldn't have dared attempt to take a picture while they were so ferocious and wild.

AT 2 o'clock on a night of such a festival at a neighboring sing-sing I awakened and heard the tom toms still throbbing weirdly through the night. It occurred to me that a fine night picture could be made by using flares. I knew that by 3 o'clock in the night the greater part of the dancers were in their villages sleeping the sleep of exhaustion, and that the remainder would probably be too engrossed too wearied from dancing all day and most of the night to make demonstrations against us if we made pictures.

So I took ten men, each with a large acetelyn flare, and told them that when the moment arrived for taking a picture I would give a signal by blowing on a boat-swain's whistle, and all the flares would be lighted simultaneously and the picture taken.

It was pitch dark when we started, and we groped our way with difficulty and many false turns in the jungle to the grounds. We did not reach there until 3 o'clock.

A few fires still burned in the sing-sing ground, and some twenty savages danced mechanically back and forth.

I sought the chief, and in Beche-la-mer explained to him my purpose, and that when the flares were lighted the dancers were not to be frightened.

The chief explained my message to the men. The warriors resumed their dance. I gave the signal. Bright shone the flares. The cameras ground out reels. Not a man was in the sing-sing. At the first flash every one had fled to the woods. It took an hour to get them sufficiently over their fright to come back. None of them was hurt; that was reassuring.

They were shown the mechanism of the flares and encouraged to handle them. Timidly they did so. This seemed to calm their fears. They went back to dancing.

I explained that I would take a picture with one flare and then with all the flares. The men danced without pause through the single flare. Then I lighted ten. They danced on. I got the picture. It was 4 o'clock.

If the yam festivals which took place, in rotation, in the sing-sing grounds distributed over Malekula Island were any more ferocious than the ones I witnessed in Rano and Atchin, I doubt if any picture could have been made of the ceremony.

(Continued Next Sunday.)



Above, woman of the New Hebrides returning from the yam gardens, on Atchin Island. The piece of calico she wears around her hips was put on at the request of the photographer, so that the picture would pass the censor.

tion they lined themselves along the boar houses and pig stakes.

It was a savage spectacle to see these naked black figures prancing back and forth in the shadowy jungle in the simplest form of dance to the tune of growling tom toms and their howling, "Ao vo aho oah, yeeo aai yo yo O eeah!" which they chanted in only four or five notes of the scale.

A few women, brightly painted and decorated, danced after the men. Some carried babes on their backs. They went through a prance of their own, and took their places opposite the men.

We became impressed with the savage seriousness of the ceremony, and I was glad that we had accustomed the natives to our cameras, so that when we appeared at the grounds they took no notice of us.

I stationed two or three operators outside the grounds, working through aperatures. The savages had become so intent on their religious rites that they paid not the slightest attention to our grinding cameras.

of the grounds and raced across to the other, beating drums in rhythm and fiercely oblivious to their surroundings.

Towards evening the dancers carried torches, accentuating the weirdness of the barbaric scene. They had wrought themselves into a demoniac frenzy. Forward and back rushed the grotesque columns to the drumming of the tom toms.

THEN came the main ceremonial—bringing in the pigs. Men from other islands formed themselves in groups, each with a pig. Many gripped a club in one hand and a pig in the other. Some dragged two, others even three on a string. Here and there struggled men carrying a large boar in their arms, its formidable looking tusks adding savagery to the scene. These groups rushed the grounds in turn, uttering the wildest yelling and screeching, bringing the sacrificial pigs to the men who placed themselves to receive them, and delivered the writhing, squealing offerings by no means gently, but as barbarians in the highest pitch of excitement.



THE AQUARIUM SOCIETY'S EXHIBITION

CHARACTER SKETCHES
BY
A. RUSSELL

THE SPECIMEN HERE SHOWN IS BOLEOPHTHALMUS HENPECTINIROSTRIS. A PECULIAR TRAIT OF THIS FISH IS THAT THE FATHER TAKES CARE OF AND FEEDS THE YOUNG. IT WAS NOTICED THAT THE LADIES, PARTICULARLY THOSE OF SUFFRAGETTE PERSUASION, SEEMED MUCH IMPRESSED WITH THIS EXHIBIT. YES, IT'S QUITE LIKELY THAT THE EXPRESSION "POOR FISH" ORIGINATED RIGHT HERE.

"WHY, VIRGINIA HARNED, MY DARLING, I JUST KNOW YOU'RE NOT GETTING ENOUGH AIR. I MUST TAKE YOU HOME WITH ME TONIGHT, DEAREST" (THE FISH IS NAMED VIRGINIA HARNED BECAUSE SHE HAS A RED TOP KNOT)

HELLO OTTO

OH MIN

A REMARKABLE RESEMBLANCE WAS NOTED BETWEEN ONE OF THE FISHES ON EXHIBITION AND ANDY GUMP. WE DO HOPE ANDY DOESN'T GET THE HOOK IN HIS RACE FOR CONGRESS.

I'LL CHARGE YEZ FIVE DOLLARS A MONTH TER FEED AN' TAKE CARE UV TH' CRITTER.

WHY, MERCY ME, I ONLY PAID TEN CENTS FOR THE BOWL AND THEY THREW IN THE FISH

THERE'S NO HOPE FOR A REAL FISH BUG. OFFICER, BETTER CALL THE WAGON.

AND REMEMBER, MADAM, FISH CANNOT THRIVE WHERE THERE'S CIGAR SMOKE

I SHALL SEE TO IT THAT THERE'S NO SMOKING IN MY HOUSE AFTER THIS

NEVER AGAIN!

HAVING THE CAUSE OF PROHIBITION MUCH AT HEART, WE SUGGEST THE INTRODUCTION INTO OUR STREAMS OF THE BLACK 'FOUR-TAILED STICKLEBACK' (DIABOLUS FEROCISSIMUS)

OWNING A GOLDFISH IS A GOOD DEAL LIKE OWNING AN AUTOMOBILE. IT ISN'T SO MUCH THE INITIAL EXPENDITURE AS THE GENERAL UPKEEP THAT GETS YOUR GOAT.

IT'S GETTING SO A MAN CANT EVEN ENJOY HIMSELF AT A FISH SHOW ANY MORE.

I'VE HAD WONDERFUL LUCK WITH SPAGHETTARIA NONSENSUS

MY HUSBAND IS SO FOND OF VALLISNERIA SPIRITUS FRUM-ENTI

WHY HAROLD, DONT YOU SEE THE ADORABLE SPECIMEN OF POTBELLI-COSUS DENSUS

SAY MOM, I CANT SEE DE FISH FOR ALL DE CABBAGE

THE MOOR LOOKS LIKE HARRY WILLS

POLICE!

THE MOST FEROCIOUS FIGHTING FISH OF THEM ALL IS THE VEIL-TAILED MOOR WHO IS HERE SEEN CHASING A POOR \$50 SCALARE FROM AMAZON RIVER. VICIOUS AS THIS FISH NO DOUBT IS, WE'LL BACK OUR COMMON AMERICAN DOWIAGIAC FROM DOWIAGIAC, MICH. AGAINST THE MOOR ANY OLD TIME.

WHAT THE HOTEL, BILL

WONT YOU COME AND PLAY WITH ME

PORK RIND

FISH FANCIERS, IT IS NOTICED, ARE MUCH GIVEN TO THE INDISCRIMINATE USE OF LATIN, A CUSTOM WHICH OUGHT TO BE DISCOURAGED WITH THOSE NOT ACTUALLY LATIN SCHOLARS

The Peace

Written From the Personal Papers and Under the Direction of

Woodrow Wilson

CHAPTER XL.

In the preceding chapter Mr. Baker set forth the economic policies of Continental Europe and Japan.

ECONOMICALLY the United States at Paris was in a wholly unique position. She was practically self-sufficient, like France, but was not under the fierce economic and financial pressure which was strangling France; she had vast international business interests, like Great Britain (and to a lesser degree, Italy), but was not dependent upon them to anything like the same extent, and, therefore, not so sharply concerned about ships, raw materials or trade privileges. She was, like Japan, emerging from the war with greatly increased power, wealth and prestige; but, unlike Japan, she was seeking no imperialistic expansion. She was rich, powerful, unexhausted, therefore not afraid.

Thus, while the president's political policy at Paris sought with far-sighted vision to knit the nations more closely together in a co-operative unit to guarantee the peace of the world, his economic policy (beyond the immediate problem of relief, in which it was strong and positive) was negative in its character and its purpose was to break down obstacles to international trade rather than to set up new co-operative relationships. It was unity and co-operation in political affairs; laissez-faire in economic matters. The president was convinced that if world political stability could be assured and peace sternly maintained by the league, with trade barriers so far as possible broken down, economic relationships would speedily readjust themselves. Traders, properly protected, would trade again; private bankers would negotiate credits as in the past; goods would flow according to the law of supply and demand.

When, therefore, the war closed suddenly, the reaction was powerful. There was a buoyant feeling that now that the war was over, every effort be made to "get back to business." In America, beyond any other nation, private business was intoxicated by the opportunities opening before it. Our government strongly shared this exuberance.

THE results of this policy—a reaction quite as notable also in Great Britain—were evident in several important lines of action. America began at once, despite the protests of the allies, to attempt immediate restriction of financial assistance and the liquidation of the great organs of international economic control so laboriously built up during the war.

It is significant that when he began to think of a future constitution for the world the president minimized the economic relationships; even those he had suggested earlier in the fourteen points, like the matter of "equality of trade conditions." Already the republican party in America, with its traditional policy of protectionism, was in control of the senate. What hope was there for a program of economic agreements?

As for the other great economic policy, the "freedom of the seas," the president considered that it would be met without specific provision by the organization of the league of nations, "in which there would be no neutrals"—as he declared in a public statement, February 14.

It is easy to see, therefore, why the president should tell the group of experts on the George Washington, going over in December, that he was "not much impressed in the economic subjects" to be discussed at Paris.

Wilson Faces Economic Problems in Paris

By Ray Stannard Baker

Designated for the Work by the Former President.

The American peace delegation thus went to Europe with only a small group of economic experts, headed by Professor A. A. Young as a part of the inquiry staff. These men were looked to for the economic facts that the Americans thought they might need in the negotiations—mainly statistics of wealth, trade, damage—like the statistics of areas and populations to be furnished by the geographical and other advisers.

ON the other hand, if the Americans felt little interest in the more permanent economic relationships and were eager to "take the harness off," they did have a sharp realization of the immense importance of measures to hold Europe together economically and politically while peace was being negotiated. Wilson emphasized this need in addresses to congress in November and December and within two weeks after the armistice experts in great economic affairs were in Europe to take up these immediate questions. Herbert Hoover, who was thoroughly familiar with conditions in Europe, to look after the administration of relief; Edward N. Hurley, who had been chairman of the United States shipping board, to look after tonnage; and Norman H. Davis to pass upon the financial questions involved.

A little later, and especially after his arrival in Paris, the president saw that he would need reinforcements all along his economic lines. To the American economic leaders already in Europe, Davis, Hoover and Hurley and experts of the inquiry staff, were soon added Bernard M. Baruch, who had been at the head of the stupendous work of the war industrial board; Thomas M. Lamont, Vance McCormick, who had been chairman of the war-trade board, Albert Strauss, Jeremiah Smith, Jr., Henry M. Robinson, L. L. Summers, Bradley W. Palmer, and Frank W. Taussig of the tariff commission.

While this American economic council, which came to be known as the "Economic Group," met more or less regularly and even kept minutes, it did not grapple with broad or general economic policies, but rather with immediate problems; and it was soon short-circuited by a less formal method of direct conferences and direct communications between the economic experts and the president himself. More and more, as the peace conference developed, the president leaned for advice upon these men, and not only in financial and economic questions, but he requested their suggestions upon other problems as well. As was the case with Lloyd George, the economic implications of the peace gripped the president harder and harder as time went on: for how make peace and build a secure league of nations among hungry people whose daily work was in chaos for want of materials to work upon, whose credit systems were broken down?

But there were other less disinterested motives for restoring the economic co-operation for relief. Immense stocks of food had been produced in America under prices to the farmers guaranteed by the government. The sudden stoppage of the war left these stocks, especially of pork, on hand; if America immediately broke away from inter-allied co-operative arrangements, as she proposed to do, how could she hold the European governments to the prices for these products agreed upon? This was a most embarrassing problem, which could be met and was met only by further co-operation.

Another motive, powerfully expressed by the president, was the importance of co-

operation in the maintenance of the existing economic order in western Europe in order to stem the advancing tide of bolshevism.

The president's idea was not only to go forward with the positive work of sending food to the starving in enemy countries, but to enable them to help themselves by raising the blockade which still throttled them.

But both plans for this urgent assistance were blocked by the French.

One further urgent economic problem—that of reparations—was also met by the Americans, as will be much more fully developed in later chapters, with a let-live policy of moderation. It had its roots in President Wilson's firm declarations of the terms of peace, before the war closed; there were to be "no contributions and no punitive damages." There was to be "reparation" but not "indemnity." He did not think of this primarily, as the basis of a new economic program, but in connection with the danger of such punitive damages to future peace and political stability in the world.

Above any other nation represented at Paris the Americans stood for a cool-headed and practical solution of this problem and the immediate setting of a definite sum within the ability of Germany to pay, thus laying a solid foundation upon which to build a new financial structure in the world. It is not too much to say that if the advice of the Americans regarding reparations at Paris had been taken the world would today be far nearer stability than it is. For the American experts were not only men of wide experience in large affairs but they were the most disinterested of any similar group in Paris; they were not trying to "put anything over," but really endeavoring to secure essentially just and reasonable settlements. But in this field also the American plan was blocked by the French, supported by reactionary British influences.

So much for the urgent problems; consider now the more permanent problems. With the political side of the settlements the Americans grappled strongly and constructively; they had vision; a glowing new vision of world political co-operation; but on the economic side their proposals were only restorative and not creative. They acknowledged little responsibility for the future economic regeneration and reorganization of the world beyond immediate practical help in getting out of the morass of war. They were cold, as will be shown, even to most of the modest new plans of economic co-operation suggested by other nations.

America has not yet clearly perceived that she, too, is unescapably bound up not only with the future political security and stability of the world, but also with its economic security and stability. A newly crowded world with multitudinous new inventions for eliminating distance and time has utterly destroyed nationalistic isolation. Nations must either fight or co-operate—and that all along the line. But the American policy at Paris was to co-operate politically, and to go back to the old economic rivalries, with each nation playing a lone hand.

Thus when America came to the more permanent economic problems which began to appear as never before at Paris, our only program was one of "let alone"—each nation determining, independently, its own economic policy. We were too strong economically to feel the immediate need of new co-operative arrangements as did the nations of Europe. We did not see how intimately political stability and peace were tied up with economic stability and peace, nor perceive that at the very moment that political peace was being made at Paris great private or even governmental economic agencies were pushing out their armies of exploration and exploitation and seizing upon oil, coal, copper, potash and

other wealth—with an unrestrained enterprise which must sooner or later, if no new understandings were developed, lead to new and more dreadful wars.

The president had undertaken the truly great task of bringing the country into a political league of nations; he could not venture to predetermine its economic policies, with relation to Europe.

Consider, then, the American attitude toward the problems of the financial rehabilitation of the world, which centered around the enormous international debts—with America as principal creditor.

The president had agreed to the necessity of doing something; yet the American delegation could not agree to anything which carried with it renunciation of any claims of the United States! The only action, therefore, that could be considered with regard to the debts of the allies was, when boiled down, not more than a postponement of payment.

Two such plans are found in Mr. Wilson's files. One is in the form of a letter from Baruch, dated May 7, the other is a printed report made at the president's special request by Davis and Lamont. Their proposals are substantially identical—refunding past loans, and further advances for purposes of reconstruction and revival of trade. Governmental financing was to be confined to the unavoidable minimum.

In short, while requiring the payment in full of Europe's debts to us, we were demanding a removal of all economic barriers so that our unharmed and mighty private business interests could rush in to every market. At the same time that we were arguing—and rightly arguing—that France and Great Britain abate exorbitant claims to reparations, in order to bring about the common good of Europe, we were refusing to abate anything for the common good of the world. We argued that Europe must co-operate and sacrifice in order to pay her debts to us—but we offered nothing but postponement in return, and even demanded a "removal of economic barriers" as a condition precedent to that.

It is not the intent in such a narrative of events as this to argue that the debts should or should not have been "abated" or "canceled"—but merely to point out as a historical fact that the Americans could not meet these particular and very real problems on any broad basis of co-operation, of that "give and take" which represents genuine sacrifice upon both sides.

In short, the Americans at Paris found themselves, so far as these problems were concerned, traveling always in a vicious circle. We were arguing that Europe must put its house in order before the United States could or would help further. But Europe could not do this, argued the European leaders, without powerful American co-operation; for America had all the money and controlled, to a great extent, the economic resources of the world. In this vicious circle—no co-operation without reform, no reform without co-operation—the arguments at Paris went round and round in weary reiteration—as they have gone on ever since in the haggling over efforts to get America into the Genoa conference and the later Hague conference. How, then, could anything be really settled?

The president's position all along, of course, was plain. The nations were to join with good-will in a league of nations for which each was to make the real sacrifices which must lie beneath any true co-operation. America's sacrifice was symbolized in Article X, which the president called the "heart of the covenant." During the chaotic after-war period, America was also to co-operate economically to restore Europe, as she did nobly in the supreme economic council. Once the league was in being, and all the nations working together, then these more difficult and delicate economic relationships could be gradually worked out. More than this, the president knew he could not ask, at that time, of public opinion in America; and even this he did not finally secure; for America was apparently unwilling to make either political or economic sacrifices. And with America unrepresented either in the league or in the important reparation commission we are beset, with the enormous dead-weight of obligations we hold against Europe, an actual obstacle to world recovery and world co-operation, rather than the true and constructive leader of a new world. (Copyright, 1922, for The Constitution.)

(To Be Continued Next Sunday.)

... "Right," Says Reno's Famous

HERE is a frank, fearless plea that the easy dissolution of marriage bonds, which has been called "Nevada's chief industry," is founded on justice to the individual and makes for the best interests of the nation.

It comes from one who has served term after term on the bench in Reno, has presided over hundreds of cases, has been deeply conversant with the details of every important suit that has come before the Nevada courts—one, in short, who is thoroughly qualified to discuss the momentous question of divorce.

From every standpoint, it must be admitted that the question is momentous. To place in a series of articles before the American public the varied points in the divorce problem, no one better equipped could have been chosen than Judge Bartlett. He is completely conversant, from his long term of service on the Nevada bench, with every angle of the question. Judge Bartlett was born in San Francisco, but moved in infancy to Nevada. He is a graduate of Georgetown university. Since 1893 he has practiced law or served the public—as district attorney, as member of the sixtieth and sixty-first congresses and as district judge of Reno.

ARTICLE I.

Increase in Divorces Not an Alarming Fact But a Simple, Natural Fact—The Children Often Are Better Off With Their Uncongenial Parents Apart—Margaret Gould's Suit Against M. de Bernard—How No-divorce South Carolina Defeats the Ends of Morality.

"There is no cause for alarm in the divorce increase. It is a sign of the times; in many ways it is a healthy sign."—Judge George A. Bartlett.

By

Hon. George A. Bartlett,
District Judge, Reno, Nevada

DIVORCE in the United States is greatly on the increase.

This is the stark fact, backed by copious figures laboriously compiled by statisticians.

It is an alarming fact, in the opinion of some persons; it is a simple, natural fact, as viewed by others.

The alarmists in the matter of divorce are the reactionaries, the stand-patters, the anti-progressives. In their idea, life is all blocked out into neat little checkerboard squares, and they fight tooth and nail against anything that threatens to disturb their orderly arrangement.

Those who take the divorce increase as a simple, natural fact include the flexible, far-visioned individuals who see life as an ever-changing, ever-progressing force. They realize that the present era is marked by social economic readjustments so great as to be almost tantamount to upheaval. They understand, therefore, that a readjustment of standards concerning the marriage relations, along with the rest, is not only natural but inevitable.

There is no cause for alarm in the divorce increase. It is a sign of the times; in many ways it is a healthy sign.

The institution of marriage must be saved. The world is not ready for its abolition; the world will not be ready for several generations, if ever.

But the free dissolution of ties that lack emotional justification is no menace to the marriage institution. Indeed, the contrary is true; for the institution of marriage should not only be saved, but should be ennobled and elevated.

A noble marriage is a union of congenial spirits. Divorce will not touch it. Other unions are pseudo-marriages and their disruption harmonizes with the best preservation of the marriage institution.

But before I go into all that, I want to give you a preliminary survey of the facts, and also some of the figures, involved in the present divorce situation.

Unfortunately the most recent official statistics obtainable are those for the year 1916; for the succeeding period, observation will have to be substituted for actual figures. The year 1916 showed a total number of 112,036 divorces throughout the country, as compared with a total of 72,062 for 1906 and a total of 42,937 in 1896. Allowances must be made for counties from which no returns were received.

A good idea of the increase can be gained from a consideration of the number of divorces per 100,000 population. The

rate of 112 in 1916; 84 in 1906; 75 in 1900; 53 in 1890; 39 in 1880; 28 in 1870.

Hands will go up in horror at this apparent loosing of the bonds of responsibility; there will be persons who interpret the figures as signs of a weakening of moral stamina.

I want to call to the special attention of all such persons this fact: That in order justly to estimate the significance of the figures, as indicators of the moral worth of a people, it is necessary to note very carefully the varied conditions of the different periods mentioned.

Factors such as the changed status of women, increased travel facilities and a consequent greater scope of individual vision, larger educational opportunities, have brought about profound differences between the past two or three generations; and no comparative analysis which do not reckon with these things can have any value.

AND I want to say right here, to forestall that inevitable question: "What about the children?" which I know you are about to ask, that I believe the separation of the parents in some cases is not only not against the children's best interests but actually necessary to the furtherance of them.

Take the condition revealed in the suit of Margaret (Gould) De Bernard, a New York society woman, against her husband, Pierre M. De Bernard, of Paris. The case, by the way, shows how financial elements frequently play a part that gives a decidedly sordid tinge to the relation about to be broken.

The couple were married in 1907, and divorced twelve years later.

At the time of their marriage M. De Bernard was in the real estate business in Paris, from which he derived the income of \$2,000 per year. Immediately after their wedding, he announced that he would not work any more, since her income was sufficient to support them both. She protested against the decision, telling him that she wanted him to build a career for himself, and that she would aid him financially.

It was no use; he flatly refused to work.

She had been allowed an income by the trustees of her father's estate, which was deposited to the joint credit of herself and her husband. He squandered most of it in extravagant and riotous living, so her testimony declared. Frequently, when she tried to pay her personal bills by check, she would find that her husband had drawn out all the money. Checks and bills would be returned to her unpaid, which of course gave her deep humiliation.



GEORGE A. BARTLETT



It is natural that she should remonstrate with him.

"You are rich," he would reply. "Have your trustees make you a larger allowance."

Frequently his creditors, too—cave owners, tailors, and so on—would come to her and present their bills, demanding that she pay them regardless of the fact that she had nothing to do with contracting them. It often happened that, to avoid humiliation, she had to borrow money to pay not only her own bills, but her husband's as well.

Her health, as the result of such constant anxiety, gave way, and she was forced to be a frequent visitor at sanitariums. At length, in 1914, she left France and returned to America, since when she has lived apart from her husband.

The couple have one child. Those who declare that the separation of the parents is hard upon the children are especially invited to consider the case just given.

Would any child be better off in the joint presence of parents whose relation was so lacking in spiritual basis?

Consult those who have devoted their lives to a study of psychology in general, and of child welfare in particular, to be answered with a vigorous negative.

Depart from abstract theory for a moment, and look at the hard, concrete facts outlined. Why, you can't question that separation was a million times more auspicious for that child's best development than a continuance of the ugly condition that existed!

The father, in his cross bill, entered a plea for the custody of the child during June, July and August of each year. The court ruled, rather ambiguously, that the mother "may permit" the child to visit the father during the summer months.

THE relation of divorce rate to number of grounds for divorce in various sections of the country is interesting. New York recognizes but one ground, which is infidelity. Yet New York divorces in 1906 showed an increase of 62.9 per cent over 1896; in 1916, the decade's increase was 59.9 per cent.

New York, in spite of her single cause, holds her own with the rest of the country. Twenty-four states had a smaller proportion of increase than New York; yet all of them recognize more than one ground.

South Carolina, even more retrogressive,

in 1888 so changed her laws that divorce is granted on no ground whatever.

I can see the alarmists shaking approving heads at this; but I believe they might falter a little in their approbation if they would make an investigation of its effects upon illicit living, and the condition of almost legalized concubinage which has resulted there.

The result has been the necessity to regulate, by statute, how large a proportion of his property a married man may give to his "affinity."

In 1916, New York's rate per 100,000 was 32—the lowest in the country, with exception of North Carolina, whose rate was 31. But don't draw erroneous conclusions from that, remember that great numbers of New York's mismatched persons, shrinking from the use of the one legal basis in their own state, or perhaps having no ground for the use of it, migrate to other states in search of freedom.

Five More to Come---H

ARTICLE II.—Judge Bartlett discusses "Angle." How her increased social given her new needs and a new strength divorce court: The Mabel Gilman-Coax of the Allen case.

Article III.—Why Reno is a beneficent divorce "colony" centered there. Inside legal and moral values that are involved.

Article IV.—"The Man's Side of Sinned Against as Sinning," says Judge Bartlett of the war on the divorce increase. He v cases.

Article V.—The marital infelicities and his several wives, Virginia Harned, also those of a famous New York society.

Article VI.—Judge Bartlett will give of marriage and the justification for means for bettering the situation.

Judge of the Easy Divorce ...



up" for the purpose. That the married persons shall not have had marital relations after discovery of guilt of one by the other. That the person bringing suit shall not have been similarly guilty, and that the action shall have been started within a certain limited time (varying in different states) after the discovery of infidelity.

You know, of course, that martial infidelity and adultery are interchangeable terms. You won't make the mistake of the Reno lawyer, who, bringing suit for a woman client on this ground, solemnly assured the court, that she wanted her freedom because her husband was an infidel!

Desertion is also generally accepted. The time ranges from six months (in Hawaii) to three years. There are various local limitations—as illustration, Alabama's specification that the desertion must have continued two years, and the person bringing suit on the ground of it must have been a resident of the state for three years.

Habitual drunkenness has general acceptance. It is usually specified that the habit must have developed after marriage. Sometimes there is no limit of duration of the habit; some times there is, with a variation of from one to three years. Some states make specific provision for addiction also to "other drugs"; where this is not the case, it could be brought in under the head of "cruelty."

INTERMARRIAGE within prohibited degrees of consanguinity or affinity is generally discountenanced, and made ground for divorce. The "prohibited degrees" vary in different places. Maryland, which has a long list of forbidden marriages, makes it impossible for step-relatives to marry, yet permits first cousins to do so. In many states, first cousins may not marry, but limitations are not put upon marriage where there is no actual blood-kinship.

I shall not go into a discussion of inbreeding, though the good or evil of it is a question that has engaged the attention of scientists, and is by no means viewed with consensus of opinion. But granting that persons of close blood should not marry, there certainly is no logic back of the refusal to let persons marry who have no common blood at all.

Imagine, for instance, that a woman has been married to a man many years her senior, and after his death, wishes to marry his son by a former marriage. In Maryland, and some other states, she would not be permitted to do so. The restriction in this case would have no basis whatever in the laws of nature; and it is a ridiculous and unjustifiable ruling that gives say in the matter to anyone other than the persons involved.

Insanity is a generally accepted cause, the proviso being in some states that the condition must have existed at the time of marriage. This is a very unfair ruling, since union with an insane person is destructive of happiness no matter what the time of seizure. Many states put limits upon the duration of insanity. Thus, Alabama specifies that it must have continued

for 20 years, North Dakota for five years, Utah that it must be permanent.

A continuance for 20 years is nothing short of preposterous! It demands that an individual remain hopelessly tied during the best years of his or her life, and gives him or her freedom when too dispirited perhaps to use it.

In fact, there is no justification for any arbitrary time limit. Each case should be decided on its own merits; the nature, causes, and curability or permanence of the affliction should be determined by a commission of experts, and the sane person given freedom without delay if it seems just.

Miscellaneous causes, such as conviction of felony; where the wife is at the time of marriage an expectant mother, the father of her unborn child being someone other than her husband; where fraud or force has entered in; where there is neglect to provide; where a former marriage exists—all these have universal acceptance, either as ground for divorce or for annulment.

EXTREME cruelty as a ground for divorce has been reserved for fullest discussion, because it is perhaps the most important of all the causes, in that it is the most elastic, and also the one showing almost the greatest increase between 1906 and 1916. During that time divorces for adultery increased 13.3 per cent, for neglect to provide 85 per cent, for desertion 45.9 per cent, for drunkenness 30.6 per cent, and for cruelty 5.8 per cent.

"Extreme cruelty" admits of varied interpretation. Lord Stowell, in 1790, trying the case of Evans vs. Evans, set the precedent which still obtains in English speaking countries, although it has undergone some modifications. In 1868, Judge Lewis of Nevada, in the Reed vs. Reed case, effectually formulated the modified doctrine which has to a considerable extent superseded the original.

"What merely wounds the mental feelings," declared Lord Stowell, "is in few cases to be admitted, when not accompanied with bodily injury, either actual or menaced. Mere austerity of temper, petulance of manner, rudeness of language, a want of civil attention and accommodation, even occasional sallies of passion, if they do not threaten bodily harm, do not amount to legal cruelty."

Contrast with this the ruling of Judge Lewis, in the Reed case. In this case, the woman seeking divorce on the ground of cruelty accused her husband of tying her child by a former marriage to a porch post. Upon her interfering, she said, he treated her violently, though he did her no serious injury.

A few months later, she testified, he beat and choked her, discoloring and bruising her face. At another time, in the course of a quarrel, both struggled for possession of a shovel, and she got a cut in the head that kept her in bed for ten days.

The testimony showed, however, that she had been more than a little provocative in each instance; in the shovel incident it was she who first seized it, and threatened her husband with it—his grasp upon it was in self-defense, and the injury to her accidental.

Because of her blameworthiness, said Judge Lewis, "extreme cruelty" was not established in this case. He went on to say, however, that a new definition of the term was needed.

"It will be observed," he said, "that physical injury alone seems to merit consideration, whilst the subtle torture of mental anguish, unless occasioned by personal violence done or apprehended, is entirely overlooked. There may be extreme cruelty without the slightest violence; the happiness of a life may be destroyed by a course of conduct which could furnish no

(Continued on Page 20.)

Nevada's rate of 607 per 100,000, which caused the good Bishop Moreland of Sacramento such consternation (as expressed in a recent article) is greatly swelled by persons desiring to exercise their constitutional right to "liberty and pursuit of happiness," and who cannot so at home.

New York, 86.7 per cent of the di-

Where Are the Synopses

esses "Divorce From the Woman's" and economic independence have. Various paths that lead to the weird case in illustration; the weird

actor to society. Sidelights on the aspects of the Pickford case—the

the Divorce Question," "As much artlett. He will show the influence will illustrate with several interesting

of Mrs. Leslie Carter, Nat Goodwin and other notables of the stage, and ty woman.

ve his opinion on the shortcomings divorce. He will suggest ways and

forces were granted to natives; In Nevada, 20. per cent to native.

As a matter of fact, causes for the separation of two persons are more nearly uniform throughout the country than is supposed. Even New York and South Carolina have various grounds for annulment, which in its effect upon the marital relation is the same as divorce.

The difference is that in cases of annulment, matters of property rights do not complicate, and alimony plays no part.

Want of consent of either party, bigamy, intermarriage with alien races, and intermarriage within certain limits of blood, or other marriage kinships annul a marriage in South Carolina.

Idiocy, lunacy, bigamy, force or fraud, and physical incapacity, are annulment grounds in New York.

IN the following discussion of causes, New York and South Carolina are to be taken for granted as exceptions, except as already provided for.

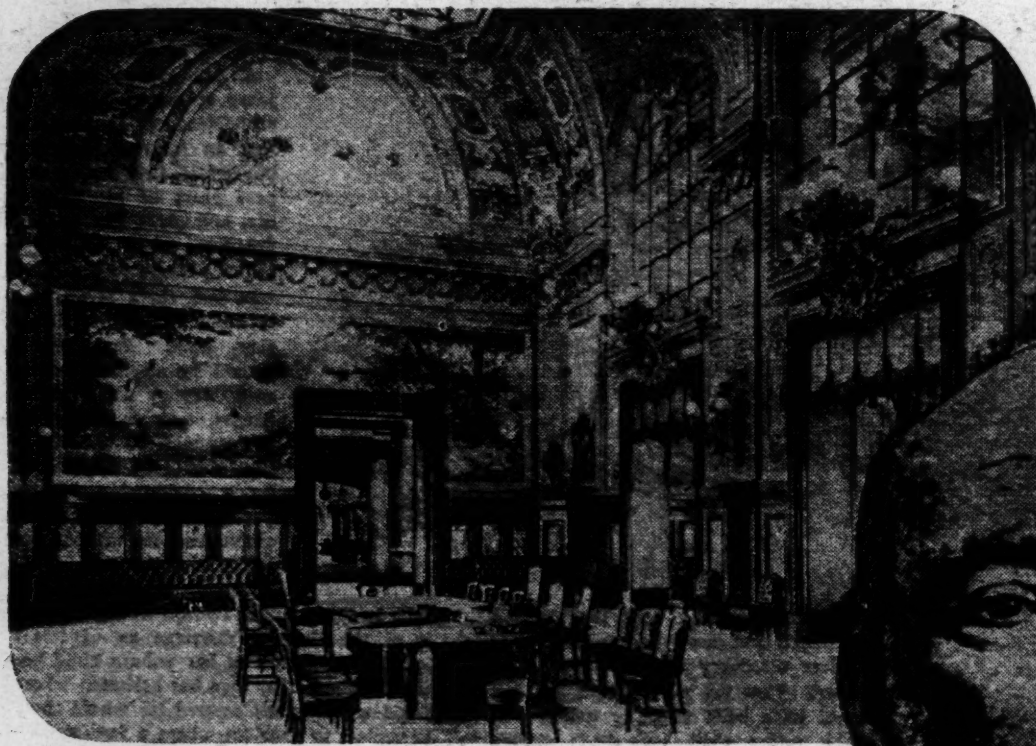
Physical incapacity has general acceptance as a cause. The qualification is that it must have been present at the time of the marriage, and continued up to the time of divorce action. Colorado admits the validity of this cause also when it has come about through immoral action after marriage. Porto Rico, curiously enough, specifies that the condition shall have arisen after marriage.

In my opinion, the existence of this condition, in an incurable form, ought to be grounds for divorce, without regard to time of origin.

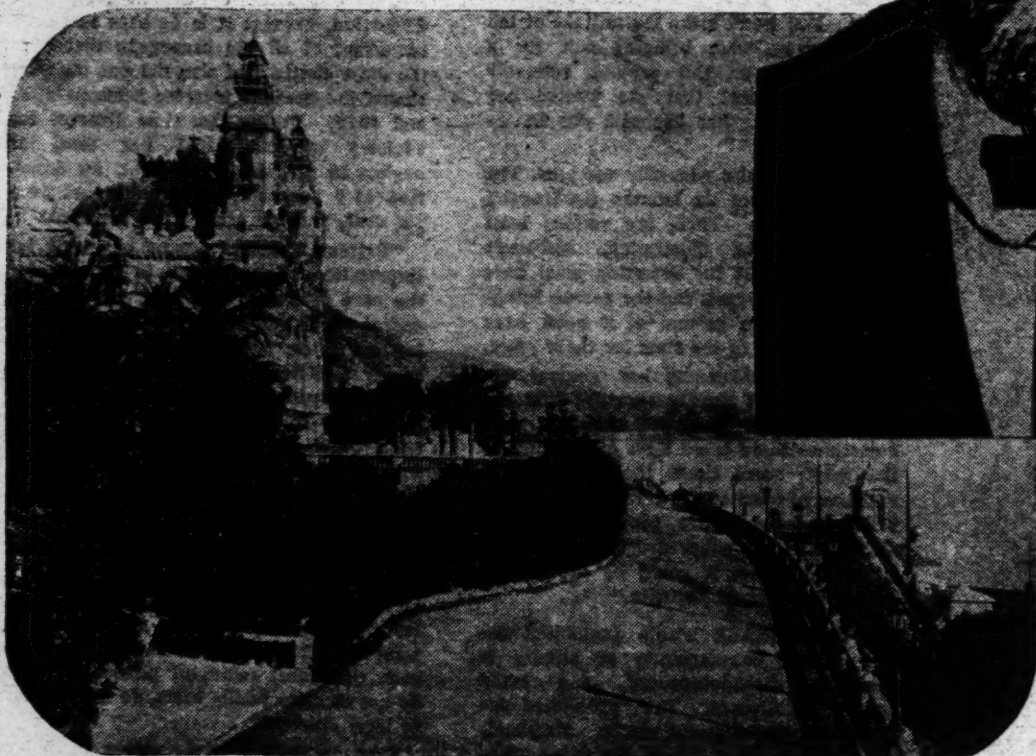
Adultery is a generally accepted ground. There are certain limiting conditions; such as: That it shall not have been "cooked

The Man Who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo

How "Monte Carlo Wells" Died in a Dingy London Garret, Almost Penniless, After He Had Won and Lost Fortunes at the Hands of Chance—His Life Story Told by One Who Knew Him Personally.



Above: Where "Monte Carlo Wells" broke the bank—the Salle Touzet in the Monte Carlo Casino where the hero of the famous song won \$400,000 in two sittings. Below: The Casino at Monte Carlo, where Charles des Ville Wells gained renown by twice "breaking the bank."



of the actual circumstances of his death. They were described by the woman in whose house he lodged, and to whom he owed several weeks rent which she has written off as a bad debt.

"Monte Carlo Wells" was sent to prison for periods of five and eight years. He served numerous other sentences, many

may have been the egotistical boasting of a senile scamp, it is certain that at one time or another he had obtained money by an amazing series of crimes.

And the curious thing was that this master criminal, this audacious crook who thought in hundreds of thousands of dollars, lost one fortune after another in gambling—the one abiding passion of his life. True, toward the end of his career he grew wary and cautious, and planned to put something by to live on in his old age. He had just made a big coup, and had got away with nearly \$200,000.

But the law was too strong, and at the last moment snatched away his money. Not quite all of it, however, for Wells was craft personified, and he used his craft to the finish.

After one of his many terms of imprisonment, he started once again in his beloved Paris, and having no assets but his unbounded nerve, opened an office in the Place Boreldieu, where he founded "La Rento Bi-Mensuelle." He offered far and wide to pay interest at the rate of 1 per cent a day on all money deposited with him.

And how the suckers bit! Within a few weeks Wells had got round about 600,000 "investors" and after deducting the money he had paid in so-called interest found himself possessed of over \$200,000. The bulk of this money he invested, with characteristic shrewdness, in England in life annuities, and with what was left bought a yacht, the Harbinger, which was the last word in luxuriousness, and, with the adventures with whom he had been working for some years, lived a life fit for a king.

FINALLY the French police tracked the pair, and they were nabbed, on board the yacht, which was then lying off Falmouth. They were extradited and tried in Paris, Wells being sentenced to five years and his fair companion to thirteen months. You can judge of the mentality of this arch gambler-crook when I tell you that on the way to Paris he wanted to bet the detectives who had him in charge on how late the train would be when it got to the Gay City!

It was only in the early nineties that Wells achieved worldwide fame—to be exact, in 1892. He had collected together some \$300,000, a huge sum in those days, and with it went to Monte Carlo. He strolled into the Casino just like any of the thousand and one visitor who come in to try their luck with a few hundred francs. Wells sat down at noon and played quietly and steadily until midnight, when he rose, had supper, and went to bed.

The next day he did the same, and again the next, but on the fourth day the Casino authorities began to sit up and take notice. The quiet, solitary, middle-aged man who had been playing with such clock-work regularity was winning, and winning largely—winning so largely, in fact, that by 8 o'clock on that fourth evening the bank was "broke."

"Broke," of course, is only a figure of speech, since the reserves behind the bank could enable it to pay at need \$5,000,000, but the Casino is run like a business. Every day every table is given so much money. There is a certain reserve allotted for each, and an additional reserve for the room. When that goes there is no further play that day. The bank had reached its reserve and suspended payments.

SOON after was written the song that made Wells and the singer—Charles Coburn—who introduced it, famous. Coburn, who is still with us and going strong, despite his advancing years, first sang "The Man Who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo" at the old London "Tivoli." The ditty, with its swaggering, dashing, easily remembered music, caught on immediately. Wells had attained deathless renown.

(Copyright, 1922, for The Constitution.)

By Paul Nugent.

"AS I walk along the Bois Boulogne, with an independent air, You can hear the girls declare: 'He must be a millionaire!' You can hear them sigh and wish to die, you can see them wink the other eye At the Man Who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo."



ND now he is dead, the man whom that music hall ditty made world-famous—"Monte Carlo Wells," as reckless a gambler as ever staked a fortune on a turn of the wheel, and the wildest, ablest and most audacious crook of the last half century.

The accounts published in England and doubtless cabled to the other side of the Atlantic—of the recent finish, at 81, of the plunger who "patronized the tables at the Monte Carlo hell till they hadn't got a sou for a Christian or a Jew," and won \$400,000 in two sittings, are, I have discovered, inaccurate in every detail.

"Monte Carlo Wells" did not die, as has been stated, "in a Paris garret, friendless, diseased and with worldly possessions amounting to the rags with which he was covered and a few odd francs found on him." The most remarkable adventurer of the Victorian era actually passed to his ac-

count in a drab little house in a drab little street in Chelsea, the London region that is associated with Thomas Carlyle and Whistler, and his body now lies in Sheen cemetery, at Richmond, Surrey, where he was buried so quietly, a few days ago, that almost nobody heard about it.

But if the wind-up of Charles de Ville Wells, to call the Man Who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo by his real name, was not quite so abject as the world has been told, it was wretched enough to excite sympathy even in the victims of his endless rogueries—and they are many—who are still lying. Though he boasted to me the last time we met that he had won, and lost, in his time over \$10,000,000, he was seemingly so pinched toward the last for the means of subsistence as to be unable to afford decent meals—a lonely, bent old man, whose funeral expenses were paid for by acquaintances from whom he had kept his identity a secret.

IT was a surprise to me, who had known him well in bygone days, to read that the end had come in Paris, for a mutual acquaintance had written me, a matter of two years ago, that Wells had returned from France to his own country to live out his appointed time, and had given me the old fellow's address, with the suggestion that I should look him up. It was on inquiring at this address, in Edith Grove, a shabby little Chelsea thoroughfare, that I learned

under aliases, and was 75 when he last left jail six years ago. It was a couple of years later that I met him for the last time, on the terrace of the Café de la Paix, in Paris. Nine hundred and ninety-nine people passed the shabby old man, whose hand trembled as he raised his "aperitif" to his lips, as an uninteresting dotard. I, the thousandth, knew him as the hero of one of the most famous songs ever written, and one of the master crooks of his generation.

"One way and another," he said to me, "I suppose I must have won and lost, in my time, well over \$10,000,000. If anyone ever was a born gambler, I was, but even now, in spite of my seventy-seven years, I wouldn't mind betting an even thousand that I'll be up again soon."

But "Monte Carlo Wells" would have lost his bet, for he never did get up again. His was a gambler's end such as Dickens would have loved to depict, but not even a Dickens could have used, in any one book, the rich materials of rascality and daring with which this amazing adventurer's life was filled.

TO begin with, he was a master of audacity. There was nothing of which he was not capable, no role too high for him to imitate, no trick too petty for him to employ. He claimed with pride that he had invented every form of swindle practiced by the modern "con" man, and though this

THE CONSTITUTION'S NOVEL-A-WEEK

Once Aboard the Lugger

By A. S. M. Hutchinson

BOOK I—Of George.

R. CHRISTOPHER MARRAPIT is dozing in a chair upon the lawn; his darling cat, the Rose of Sharon, is sleeping on his lap; stiffly beside him sits Mrs. Major, his companion—that masterly woman. As we approach to be introduced it is well we should know something of Mr. Marrapit.

Unhappily, the friendly chatter of the neighborhood, which should supply us with something of a character of a resident, is quite lacking at Paltley Hill in regard to him. Mr. Marrapit rarely moves out beyond the fine wall that encircles Herons' Holt, his residence. Professor Wyvern's son, Mr. William Wyvern, has been heard to say that Mr. Marrapit always reminded him "of one of the minor prophets—shaved," but beyond this—and how little helpful it is!—Paltley Hill society can give us nothing.

In a lower social grade of the district, however, much might be learned. Mrs. Armitage, his cook, has given tales of his "grimness" to the cottages where her comfortable presence is welcomed; and Clara and Ada, his maids, say he is a "fair old terror." Mr. Fletcher, his gardener, gloomy over his beer in the bar-parlors, adds "stinginess" to Mr. Marrapit's character.

"Time for the Rose to go in," Mrs. Major softly suggested.

"The rose," said Mr. Marrapit, "is, I fear, still ailing. Her sleep is troubled; she shivers. Her appetite?"

"It is still poorly." "Devote yourself, I pray, to the Rose. I am anxious. Nothing could console me should any evil thing come upon her. I am apprehensive. I look to you. I will take a stroll."

In the garden Mr. Marrapit discovered the source of a smell that offended him. It uprose from a secluded patch of turf; from the remains of a pipe there mounted steadily through the still air a thin wisp of smoke.

OUTRAGED, Mr. Marrapit stared; fuming, turned upon the step that sounded on the path behind him.

The tall young man who approached was the nephew, George, whose coming into Mr. Marrapit's household had considerably disturbed Mr. Marrapit's peace. Orphaned by the death of his mother, George had gone into the guardianship of his uncle while in his middle teens. The responsibility had been thrust upon Mr. Marrapit by his sister. Vainly he urged that his means were not what she thought; she assured him—and by her will bore out the assurance—that with her George should go her money.

And the will, when read, in some degree consoled Mr. Marrapit for the encumbrance he took back with him to Herons' Holt after the funeral. It was a simple and trustful will—commended George into the keeping of her brother, Christopher Marrapit; desired that George should be entered in her late husband's—the medical—profession; and for that purpose bequeathed her all to the said brother.

George was now in the sixth year of his studies; and by the third part of his final examination was alone delayed from the qualification which would bring him freedom from his uncle's irksome rule.

His attempt at this last examination had been concluded upon this July day that opens our history, and thus we return to Mr. Marrapit, to George and to the line of smoke uprising from the tobacco.

Mr. Marrapit indicated the smouldering wedge.

"Tobacco," he announced. "Yours?"

"I am afraid so."

"My simple rule. In the vegetable garden you may smoke; here you may not. Is it so hard to observe?"

"I quite forgot myself."

Mr. Marrapit cried: "Adjust that impression. You forgot me. Consistently you forget me. My desires, my interests are nothing to you."

Into a bed of soft mould George struck a sullen heel; kicked the tobacco toward the pit.

"I had forgotten," said his uncle. "Your examination?"

George half turned away. The bitterest moment of a sad day was come. He growled:

"Pipped."

"Pipped?"

"Pilled."

"Pilled?"

"Spun."

"Spun?" The confession of defeat is a thousand-fold more bitter when made to unkind ears. George paled a little; spoke very clearly: "I failed. I was referred for three months."

"I am Job," groaned Mr. Marrapit. "I expected this. The strain is unendurable. It is unnatural. The next chance shall be your last. What is the fee for re-examination?"

"Five guineas."

"My God!" said Mr. Marrapit. He tottered away up the path.

Gloom brooded over Herons' Holt that evening. Nevertheless this was an atmosphere in which one member of the household felt most comfortable.

Margaret, Mr. Marrapit's only child, was nineteen; of sallow complexion, petite, pretty; with large brown eyes in which sat always a constant quest—an entreaty, a wistful yearning.

Margaret walked in considerable fear of her father; but she clung to him despite his oppressive foibles, because this was her nature. She loved church; incense; soft music; a prayerbook tastefully bound. She "wrote poetry."



"Why, that's splendid!" George cried; he put a cousinly arm about the poet; squeezed her to him.

Warmed by the gloom that lay over Herons' Holt upon this evening, she sat brooding upon her cousin George's failure until a beautiful picture was hatched. He had gone to his room directly after dinner; during the meal had not spoken. She imagined him seated on his bed, hands deep in pockets, chin sunk, brow knitted, wrestling with that old devil, despair. By 10 she was clad in a shroud of most pleasing melancholy—arrayed in it she was best able to make her verses. Not of necessity sad little verses; many of her brightest were conceived in profoundest gloom.

KISSING her father good-night, Margaret crept up to her room, aching with desire to write. Two hours brought relief. She placed her poem in an envelope against its presentation to George in the morning, then from her thoughts George sped; they rushed across the sleeping fields to cling about the person of Mr. William Wyvern. This was Margaret's nightly practice, and now she brooded upon the bitter happening, that had forced all her meetings with her lover to be snatched—fugitive, secret.

For Mr. William Wyvern was not allowed at Heron's Holt. When love first sent its herald curiously into William's heart the young man had sought to relieve its restlessness by a visit, extremely ill-advised in that at his heels gambolled his three bull-terriers, Korah, Dathan and Abiram.

The dogs sighted the Rose of Sharon. Red-mouthed the shining pack flew at her. Dignity fell before terror; wildly, with streaming tail, she fled.

Orange was the cat, white the dogs. Like some orange and snow-white ribbon magically inspired, thrice at enormous speed they set a belt about the house. With tremendous bounds the Rose kept from her

pursuers—heavily laboring, 'orrid with thirsty glee. Impotent in the doorway moaned Mr. Marrapit, his dirge rushing up to a wall of grief each time the parti-colored ribbon flashed before his eyes.

Aroused by the din, the gardener burst out past just as the ribbon fluttered into sight upon the completion of its fourth circuit. Like a great avalanche it poured against his legs; as falls the oak, so pressed he fell.

Each eager jaw snapped once. Korah bit air, Dathan the cat's right ear. She wrenched free, sprang to Mr. Marrapit's bosom. Clasp her, he turned upon William—"You shall pay for this blood!"

William stammered: "I'm very sorry, sir. I—"

"Never again enter my gates!"

By 7 Margaret was up and in the fresh garden. George was before her.

She cried brightly: "Why, how early you are!" and ran to him—very pretty in her white dress; at her breast a rose, the poem fluttering in her hand.

"Yes; for once before you."

They moved toward the sound of the breakfast bell.

The poet warmed again over her words and read more of the poem.

"Sort of blank verse, isn't it?" George asked.

"Well, sort of," the poet allowed. "Not exactly, of course."

"Of course not," George agreed firmly.

Now emotion swelled her voice in the last verse:

"Success be yours!

May you achieve

To heights you do not dream you'll ever touch;

The power's to your hand, the road before you lies—

Forward! The gods not always frown; anon

They'll kindly smile."

"Why, that's splendid!" George cried. He put a cousinly arm about the poet; squeezed her to him.

Then, moody beneath Mr. Marrapit's eye, glinting behind the window, he moved forward.

Margaret thrust the paper in her bosom, tucked in where heart might warm against heart's child. Constantly during breakfast her mind reverted to it, drummed its rare lines.

We must make ready to receive our heroine. She is about to spring dazzlingly upon our pages; will be our close companion through some moving scenes. We must collect ourselves, brush our hair, arrange our dress, prepare our nicest manner.

Magnificent Arrival of a Heroine.

UNTIL 3 o'clock George sat in an operating theater. A Caesarian section was in progress. Occasionally, through the group of dressers, surgeons and nurses who filled the floor, George caught a glimpse of the subject. He watched moodily, too occupied with his thoughts—three more months of dependency—to take great interest.

One other student was present. Peacefully he slumbered by George's side until the ring of a dropped forceps awakened him. Noting the cause, "Clumsy beast," said this Mr. Franklyn; and to George: "Come on, Leicester; my slumber is broken. Let's go for a stroll up west."

In Oxford street a pretty waitress in a tea shop drew Mr. Franklyn's eye; a drop of rain whacked his nose. He winked the eye; wiped the nose. "Tea," said he; "it's going to rain."

George left him; strolled aimlessly towards the marble arch; beyond it; to the right, and so into a quiet square. Here comes my heroine.

A hansom, as George walked, was coming towards him—smartly, skimming the curb. As it reached him the horse slipped, stumbled, came on its knees.

Down came the shaft; out shot a girl.

The doors were wide; the impetus took her in her stride. One tiny foot dabbled at the platform's edge; the other twinkled—patent leather and silver buckle—at the step, missed it, plunged with a giant stride for the pavement.

"Mercy!" she cried, and came like a shower of roses swirling into George's arms.

Completely he caught her. About his legs whipped her skirt; against him pressed her panting bosom; his arms—the action was instinctive—locked around her; the adorable perfume of her came on him like a breeze from a violet bed; her very cheek brushed his lips—since the first kiss, it was the nearest thing possible to a kiss.

She twisted backwards; Modesty battled alarm across her face—caught, chased, overcame it; flamed triumphant from the fairest field wherever emotions marshalled.

Fright at her accident drove her pale; shame at the manner of her descent—leg to the knee and an indelicacy of petticoats—agitated she had glimpsed it as she leaped—flushed her crimson from the line of her dress about her throat to the wave of her hair upon her brow.

She twisted back. "Oh, what must you think of me?" she gasped.

He simply could not say. His senses were washed as with this torrent of beauty poured unexpected through eyes to brain. It surged the cen-

ters to violent commotion, one jostling another in a whirlpool of conflict. Out of the tumult, alarm flashed down the wires to his heart—set it banging; flashed in wild message to his tongue—locked it.

And then came laughter to him like a draught of champagne. For the girl put up her firm, round chin, and laughed with a clear pipe of glee—a laugh to call a laugh as surely as a lark's note will set a hedge in song; and it called the laugh in George.

He said: "I am thinking the nicest things of you. But have you dropped from the skies?"

"From a cab," she protested.

She turned to the road; back to George in dismay, for the catapult, its bullet shot, had bolted up the street—was gone from view.

A pucker of her brows darkened the quick mirth that came to her eyes. She cried: "Oh, don't joke. She will be killed."

"You were not alone?"

"No—oh, no! What has happened to her?"

"We had better follow."

She corrected his number. "Yes, I had better. Thank you so much for your help." She took a step; faltered upon it with a little exclamation of pain; put a white tooth on her lip.

"You have hurt your foot?" George said. "My ankle, I think. Oh, dear!" and then again she laughed.

"I cannot help it," she told him imploringly. "I simply cannot help laughing. It is funny, you know. She was scolding me!"

"Scolding?" George exclaimed.

That beauty should be scolded!

Scolding—yes. Oh, I'm only a well, scolding me, and I was wishing, wishing I could escape. And then suddenly out I shot.

"Will she trouble about you?"

"I think she will return for me. Please, please go—would you mind?—to the corner and see if there has been an accident."

From that direction a bicyclist approached. George halted. "Is there a cab accident round the corner?"

The youth started; called "Rats!" passed.

GEORGE interpreted: "It means no. Do you think if you were to take my arm you could walk to the turning?"

Quite naturally she slipped a white glove around his elbow. The contact thrilled him. "No nice girl, you know, would do this," she said, "with a perfect stranger."

George bent his arm a little, the better to feel the pressure of those white fingers. "I am not really perfect," he told her.

She took his mood. "Nor I really nice," she joined. "In fact, I'm horrible—they tell me. But I think it is wise to follow, don't you?"

"Profoundly wise. Who says you are horrible?"

She gave no answer. Glancing, he saw trouble shade her eyes, tremble her lips.

That beauty should know distress!

Very slightly he raised his forearm so that the lock of his elbow felt her hand. He had no fine words. This George was no hero with exquisite ways.

She stopped; from his arm withdrew her hand. "Please, I think you had better go. Please go. Oh, I shall hate myself for behaving like this. If my—my friend saw me with you like this she would be angry—oh, very angry."

"But why? She saw you fall. She saw me save you."

"You don't understand. She is not exactly my friend; she is my—my employer. I'm a mother's help."

"But you will be less help still if you stay here forever with your hurt ankle—you must see that? I must stay with you or see you to your home."

But that was all that passed upon this meeting. A cab swung around the opposite corner; turned toward them; was alongside. Within, a brow of thunder sat. The girl ran forward; agitation bound up her hurt ankle. "Oh!" she cried, "I am so glad you are safe!"

The thunder figure addressed said: "Please get in. I have had a severe shock." "This gentleman"—The girl half turned to George.

"Please get in—instantly."

Scarlet the girl went in. "Thank you very much," she said to George; climbed in beside the cloud of wrath.

Her companion slammed the door; dabbed at George a bow that was like a sharp poke with a stick; called, "Drive on."

George stepped into the road, held half a crown to the driver: "The address?"

The man stooped. With a tremendous wink answered, "Fourteen Palace Gardens, St. John's Wood."

Away with a jingle.

George did not return to St. Peter's that afternoon; watched the cab from view; walked back to Waterloo; thence took train to Pottley Hill with mind awl.

He visualized this Palace Garden residence. A gloomy house, he suspected—prison-like; its inhabitants warders, the girl captive. A beautiful picture was thus presented to this ridiculous young man. The more irksomely her captors held her, the more warmly would she remember him. Subconsciously he hoped for a rattle of chains, a scourging with whips. Every bond, every stroke would speed her spirit to the recollection of their meeting.

Mr. Chater—a 'oly dam' terror in Mincing Lane, if his office boy may be quoted—was an astonishingly mild man in his own house.

He said brightly, noting with a shiver the gusty stress of his wife's deportment as she reached home: "You drove up, my dear? And quite right, too," he hastily added.

Upon a sudden fear that his remark might be interpreted as reproach.

"How do you know?" Mrs. Chater's nose went into a brandy-and-soda.

"I saw you from the window," her husband beamed.

"Oh!" Out from the brandy-and-soda came the nose; down went the glass with an emphasizing bang; "Oh!"

"If you had been a man," said Mrs. Chater, speaking with a slow and extraordinary bitterness—"if you had been a man, you would have come out and helped me."

"But you had got cut when I came to the window, my dear."

"With the cabman, I mean," Mrs. Chater fired the word with alarming ferocity. "With the cabman. Did you not see that violent brute insulting me?"

It was precisely because he had observed such an episode that Mr. Chater had kept well behind the curtain; but he did not adduce the fact.

"Little would you have cared," cried she, "if a miracle had not saved my life this afternoon!"

Mr. Chater stood aghast. "My dearest! Saved you! From what?"

Between convulsive sobs she told him, he bridging the hiatuses of emotion with "Oh-dear-oh-dears."

Painting details with a masterly hand, "and there was I alone," she concluded—"alone, at the mercy of a wild horse and a drunken cabman."

"But Miss Humfray was with you?"

"Miss Humfray managed to jump out and leave me."

Through all this scene—in one form or another a matter of daily occurrence, and therefore not to arouse interest—Mary had

the kids for three years when I came back yesterday. They hardly remember their kind big brother."

"I hate—you," Angela told him. David, seated beside her, lent his authority to the statement. "I hate—you—too," he joined.

Mr. Bob Chater laughed a little stupidly. Mary cried, "Oh, Angela! Oh, David! How can you speak like that!"

"He is perfectly abominable," Angela said, unmoved. "He made David cry. He trod on David's toy beetle."

"Rubbish! Come, kiss your brother good night and say 'Thank you.' Both of you. Quick as lightning!"

They hung back. David found solution. In his slow, solemn voice, "You kiss him first," he said. Miss Humfray always took their medicine first, and David argued from the evil necessity to this other.

Mr. Bob Chater laughed delightedly. "That's a brilliant idea!" he cried; came two strides toward Mary; put a hand upon her arm.

Bob is Told That They "Like the Slap-Dash Style."

SO sudden, so unexpected was Robert's movement, that by the narrowest chance only did Mary escape his purpose. A jerk of her head, and he had mouthed at the air two inches from her face.

She shook her arm free. "Oh!" she cried; and in the exclamation there was that which would have given a nicer man pause.

Mr. Bob Chater was nothing abashed. He saw she was offended; so much the more tickling; conquest was made the more enticing.

He laughed; said he was only "rofling."



"Mercy!" she cried and came like a shower of roses swirling into George's arms.

stood waiting its cessation and her orders. Mr. Chater turned upon her.

"Managed to jump out!" he exclaimed, speaking as one re-echoing a horror hardly to be believed. "Managed to jump out! Miss Humfray, I would not have thought it of you!"

She cried: "Mr. Chater, I fell!"

Disregarding, and with a deeper note of pained reproach, he continued: "So many lies, I should have thought, would have bound you to my wife in such an emergency. Oh, Miss Humfray!"

OPENING the nursery door, Mary paused upon the threshold with a little "Oh!" of surprise. There was a reek of cigar smoke; its origin between the lips of a burly young man who stood drumming a tune upon the window pane.

Mr. Bob Chater turned at her entry. "I've been waiting for you a long time," he said.

She asked, "Whatever for?" and in her tone there was a chill.

"Didn't I tell you yesterday that I was coming to see the kids tubbed?"

Plainly she was perturbed. She said: "Mr. Chater, I really would rather you did not, if you don't mind."

"Well, but I do mind, d'you see? I mind very much indeed. It would be the bitterest disappointment."

She would not catch his mood. "I am sure when I ask you—"

"Well, you're jolly well wrong, you know," he laughed; "cause I ain't going."

Mary flushed slightly; moved to the hearthrug where sat David and Angela, her small charges, watching, from their toys, the scene.

It occurred to Mr. Bob Chater that she was annoyed.

"I say, be decent to a fellow, Miss Humfray," he said. "Look here, I hadn't seen

Mary did not reply. The command to kiss their brother went by default; she hurried her charges through the door to the adjoining night nursery.

When they were started upon undressing she came back.

"If you are angry, I'm very sorry," said young Chater. "You must have known I was only fooling. It was to make the kids laugh."

Mary said in low tones: "If you meant only to make them laugh, of course, I believe you. It is all right."

"Good. Well, now, may I see them tubbed?"

"I have told you I would rather not."

"Dash it all, Miss Humfray, you're unkind, aren't you? Here I have been away nearly two years—I've been traveling on the continent for the firm; you know that, don't you?"

She said she had heard Mr. and Mrs. Chater talking of it.

"Well, I'll tell you—and the kids—some of my adventures while you're tubbing 'em. Lead on."

Mary was at the night nursery door. Evidently this man would not see her conventional reason for not wishing him at the tubbing. Angela had grown a bigish girl since he went away.

She said, "Please not tonight."

"I'm jolly well coming," he chuckled.

"No," she said sharply, "you are not."

She stepped swiftly within the door; closed it. The lock clicked as she turned the key.

"Let me in!" he cried, rattling the handle.

"Let me in!"

The splash of water answered him. He thumped the panels. "Open the door!"

"Now, Angela," he heard her say, "quick as lightning with that chimney."

Bob's face darkened; he damned beneath

his breath. Then with a laugh he turned away.

"I'm going to have some fun with that girl," he told himself; and on the way downstairs, her pretty face and figure in his mind, pleased himself with vicious anticipation.

Within the limits of the ensuing short section of our story we shall cram two months of history, taking but a furtive peep or two at our personages as they plod through it.

Thus we see the meeting again of George and Mary.

On the day following the cab accident, George had alighted from the omnibus at the bottom of Palace Gardens and was opposite No. 14 by 10:30; waiting till 11; going, convinced she did not live there; returning, upon the desperate hope that indeed she did; waiting till 12—and being most handsomely rewarded.

Her face signalled that she saw him, but her eyes gave no recognition—quickly were averted from him; the windows behind her had eyes, she knew.

Agitated, George, in tremendous perturbation, turned and fled; in tremendous perturbation turned and pursued. In Regent's Park he saw her produce a brilliant pair of scarlet worsted reins, gay with bells and harness—David and Angela, those restive steeds.

The equipage was about to start when with thumping heart, with face that matched the flaming reins, hat in hand he approached; spoke the driver.

Her steeds turned about; with wide, unblinking eyes, searched his face and hers.

"Your faces are very red," Angela said. "Are you angry?"

"You have got very red faces," David echoed. "Are you in a temper?"

Mary told them no; George said they were fine horses; offered to buy them.

HIS words purchased their hearts, which were more valuable.

Away they dashed at handsome speed, returned more sedately, a little out of breath. There had been, moreover, an accident; leader, it appeared, had fallen and cut his knees.

"I shied at a motor," David explained, proud of the red blood now that the agony was past.

George unharnessed them; promised that tomorrow he would bring some corn—bun corn.

"Will you come tomorrow?" Angela asked.

George glanced at Mary. "Yes," he told them.

"Every tomorrow?"

"Every tomorrow."

Tremendous joy. Well delighted, they ran to a new game.

Every tomorrow ran but to three; George and Mary had by then exchanged their histories. The pending examination was discussed, and Mary simply would not speak to him if, wasting his time, he came daily to idle with the children (so she expressed it). She would abandon the park, she told him—would take her charges to a Square Gardens of which they had the entry, and where George might not follow.

George did not press the point. As he wrestled out the matter in the hours between their meetings, she was a fresh incentive to work. But once a week he must be allowed to come; here he was adamant, and she gladly agreeable. Saturday mornings was the time arranged.

Straining toward another point, we will focus upon Margaret and Bill Wyvern, her adored.

Mr. Wyvern was started upon the literary career (as he named it) that long he had wished to follow. The change had been come by with little difficulty. Professor Wyvern, an eminent biologist, was too attached to his son, too docile in the hands of his loving wife, to gainsay any wish that they might urge, and the stories Bill had had printed in magazines, secretly shown to his proud mother, were now brought forth. The famous biologist struggled through one of the stories, vowed he had read them all, and cheerfully abandoned the hope of seeing his son a great surgeon.

It was Bill's burning ambition to obtain a post upon a paper. The glimpse we may take of him shows him urging along his pen until clean paper became magic manuscripts; trembling into Fleet street deliciously to inhale the thick smell of printer's ink that came roaring up from a hundred basements, and finally, expending with his Margaret delightful moments—stealthy meetings, for the most part—in Mr. Marra-pit's shrubbery.

Our next peep reveals Mrs. Major, that masterly woman, inscribing in her diary:

"Getting on with Mr. M. Should succeed. Precip fat."

Fill out the abbreviations to which Mrs. Major, in her diary, was prone, and we have:

"Getting on with Mr. Marra-pit. Should succeed. Precipitancy fatal."

Succeed in what? To what would precipitancy of action be irreparable? Listen to a conversation that may enlighten us—

A stealthy peep assuring her that his eyes were not closed, Mrs. Major nerved herself with a deep breath; with a long sigh let it escape in the form, "A year ago!"

Mr. Marra-pit turned his eyes upon her.

"Today, then, is an anniversary?"

"It is."

"Of a happy event, I trust?"

Mrs. Major clasped her hands; spoke with admirable ecstasy. "Oh, Mr. Marra-pit, of a golden—golden page in my life."

"Elucidate," Mr. Marra-pit commanded.

Mrs. Major put into a whisper:

"The day I came here."

"The time has passed swiftly," he said.

Mrs. Major breathed: "For me it has flown on—on—!" She searched wildly for a metaphor. "On wings," she concluded.

She added musingly: "I wonder if they are right?"

"To whom do you refer?"

"Why, the people who say that time flies when it is spent in pleasant company."

"They are correct," Mr. Marrapit affirmed.

"Oh, I do not doubt it for my part, Mr. Marrapit. I never knew what happiness was until I came here—came here. But if—"

The masterly woman paused.

"Continue," Mr. Marrapit commanded.

The hard word was softly spoken. Mrs. Major's heart gave two little thumps; her plan clear before her, pushed ahead. "But if to you also, Mr. Marrapit, the time has seemed to fly, then—then, Mr. Marrapit, my company has—has been agreeable to you?"

Certainly there was a softness in Mr. Marrapit's tones as he made answer.

"It has, Mrs. Major," he said, "it has. Into my establishment you have brought an air of peace that had for some time been lacking."

It was upon that night that she inscribed in her diary:

"Getting on with Mr. M. Shoula suc. Precip. fat."

A LAST peep discloses Mr. Bob Chater still pressing unsuccessfully upon Mary the attentions which her position, in relation to his, made it so difficult for her to escape. To a friend, Mr. Lemuel Moss, he explained affairs.

"Damn pretty girl, that governess of yours, or whatever she is," said Mr. Moss. "Lucky beggar you are, Bob. My mater won't have even a servant in the place that wouldn't look amiss in a monkey house."

Bob pointed out that there was not so much luck about it as Mr. Moss appeared to think. "Never seen such a stand-offish little rip in all my life," he moodily concluded. "Oh, rats! Rats!" said Mr. Moss. "You don't know how to manage 'em—you're going the wrong way about it. I know another case just the same. Chap out Wimbledon way. His people kept a girl stand-offish as a nun. One night he came home early, a bit drunk—people out—girl in. Gave her a smacking great kiss, and, by gad!—well, she was all right. Same with this little bit of goods, I'll lay."

Bob was interested. "Shouldn't be surprised if you're right," he said.

Mr. Moss offered to bet that where girls were concerned he was never far wrong. "Slap-dash style is what they like," he remarked. "It's all they understand."

Standing in the hall after breakfast next day it occurred to Bob that this very evening offered the opportunity he sought. Mr. and Mrs. Chater were to dine and play bridge at the home of a neighbor. Returning to the morning room Bob told his mother: "I shan't be in tonight."

"That's capital, dear," she said. "I shall let the servants have the evening off."

Bob whistled as he mounted the bus. The chance for slap-dash style was at hand.

Bob's Campaign Is Interrupted; George Is More Successful.

AT 8 o'clock that night he returned; noiselessly let himself in.

The gas in the hall burned low. Beneath the library door gleamed a stronger light. Bob turned the handle.

Mary was curled in a big chair with a book. Certainly the opportunity was exceptional.

At the noise of his entry she sprang to her feet with a little cry. "Oh, dear!" she exclaimed; "what a fright you gave me."

Bob pushed the door. He laughed. "Did I?" Came toward her. "Are you all alone? What a shame!"

"Minnie is in the kitchen, I think. Mrs. Chater said you wouldn't be in tonight."

"Why do you think I came?"

"I don't know."

"I came to see you."

She gave a nervous little laugh and made to pass him.

Bob fell back a pace, guarding the door. "Don't you think that was thoughtful of me?"

"I don't know what you mean. There was no need."

"What! No need! You all alone like this when all the rest are enjoying themselves?"

"So was I. A long evening with a book."

She had fallen back as he, speaking, had slowly advanced.

Now the great chair in which she had been seated was alone between them.

"Oh, books! Books are rot." He stepped around the chair.

She fell back; was cornered between the hearth and a low table. Bob dropped into the chair; boldly regarded her; his eyes as expressive of his slap-dash intentions as he could make them: "Look here, I want you to enjoy yourself for once. I'm going to take you to a music hall or somewhere."

He stretched a foot; touched her. She drew back close against the mantelpiece, her agitation very evident.

"Well, don't that please you?"

"You know it is impossible."

Bob paid no regard. This was that same diffidence with which the chap near Wimbledon had had to contend.

"We'll come out of the show early and have a bit of supper and be back before half past eleven. Who's to know? Now then?"

"It's very kind of you. I know you mean it kindly."

"Of course, I do—"

"But I'd rather not."

"Are you afraid?"

She was desperately afraid. Her face, the shaking of her hand where it was pressed back against the wall, and the catch in her voice advertised her apprehension. She

was afraid of this big young man confidently lolling before her.

She said weakly: "It would not be right."

Bob sat up. "Is that all?" he laughed. His hands were upon the arms of the chair and he made to pull himself up towards her.

She saw her mistake. "No," she cried hurriedly—"no; I would not go with you in any case."

A shadow flickered upon Bob's face. "What do you mean?"

"I mean what I say. Please let me pass."

"I want to be friends with you. Why can't you let me?"

"Please let me pass, Mr. Chater."

Bob lay back. He said, with a laugh, "Well, I'm not stopping you, am I?"

She hesitated a moment. The passage between the table and the long chair was narrow. But truly he was not stopping her—so far as one might judge.

She took her skirts about her with her left hand; stepped forward; and was almost past the chair before he moved.

Then he flung out a hand and caught her wrist, drawing her.

"Now!" he cried, and his voice was thick. She gave a half-sound of dismay—of fear; tried to twist free. Bob laughed; pulled sharply on her arm. She was standing sideways to him—against the sudden strain lost her balance and half toppled across the chair.

AS Bob reflected, when afterwards feeding upon the incident, had he not been as unprepared as she for her sudden stumble, he would have made—as he put it—a

better thing of it. As it was, her face falling against his, he was but able to give a half kiss when she had writhed herself free and made across the room.

But that embrace of her hand warmed Bob's passions. Springing up, he caught her as she fumbled with the latch; twisted her to him.

For a moment they struggled, he grasping her wrists and pressing toward her.

With the intention of encircling her waist he slipped his hold. But panic made her the quicker. Her outstretched arms held him at bay for a breathing space; then as he broke them down she dealt him a swinging blow upon the face that staggered him back a step, his hand to his cheek.

Mrs. Chater opened the door.

"Oh, he kissed me! He kissed me!" Mary cried.

Bob said very slowly, "You—infernal—little—liar."

Mrs. Chater glowered upon Mary with cruel eyes.

"It was a fortunate thing," she said coldly, "that a headache brought me home. Go to your room, miss."

Saturday was the day immediately following the scene. Those splendid steeds, David and Angela, having been duly exercised and turned out to browse, George rushed at once upon the matter that was singing within him. He said: "Mary, do you know what I am going to talk about?"

She had been a little silent that morning, he had thought; did not answer now; but took a little catch at her breath.

George dropped the banter in his tone. "Nothing wrong today, is there, dear? Nothing up?"

She shook her head; reassuringly smiled. "Well, that's all right—there couldn't be on a morning like this. Do you know I've

never told you yet that I love you? You knew it, though, didn't you, from the first, the very first? Tell me from when?"

"Well, I thought perhaps you—cared after that first day when you came here."

"Not before that?"

She laughed. "Come, how could I? Why, I'd hardly seen you."

"Well, I did, anyway," George told her. "I loved you from the very minute you shot out of the cab that day. There! But even that isn't the proper thing. I've been promising myself all night to say four words to you—just four. Now I'm going to say them; Mary, I love you."

She looked in his eyes for a moment, answering the signal that shone thence; and then she laughed that clear pipe of mirth which was so uniquely her own possession.

"Oh, I say, you mustn't do that," George cried. He was really perturbed.

"I can't help it. You are so utterly foolish."

"I'm not. It's the proper thing. I tell you I've planned it all out. I love you. I've never said it to you before. Now it's your turn."

"You can't expect me to say: 'George, I love you.' It's ridiculous. It's like a funny story."

"Oh, never mind what it's like. Do be serious, Mary. How can I be sure you love me if you won't tell me?"

For the first moment since its happening the thought of Bob Chater and of Mrs. Chater passed completely from Mary's mind. She looked around; there was no soul in sight. She listened; there was no sound.



"She shook her arm free. 'Oh!' she cried."

She clasped her fingers about his; leaned toward him, her face upturned.

He kissed her upon the lips.

George built the castle. Mary had sat by twittering and clapping her hands for glee as higher and higher it rose. He knew for a fact, he told her, that his uncle had not expended upon his education much more than half the money left him for the purpose. He was convinced that by hook or by crook he could obtain the 400 pounds that would buy him the practice at Runnygate of which the dean had told him.

They would have a little house there—the town would thrive—the practice would flourish—in a year—why, in a year they would likely enough have to be thinking of getting a partner! And it would begin almost immediately!

In three weeks the examination would be held. He could not fail to pass—then for the 400 pounds and Runnygate!

And then, unhappily, George leaned against this castle wall; provoked the crash.

"Till then, dear," he said, "you will stay with these Chater people. I know you hate it; but it will be only a short time, a few weeks at most."

Instantly her gay twittering ceased.

"Oh!" she cried; and again, "Oh! I had forgotten!"

"Forgotten? Forgotten what?"

She told him—hesitatingly, regretfully—of Bob and his mother.

But Mary—the woman, ever practical—restrained him. She pointed out that grim necessity which bade her—until their way was fixed—hold, if possible, to the temporary refuge provided by the Chaters.

They each went home, thinking not of the portending interview with Mrs. Chater, but upon the love they had declared.

At 10 that night Mary took up her pen.

To George she described her interview with Robert's mother and quoted the decisive mandate of her mistress:

"My boy," said she, "has implored me to overlook this matter. My boy has declared there were faults on both sides. . . . I choose to believe your behavior in this affair was a slip."

"So everything is all right," Mary concluded her account of the episode; "I am to stay."

Of Beefsteak and Old Tom Gin.

NOW it was Monday morning, and precisely at 10 o'clock three persons set out for the same seat in Regent's Park—the mind of each filled with one of the others, empty of all thought of the third.

Mary—accompanied by David and Angela—carried toward the seat the image of her George, but had no heed of Mr. Bob Chater's existence; she was the magnet that drew Bob, ignorant of George; George sped to his Mary and had no thought of Bob.

Our young men were handicapped in point of distance. Mary, with but a short half-mile to go, must easily be first to make the seat; Bob, coming to town from a weekend up the river, would occupy little short of an hour. George, from Herons' Holt to that dear seat, allowed full seventy-five minutes.

Bob would try, he told himself, a new strategy. Bold assault had been proved ill-advised, for frontal attack must be substituted an advance more crafty.

As to where he would find Mary he had no doubts. Dozing one day over a book, he had not driven David and Angela from the room until they had forced upon him a wearisome account of the secluded seat they had discovered in Regent's Park.

"I want to say how sorry I am about Friday night," said Bob when the children had run off a little.

"I have forgotten all that. I have been ashamed of myself ever since that night," Bob went on. "At the first opportunity I have come straight to tell you so."

"You say you are sorry—I believe you are sorry," said Mary. "You can only show it one way, Mr. Chater; please leave me alone."

Her pretty appeal was fatal to her desire. It enhanced her graces.

"Look here, you haven't asked me to explain my conduct on Friday," he charged.

"I don't wish you to."

"Aren't you curious?" His voice was low with a note of intensity. This was love-making, as he knew the pursuit.

"I'm going," she said; made to rise.

His right arm held her. He slipped his left arm around her, drew her to him, and with his lips had brushed her cheek before she was aware of his intention.

The insult swept her free of every thought but its memory. By a sudden motion she slipped from his grasp and to her feet; faced him.

"You beast!" she cried. "You beast!"

He half rose; made a half grab at her, then dropped back to his seat while she fled up the path whither Angela and David had toddled.

It was while Bob sat gazing after her, indeterminate, that he felt a hand from behind the seat upon his shoulder; looked up to see a tall young man, fresh faced, but fury-browed, regarding him.

"Your name Chater?" asked George.

"What have you been saying to Miss Humfray?"

"Damn you!" young Chater replied. "Take off your hand! She's a friend of yours, is she?"

My furious George choked. "Engaged to me."

Bob sprang to his feet, was upon them as George, sideways to him, came round the arm of the seat; lunged furiously, and landed a crack upon the cheek bone that spun George staggering up the path.

It was a good blow, a lusty blow—straight from the shoulder and with body and leg work behind it; a blow that, flapper placed, might well have won the battle.

ARING upon Bob's finger cut the flesh he struck, and he gave a savage "Ha!" of triumph as he saw George go spinning and the red trickle come breaking down his cheek.

A great ridge in the gravel marked the thrust of foot with which George stayed his stagger, from which he impelled the savage spring that brought him within striking distance.

There was no science. This was no calmly prepared fight with cool brains directing attack, searching weak points, husbanding strength, deft in defense. Here was only the animal instinct to get close and wound; to grapple and wound again.

Bob felt his wits and his courage simultaneously deserting him before the pell-mell of blows that came raining against his guard. Whensoever he effected a savage smash that momentarily checked the fury, it served but to bring back this seemingly demented young man with a new rush and ardor.

Bob gave, step by step, struck short-arm, felt the faint saltiness of blood upon his lips, staggered back before a tremendous hit between the eyes, stumbled, tripped, fell.

"Get up!" George bellowed.

Bob propped himself on one arm, rose to his feet; glared; hesitated—then fell to brushing his knees.

It was a masterly white flag.

"Had enough?" George panted. "Had enough? Are you whipped, you swine?"

Bob assiduously brushed.

"When you're better, let me know," George cried; turned and hurried up the path whither Mary had disappeared.

(Continued Tomorrow.)

Homemakers' Business Bureau

Edited By
Bessie R. Murphy

How to Remove Your Ink Stains



ANY requests are received as to just how to remove ink stains. As the various inks on the market are made of different ingredients and chemicals, different agents are required to remove stains made by them. It is necessary, therefore, to know what kind of ink was used before recommending a solvent for its removal. Soap and water will remove some inks, while strong chemicals will not affect others. Attend to such stains as soon as possible after they are made.

(a) When stains are made with aniline inks, they will generally disappear when washed with soap and water (except in case of silks) or with a bleaching fluid or in alcohol and vinegar.

(b) If the spot be a fresh one, dip the spot in milk, changing the milk as it becomes discolored, or soak in sour milk or buttermilk. If a dark spot remains, rinse in a weak solution of chloride of lime or sponge with milk until the ink is removed and then use benzine (danger near fire) to remove the grease of the milk. Do not let milk dry in the goods. This process will take ink out of colored dresses if treated while the spot is moist and fresh.

(c) For white goods, cover the spot with salt and pour lemon juice and rub between the hands; lay in the sun until the spot disappears.

(d) Treat ink spots on cotton, silk or woolen with turpentine. Saturate the spots and let them remain wet for several hours, then rub between the hands. Neither the texture nor the color should be injured.

(e) Rub wash goods with yolk of an egg before washing.

(f) When ink is spilled, no matter how much, immediately dash on salt. When saturated, scrape off and add more. Continue doing this until the ink is all absorbed. Wash the place with warm water.

Hectograph Ink—Boil the stained piece in strong cream of tartar water. Rinse and lay in the hot sun all day, wetting hourly with the cream of tartar water. Rinse again at evening and soak all night in clabber. Rinse the second morning and sun all day. Then wash the usual way.

India Ink—India ink stains may be removed with alcohol in which it is soluble.

Indelible Ink—Use cyanide of potassium, lemon juice or Javelle water. Or make a stiff paste of talcum powder and buttermilk, cover the spot and leave for two days, rinse with pure water. Repeat if necessary.

Printers' Ink—Use turpentine or butter. If the last, allow it to remain overnight, then wash.

To remove the lettering from flour bags, soak in clear cold water overnight, rub well until the starch is out of the cloth and the print pale; then put into cold suds and bring to a boil; rub, rinse and dry.

Some Little Things I Have Learned



HAVE you ever tried baking your pumpkin (for pie) in a medium hot oven until it is easily pierced with a fork. Take it out and cut in half and in a minute you have your pulp all scooped from the skin ready for use.

When you are getting ready in advance to fill the children's stockings, it pays to make a selection of the advertisements that offer samples. A post-card or in some cases stamps to cover mailing, will bring you many little articles that will delight the children and that cannot be procured in any other way.

The cork of your heat retaining bottle may have a most disagreeable odor, owing to various mixtures that have been kept in it. Stand the cork for an hour in a cup of hot water in which was dissolved one teaspoon of soda. The cork will become sweet again.

Unbutton all clothing before sending it to the laundry and you will find fewer buttons will be lost or broken.

I have known many people to be disappointed because the bird boxes made with such interest by the boys, do not attract tenants. Many times such failures may be attributed to the height at which the box is placed. A bluebird prefers an elevation of not more than twelve feet. Martins and tree swallows like to build at least twenty feet above ground.

LITTLE FUR WORN.

THE absence of fur is surprising. No one knows what has happened, but there is a suspicion that it was omitted from the vast collection shown the Americans simply because the supply has been diminished since the war, also that the Americans, not wishing to pay duty on it, request that their garments be made up without it. They add the fur when they get home.

The Weekly Market Basket

Good Ways to Make Your Own Mince Meat



H! Mince meat! What domestic crimes are committed in thy name! The craze for hand-me-down foods has become such a vogue that the old mince pie has well-nigh lost its virtue of domesticity. The mince pie whose family history is unknown has justly taken its place among the suspects of the menu. It has become a hobo without character or pedigree. When mince pie is prepared at home, of sound meat, suet, apples, cider, spices, etc., it has a character which may inspire confidence.

Choose One of These.

Mix one-half cup suet, one-half cup orange peel, chopped fine; one-half cup grated carrot, two tablespoons cinnamon, six cups apples, chopped fine; one-half teaspoon nutmeg, two cups raisins, chopped fine; one-half tablespoon cloves; one-half cup cooked meat, chopped fine; one and one-half cups molasses, one-half cup citron, chopped fine; one-half cup boiled cider.

Mix in the order given. Pack into a bowl or crock. Cover closely and then set in a cool place to ripen.

Mince Meat for Two.

Mix one-half cup finely chopped cold cooked meat, three-quarters cup finely chopped suet, six cups finely chopped apples, one cup finely chopped candied orange, one cup seeded raisins and lemon peel mixed, one cup currants, one cup chopped peanuts, one cup chopped apricots, one and one-half cups molasses, one cup cider, four tablespoons vinegar, one tablespoon cinnamon, one teaspoon nutmeg, one teaspoon allspice, one-half teaspoon ginger, one-half teaspoon salt.

Mix and bring to a boil and cook for twenty minutes. Fill into crocks or jars; cover closely and set in a cool place or fill it into all glass jars and adjust the rubber and lid. Seal and then place in a hot water bath. Process for one-half hour. Remove and store in a cool place.

Mince meat that has been sterilized will keep until used.

This Is All Mince.

You know there is a great old little story told about the pie-loving New Englanders and as the story goes, there are only two kinds of pie, namely, "Tis mince and 'tain't mince," so this is all "mince."

Mix twelve medium sized apples, one-half pound candied citron, one-half package seeded raisins, one pound shelled peanuts, three-quarters pound suet, one pound dried peaches, one lemon.

Put all through the food grinder and then place one quart of syrup, one pound brown sugar in a preserving kettle and bring to a boil. Cook ten minutes and then add the prepared fruit and suet that have been put through the food chopper and add: One package of seeded raisins, one tablespoon cinnamon, one teaspoon ginger, one teaspoon cloves, one-half teaspoon allspice, one-half teaspoon nutmeg, one-half teaspoon salt, three-quarters cup strong cider vinegar.

Stir to mix thoroughly, then cook for ten minutes. Cool and then fill into fruit jars. Pour one tablespoon of salad oil on top; adjust the rubber and seal. Process in hot bath for twenty minutes and then cool and store. The use of the salad oil excludes the air and makes it unnecessary to use liquor for keeping the mince meat.

This is a very old recipe from England and is most delicious. In the original recipe black walnuts and hazel nuts were used, but the peanuts do just as well.

Meatless Mince Meat.

Place in a bowl four pounds apples, chopped fine; one pound peanuts, chopped fine; one pound dried apricots, chopped fine; one pound dried peaches, chopped fine; one pound suet, chopped fine; two packages seeded raisins, one package currants, one-quarter pound candied citron, chopped fine; two tablespoons cinnamon, one-quarter pound candied orange peel, one teaspoon mace, one-quarter pound candied lemon peel, one teaspoon ginger, one teaspoon allspice, one teaspoon cloves, one teaspoon salt, one pint jar of grape or other preserves, one quart molasses, one quart cider, boiled fifteen minutes.

Mix thoroughly and then store in the same manner as the above mince meat.

Orange Mince Meat.

Squeeze the juice of three oranges. Place the peel in a saucepan of cold water. Cook until tender. Drain and then pour through the food chopper.

Place in a bowl and add six cups chopped

apples, one cup suet, chopped fine; one cup raisins, chopped fine; one cup evaporated peaches, chopped fine; one-half cup citron, chopped fine; one cup evaporated apricots, chopped fine; one cup grated carrots, two tablespoons cinnamon, one-half tablespoon allspice, one-half tablespoon mace, one-half tablespoon ginger, one-half tablespoon cloves, two cups molasses, one cup boiled cider.

Mix in order given and then pack in a large bowl or crock. Cover closely and then put in a cool place for ten days to ripen.

Green Tomato Mince.

Place one quart of thinly sliced green tomatoes in a bowl and sprinkle with four tablespoons of salt. Let stand for four hours, then drain and squeeze dry. Return to the bowl and add one-half pound finely chopped suet, two and one-half pounds finely chopped apples, one cup finely chopped dried apricots, one cup finely chopped seeded raisins, one cup finely chopped peanuts, one cup of plum preserves, two cups molasses, one and one-half cups boiled cider, one tablespoon cinnamon, one-half teaspoon nutmeg, one-half teaspoon cloves, one-quarter teaspoon allspice, one-half teaspoon ginger.

Mix thoroughly and then store in the same manner as "Mince Meat for Two."

Prune Conserve.

Soak one pound prunes until soft in two cups cold water. Remove stones and cut in pieces; add one-half cup raisins and one cup sugar. Cut one-half orange in very thin slices, discarding seeds; remove juice from the other half of orange and from one-half lemon. Add to first mixture, bring to boiling point and let simmer one and one-quarter hours, stirring occasionally to prevent burning. Add one-half cup walnut meats cut in pieces. Pour into sterilized glasses and cover with paraffin.

GOOSE FEATHERS CONTINUE.

NONE of the milliners object to using tufts of goose feathers dyed to match the hat, although the fashion was near death last spring. They will dangle over the left ear. This particular movement of plumage continues. Suzanne Talbot sponsors it in an Oriental hat of ruby velvet with heavy Venetian embroidery across the front and a plume that curls downward to the shoulder.

There is no determined effort to keep up the airplane silhouette. If the hat is large and the brim wide, it is perceptibly wider at the sides, but it is only in the shaping of a hat, and not in its decoration, that breadth is emphasized.

BRILLIANT VELVETS.

COTTON velvet in bright colors such as orange and cinnamon and tobacco brown is used for long-waisted blouses with coat suits. Brilliant velvet in any color is built into evening coats. Pink velvet with chin-chilla makes one of Molyneux's best wraps. He places it over an evening gown of pink velvet.

FROM A MONKEY.

MONKEY fur is continued in fashion, although the Americans will have little to do with it. Orange and black monkey combined is put on coats, gray monkey is put on afternoon frocks of simple design, also evening frocks in gorgeous materials.

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October Reminders for Homemakers



MAKE sure that the heating apparatus is in working order. Thank God for life and opportunities to use your powers. Clean the silver. Start on the studying you planned for the autumn. Make out your Christmas list. Drink plenty of cold water. Not too late to make grape jam. While shopping pick up something for Christmas.

There is no bitter air in the whole year—walk out-of-doors all you can.

Wear an all-day smile. It lubricates household machinery wonderfully.

"Take it easy." Relax often; don't "work on your nerves."

Go a-nutting. And remember that the nuts are but secondary to the real object—healthful recreation.

Mental house cleaning: Clear everything bothersome out of your mind and throw it away and fill the empty space with cheerful thoughts.

FEWER FUR COATS.

FEWER fur coats have been shown in Paris, except by the furriers, than for a decade. Possibly the French women are not able to buy them. The Americans can get them at home. American animals supply sufficient peltry and the vast number of Russian and Polish fur workers emigrating to America can do the work as well, if not better, than one can get over here. Therefore, the lack of peltry in this season's clothes may be for reasons industrial, not fashionable.

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Greater Beauty for Every Complexion

For over 80 years GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM has rendered greater beauty to thousands of women the world over. We have now extended its usefulness so that those who desire to closely harmonize their complexion with their particular shade of beauty can do so to the best advantage.

Gouraud's Oriental Cream

is now available in three shades.

Flesh—for those who desire to bring the glow of roses to their cheeks.

Rachelle—for those who desire the enchanting depth of color, just off the white shade.

White—popular for all complexions for over 80 years.

Gouraud's Oriental Cold Cream and Gouraud's Medicated Soap are indispensable complexion aids and should be used in conjunction with Gouraud's Oriental Cream.

Send 10c. for trial size bottle in either shade, or 25c. for a trial size bottle of Gouraud's Oriental Cream, any shade desired, a cake of Gouraud's Medicated Soap, and a tube of Gouraud's Oriental Cold Cream.

Ford, T. Hopkins & Son, New York

IT is doing the little "extras"
The things we're not asked to do—
The favors that help one's brother
To trust in God and you.

What Every Woman Wants to Know

Edited By
Anne Rittenhouse

:: Gifts to Make of Leather and Suede ::



AVE you ever tried making things of leather and suede?

No? Well, then there is an interesting sort of needlework that you might take up for Christmas. You can make most attractive gifts of leather and suede.

To begin with, of course, you buy the skins. They are not cheap, by any

means, but your work makes them so much more valuable that the original cost is but a small part of their ultimate worth.

After a little practice these soft, pliable leathers are no more difficult to work with than are silk and cloth. You will need a sharp pair of scissors, a sharp, round stiletto and good needles, about No. 6, with

coarse thread, perhaps No. 40.

In the sketch are many suggestions for making things of suede and leather—or of chamios, which comes under the same category. You can sew them together as you would cloth, or you can use long threads or thongs of the suede or leather, punch holes with the stiletto, and lace up the

seams. Be careful when piercing the holes not to get them too near the edge of the material, and also to pierce from the right side inward to the wrong side.

You can make hats and bags, flowers, cushions, book covers, card cases, belts and table covers, with painted, applied or burned designs on them.



Sweater Convenient for Woman's Wear On Chill Days



WEATERS are usually regarded as a fashion extremely useful in summer time. We do not realize how valuable the sweater may be made as a part of the winter wardrobe. For a great many women who do not dress for dinner save to put on something fresh and attractive, a pretty sweater of a bright or light color, worn with a separate skirt, makes a pleasant change when one is going to remain at home.

If your house is not very warm, a sweater may combine the advantage of bright or light colors and snug warmth. And especially so this year when our houses will probably be cooler than usual.

The sweater is also of great help to the housewife who wishes to retain the habit of wearing cotton dresses throughout the winter. When she starts her duties before breakfast time, the house is probably cool. She puts on a house dress and dons a serviceable sweater. If it is a short-sleeved model, so much the better, because it does not interfere with her housework, and if it provides sufficient warmth throughout her body and shoulders, the fact that her lower arms are left bare will do no harm. At least, the housewife can very quickly become used to bare forearms in cold weather if she is warmly enough clad elsewhere, and this is by far the more convenient and neater practice when one must put one's hands in dishwater.

As the day advances, of course, the sweater may be discarded. The housewife who does housework has many occasions for running outdoors—to put the laundry on the lines, to put out refuse, to sweep sidewalks, or perhaps to pursue errand children. If she has a sweater at hand of the coat variety rather than a slip-on, it becomes second nature to her to protect herself before going out.

An excellent street costume in cold weather may consist of a suit skirt worn with a slip-on sweater of the long-sleeved variety provided with detachable and washable collars and cuffs, with a suit jacket worn over it. A thin suit may be worn into really cold weather when combined with a wool sweater in this way.

A woman who is of far more than average stoutness has discovered that she can look as well in sweaters as the slender woman if she always fits them on a well-made lining before wearing them. She selects china silk or sometimes taffeta in white or matching color. Thus the sweaters withstand the strain of being worn by

Waffles Delicious for Cold Weather



WAFFLES are a really delicious cold weather dessert and with a good waffle iron and a little practice anyone may become proficient in their making.

Here is a good waffle batter: Mix well a quart of sifted flour and three teaspoons of baking powder, and put in half a cup of butter. Then add three beaten eggs and enough milk to make a thin pouring batter. Pour into the iron, heated and bake.

Waffles may be served in many ways, and if different sweets are devised to serve with them, they make a very acceptable dessert a couple of times a month and may also be eaten occasionally for breakfast.

Served with strained honey they are perhaps best of all, although maple syrup is also delicious with them.

They can be slightly salted and served with fried chicken with good results.

They can be sprinkled with granulated sugar and cinnamon sifted together.

They can be served with butter and sugar.

They can be served with the juice from any sweet, canned fruit.

Any fruit sauce, made of a syrup with chopped, cooked fruit, is also delicious with waffles.

They must always be served soon after they are made, as they become stiff and rather tough as they cool.

a woman of her build and do not become pulled and saggy.

You can almost always count on considerable stretching of woolen sweaters, and should therefore make the sweater smaller rather than larger than you will need it. When you wash a sweater measure the length and width of waist and sleeves before washing it, or if it has stretched or is too small ascertain just how long you want it to be. Then when you come to dry it, lay it out and pull it to just these proportions, letting it dry thus.

To Simplify Sunday Is Housewife's Aim



WITH all the agitation for blue Sunday observances we hear very little protest against the sort of Sunday that keeps the housewife working harder on Sunday than on any other day in the week.

And the truth of the matter is that some good men, while they have a holy horror of seeing their neighbors playing golf or tennis on Sunday and drill their children in church going from their youth up, would be rather badly disappointed if they came home from church on Sunday to be served with a nice bowl of bread and milk instead of usual chicken fricasee, or roast beef, vegetables carefully prepared and cooked, and ice cream with home-made cake.

Sunday dinner is something of an institution in many families. To make it a heavy, elaborate meal seems part of some people's respectability.

But the housewives might have something to say about this. In fact, some of them have expressed themselves. In one or two families I know of the old-time Sunday dinner has been abolished entirely. Midday meal on Sunday is a simple, nourishing meal. It may be packed in an automobile and carried out to the woods to be eaten quite easily. The hearty meal comes late in the day, and while nourishing and satisfying, is quite the simplest dinner of the week. Usually it consists of dishes most of which have been almost entirely prepared on Saturday.

Many persons make the excuse that they cling to the old 1 or 2 o'clock Sunday dinner because of their maids. Naturally the maids want to get out on Sunday afternoon. Some maids would be quite as content to go out immediately after breakfast dishes were done and stay out until half past five, time to set the table for the simple Sunday dinner at night. Moreover, with this meal so largely prepared the day before, with no elaborate cooking to do, servants might be allowed to have all of Sunday off from after breakfast.

Brown and Black for Autumn Wear



BROWN and black bears the stamp of real smartness. It is a color combination that French women have always appreciated. This season the French dressmakers have made use of it so effectively that its smartness will undoubtedly be appreciated by many well-dressed American women.

In choosing your street costume for autumn and winter make use of this combination, and you will have the satisfaction of wearing brown which is the leading autumn color, and black which always lends distinction to the smart woman's street costume. Tete de negre and black is an excellent combination, but black combines as well with any of the lighter, brighter browns that have been stressed for autumn—copper, cocoa, beaver, tortoise shell and even the shades of beige and amber.

There is a new green, petroleum green, which is a dark, clouded green—the color you would see if looking into a depth of kerosene. It is far more becoming than Lanvin green or almond green—colors that were brought out by dressmakers in recent seasons, but that were prevented from wide acceptance because of their general lack of becomingness.

Roi or King's blue is a bright shade of blue that dressmakers and milliners have used somewhat this autumn. It is by all means the predominant blue. It is becoming to women with blue eyes and fair skins—a rare type in France.

Very little all red has been chosen by leading dressmakers, but, by way of contrast, framboise or raspberry red has been used by milliners and somewhat by dressmakers.

Shades of yellow are still favored for evening gowns. Yellow combined with shades of tortoise shell is very new.

Gray will not be one of the so-called popular colors, but be sure of this: It will be a very wise selection for the woman who wants to keep out of the beaten path. Some of the smartest establishments are suggesting its use to women who avoid the usual. Wraps and suits showing gray with fur are especially desirable.

A Little Cure for Bachelors

Continued From Page 5

was not himself that his master needed but love and an escape from loneliness? He liked the young woman, who was now forever appearing at most unexpected times and in most unwarranted places, but his liking for her in no sort of way touched his devotion to his master, and his master now seemed to have no longer any time for him at all. He was forever being cast down into the kitchen, told to play with the cat, urged towards bones which were then suddenly withdrawn from him, getting entangled, most unexpectedly, between the large feet of Mordant and the still larger feet of the cook. He spent his time sitting at the bottom of the kitchen stairs looking upwards, hoping against hope that his master, like Jove, would suddenly appear. He went out once for a walk in the park with his master and the young lady, but elicited no smiles from them, drew no attention by his playful antics, and was indeed such a failure that during the last part of the time he walked at his master's heels in something of the same crawling way that he had done the first day of all.

He could not understand it. The little jokes that had been so readily accepted only the week before were now not noticed at all, and once when with true unselfish disinterestedness he sprang up on the young lady and tried to embrace her, he was violently rebuked by his master, who told him not to be a nuisance and ordered Mordant to take him down to the basement. He was very unhappy.

The person who was unhappy was Michael Mallory. For years and years Mallory and Todhunter had been bachelors together. Mallory, having, after being twice rejected, flung women over the wall as being unworthy of further attention, took it for granted Todhunter had done the same. This sudden appearance of a young woman in a cherry colored dress with her silly simpering smile and her way of looking at him when he was present as though she wished he would go away and would tell him so as soon as she was more safely entrenched in Todhunter's affections infuriated him.

Mallory was lonely as he had never been lonely before. He sat in the library with very much the same look on his round chubby face that the dog was wearing down in the basement. If Todhunter deserted him he did not know what he would do. He tried to plot a little, hinted that from what he'd heard the young woman's relations were not all that they might be, that there was a brother in South Africa, he believed, who had done something once that he shouldn't; that he didn't know why, but he fancied that the young lady was not quite so loyal to Todhunter as she ought to be; that she laughed, he fancied, behind Todhunter's back. Finally, with a deep breath like one coming up from a deep dive far below the salty sea, he ejaculated, "Anyway, Jim, it's good to think that you're too old for such silly things as matrimony." Surprising indeed, then, to see Todhunter's anger, his eyebrows shoot out as though, like Mr. Tate's mustache, they were fixed on with elastic! "What do you mean?" he cried. "Too old? I'm not too old at all. I'll show you whether I'm too old," which he did by proposing that same evening and being instantly, even greedily, accepted.

If the dog's fate before the engagement had been a sad one, it was nothing to what it was afterwards. He was now entirely neglected. It was decided that the wedding should be soon and that it should be rather a smart wedding. Miss Dulcie Pinkerton, the young lady, had reached just that age when her women friends were beginning to say, "Poor Dulcie, she'll never be married now," so that she was determined to invite them all and to have the finest ceremony possible. Todhunter was in that desperate state when he agreed to everything. He was to wake up just a year too late to wonder why he did the things he did.

The dog sat in the basement and so desperate did things become that his meal was occasionally forgotten and he was forced to eat the cat's. His heart was broken. He would have preferred infinitely to return to the days of the tin can and the jeering boys, when he had no illusions as to love, when he knew exactly where he was.

Three or four days before the wedding he evolved a little plot. He hung about the stairs, outmaneuvered Mordant, who was now, of course, a very busy and self-important man, slipped into his master's bedroom, jumped on to his old accustomed place and curled at the foot of his master's bed. Here, with beating heart, he waited. At a late hour his master entered and for a while stood in front of the looking glass, slowly taking off his tie and unbuttoning his collar, and murmuring, like the hero of one of Mr. Rossetti's poems, over and over again, "Dulcie, Dulcie, Dulcie. Darling, darling." When at last his delirium for a moment yielded to the necessity of cleaning his teeth, he turned round towards the bed and saw the dog.

"Good heavens, what are you doing here?" he cried. The dog squinted at him out of the corner of both eyes, thumped his tail feebly and gave a beseeching wriggle of his body. "Can't have you here," said Todhunter. "Your proper place is the kitchen."

He went to the door, opened it and called "Mordant." That dignified creature was just then advancing, ponderously to bed. "Look here, Mordant, that dog's got in here again. Just take him downstairs, will you? Sorry to bother you."

The dog made one desperate effort of appeal, getting up on his haunches and begging as in his earlier, happier days he had been taught to do. All that occurred was

that Mordant, grunting, caught him by his skin and dragged him downstairs, threw him into the cat's basket and so left him. The dog sighed himself to sleep.

THE wedding was over, the guests were at the house, Todhunter and his Dulcie had stood in the middle of the room receiving endless superficial congratulations from supercilious guests. The moment had come when the happy man must go up and change his clothes for the journey. Outside in the hall there were two figures. In the middle of the hall, stout, chubby and miserable, was Mallory, staring desolately in front of him. In the middle of the staircase, looking absurd with a piece of ribbon round his neck, was the dog, also staring in front of him, hoping against hope for a kind word, a pat of the hand, something from somebody. "Hullo, Jim," said Mallory. "Hullo, old man," said Todhunter. "I must hurry up and get changed. We're off in a quarter of an hour."

Mallory waited for Todhunter to say something of the more tender sort, but it is the first duty of the Dulcies of this world to slaughter the pre-matrimonial friends. She had already hinted to her dear James that Mr. Mallory was really the sweetest of men, but he was just a wee bit tiresome with his silly old stories over and over again and she wasn't sure whether he were quite so loyal to her dear James as her dear James thought him.

Mallory caught the eye of the dog. "I say, Jim," he suddenly said. "Hullo, what is it?" said Todhunter, turning at the foot of the stairs.

"Wasn't it through that dog," Mallory said, "that you met your wife?"

"Why, yes, it was," said Todhunter, but showing very plainly indeed that he wanted to escape.

"Not a bad idea that," said Mallory reflectively. "Acts as a kind of introducer, you know. After all," he put his finger in his mouth, a childish habit to which he was addicted, "it's never too late to mend. . . . I say, Jim, would you let me have the dog?"

Todhunter, half way up the stairs, passing the dog without looking at it, turned round. "Have the dog? Why, of course. Whatever do you want it for? I thought you didn't like dogs."

"O, I don't know," Mallory shifted from foot to foot. "Just an idea that occurred to me. Take him out for walks in the park, you know. That sort of thing. You'll let me have him?"

"Why, certainly!" cried Todhunter, disappearing. Mallory went up to the dog and stroked it, felt the whole of his heart warm to the responsive wriggle that the dog gave.

"Come along, old man," said Mallory. "You belong to me now. You may do me a good turn one day. Who knows?" They left the house together.

(Copyright, 1922, for The Constitution.)

"Right," Says Reno's Famous Judge of the Easy Divorce

(Continued From Page 13.)

ground for apprehending bodily harm or injury.

"If it appears probable that the life of one of the parties is rendered miserable by any character of misconduct on the part of the other, the separation should be decreed."

Judge Lewis' declaration that spiritual and mental cruelty are at least as significant as the physical kind gains ever-increasing support as the science of psychology gains ground, and a better understanding of humanity and its needs is evolved.

"It is manifest from the nature of things," said Judge Lewis, "that acts which would be extreme cruelty under some circumstances would not be so under others; and so, too, a course of conduct towards one person might be deemed extreme cruelty which towards another would not be so considered by anyone."

I KNEW a man who, by the sheer instrumentality of refined but merciless satire—without ever raising his voice, to say nothing of his hands—could reduce his hyper-sensitive wife to a state of hysteria; could, and did it with a relish. The same treatment would have had no effect on a more healthily balanced spirit. It was unmistakable cruelty, nonetheless, in the case in point.

The usual procedure, when extreme cruelty is the basis upon which the divorce action is brought, is to establish the fact that the cruel spouse's behavior, mental or physical, has injured the nervous or bodily health of the other.

A great six-foot negro was in my court one day, seeking separation from his wife. He claimed to have been the victim of cruel treatment.

"What did your wife do to you?" his counsel questioned.

"Mah soup!" he replied. "Sheetapfigto m mah soup!" he replied. "She say too she goin' cut out mah gizzuhd!"

"What was the effect of your wife's treatment upon your health?"

"Well, Jedge," said he gravely, "ah done jes' nachelly lost mah appetite!"

Though the answer threatened the gravity of the court, it has its serious aspect demonstrating how cruelty is to be interpreted largely in the light of the individual involved. To the simple-souled fellow, no more grievous calamity could befall than that his healthy and innocent delight in the joys of the palate should desert him. It was real suffering that was entailed; and as such it had legitimate claim to consideration.

There are two kinds of divorce—"a vinculo," which means complete dissolution of the bonds of matrimony; and "a mensa et thoro," which means divorce from bed and board, and gives neither party the right to remarry. In some places, as for example the District of Columbia, a complete divorce withholds from the guilty party the right to make a second venture

Adultery there is the only ground for complete divorce.

I can't find words strong enough to express the stupidity of an arrangement that entails celibacy on one or both of a separated couple. It implies that man was made for law, and not law for man. It assumes that legal rulings are more potent than nature's needs and decrees.

A MASSACHUSETTS court gave a divorce to a man because of the infidelity of his wife. Three years later she applied for leave to remarry. It was demonstrated that in the interim she had maintained a good character. She was of age, and from every natural standpoint a fit person to marry. But permission was denied her.

"As a general rule, a party who has violated the obligation of the marriage covenant by committing the crime of adultery," said the presiding judge, "is not entitled to the confidence of the court, nor to a decree that certifies such confidence, and may enable the party to practice deceit upon another party."

Of course, nature ought to make haste to harmonize herself with the court's decree. Unfortunately she doesn't; she is singularly blind to it.

She should forthwith squash in the per-

son denied the right of remarriage all the normal impulses whence the wish springs. Instead, if anything, those impulses are intensified through frustration; and the court's decree, by ignoring nature, is calculated to plunge its victim into the very immorality which it is theoretically guarding against.

In 1916, 31.1 per cent of all divorces were granted to the husband and 68.9 per cent to the wife. The larger proportion granted to the wife is doubtless due to the fact that she has legal ground more frequently than the husband—non-support or failure to provide, for example, would practically never be alleged by him. It may also be partly due to a chivalry on the part of the man, which frequently causes him to let her get the divorce, instead of getting it himself. My observation is, though, that since the last figures were compiled there is a decided increase in the number of suits securing freedom for both.

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This is the first of a series of articles by Judge Bartlett.

"Divorce From the Woman's Angle," introducing the famous Corey-Mabel Gilman case is his topic in The Constitution next Sunday.

Judge Bartlett will endeavor to show how increased social and economic independence has given woman new strength and new needs.

Byways and Byplays In and Around New York.

(Continued From Page 2.)

the least, to those of us who still believe in the land of the brave.

Several months ago there was the case of the family of Greeks which came to America. The law permits a specified number from every country to enter the United States every month. A little girl, a mere child, was the last of this family to enter. She exceeded the quota, so she was promptly sent back to Greece to try again next month, while her family waited frantically for her in New York. There have been a number of similar instances, but I remember that particular one because the victim of the law happened to be a tearful little girl who wanted to stay with her father and mother rather than make two additional trips over the Atlantic in order to join them. But about the prize case. It was that of

Mrs. Elvira Carton, who lives with her husband in Chicago. They are Belgians. The husband has applied for citizenship and in due course will become a voter. Their little son was still in Belgium in the care of relatives. The Cartons having saved up enough money Mrs. Carton went for the boy.

She knew about the immigration law, so before leaving Belgium she made inquiry as to whether she could land. She was told that if she traveled on the Aquitania she could do so, because that ship would arrive on the first day of the month, when the Ellis Island officials would just be commencing the count on the quota for the month.

So far, so good.

In mid-ocean the captain of the Aquitania, having ascertained that his ship had been making fine time, decided to try for a record, so he speeded up and arrived, not on the first day of the month, but at 9 p. m. on the last day of the month. Mrs. Carton and her son therefore arrived on

(Concluded on Page 21)



"Sally"

Sally was a pretty girl, but in spite of this she was a wallflower at parties. When men were asked why they didn't dance with her, they just said, "Sally don't dress like the other girls. When I dance with her, I feel like apologizing for her clothes." Then, one day, a married sister told her of this. Ten weeks later, at a house dance, Sally was so prettily dressed and so attractive that she danced every dance and received several invitations. When asked what she had done, Sally astonished her friends by saying, "Why, I made that gown myself. Otherwise, I could not afford to have it. I took up the Franklin Institute system and after 10 weeks' fascinating spare time work, I can now design and make my own gowns, waists, skirts and suits. I am now making an evening dress for mother."

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Address



"Mary's Secret"

Seven miles from Lincoln Center, just off the main road, lives Mary. Mary was handsome. At the village parties, although she danced well, she was a wall flower. Mary had worn the same old-fashioned party dress for three winters.

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Mary was a wall flower no longer. Her program was rapidly filled and a number marked for extras. After that, Mary was someone to more. She had changed over night. She always seemed to have a different dress for every occasion and her company was much sought.

One day, the secret came out. "Why," said she, "it was simple. I learned that although I lived on a farm, it was not necessary to be dressed out of date. I took up the wonderful Franklin Institute system of Dress Designing, Dress Making and Coat Making, learning the lessons, which are fascinating, during my spare moments. Those three delightful dresses cost less than one formerly cost."

What Mary did, you can do, too. Over 12,000 women and girls have learned designing and making at their own home, during moments they would have wasted. Sign and mail the following coupon, at once—today. This two-cent stamp will make you better dressed than ever at one-third the cost.

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Name

The Tenth Mrs. Tulkington

Continued From Page 7

was surprised when George presented me with a sheet of paper at the top of which he had written "Cast of Characters." On this sheet were written six varieties of husbands, all men of my acquaintance, and no two alike. At the head of the list was written "January—Self, prosperous banker." And following this was "February—H. P. Diggleton, clubman, heavy sport," and "March—Winston Bopple, flirt, lady-chaser," and so on down to "June—Carey S. Flick, conceited elderly fusser, etc." July I was again to be "Self, prosperous banker." And so on for the second six months. As the month was now August I was to be, not myself, but a person resembling as nearly as possible H. P. Diggleton. For the month of August Susan was to have as her husband not myself, but, to all intents and purposes, some one equivalent to H. P. Diggleton. George Tithers saw that I was fully equipped with manners and habits; when he could not be sure what H. P. Diggleton would do he invented something new for me to do instead.

I admit that as the day approached when I was to become a practically new and unknown husband to Susan I became keenly excited. This was not because I was to be another man, but because I knew I was to have in Susan an entirely new wife. I had never been so interested in anything in my life. When the thirteen trunks, containing the thirteen complete sets of costumes Susan was to wear in her thirteen impersonations, came into the house and were carried to the store room I actually trembled with excitement as I saw them and noticed the huge white numerals painted on their sides. I say thirteen trunks because Amelia Tithers had decided that, month by month, Susan should be thirteen women. She felt that Susan, being a woman, was equal to the task, and by letting Susan be a different woman each month for thirteen months, while I ran, so to speak, in a cycle of but six months, it would be many years before the same husband could have the same wife. If, for example, Susan should be Mary P. Miller in August to my H. P. Diggleton, there would be no danger that she would be Mary P. Miller to my H. P. Diggleton the next August, because if Mary P. Miller was wife No. 1, when August came again, Susan would be wife No. 13, and the next August she would be wife No. 12. Thus a continuous novelty was assured.

ON the glorious August morning when our experiment was to begin I opened my eyes and raised myself on my elbow to take a last look—for twelve months—at the old Susan Tulkington. She was not there! I leaped from bed, bathed and hurried into the clothes George Tithers had supplied for my Diggleton impersonation and hastened downstairs.

"Your wife?" Amelia Tithers said pleasantly. "Oh, you'll not see your wife this month at all! She is, this month, one of the giddy ladies who fly from their husbands in the summer. Susan has gone to Newport, thence she goes to Alaska. You can expect her as the second Mrs. Tulkington on or about the first of September."

I can assert that Susan and I did not quarrel that August. In fact, I never loved and longed for Susan as truly as I did toward the end of that month. I wasted, so to speak, my H. P. Diggleton role on the desert air, but George Tithers kept me spurred to the role and I am sure I did well. I made use of all my clubs and I did enjoy them. I played more auction bridge than in all my previous life.

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"Gus," one of my friends said, "I hardly know you! You're like a different man. Maybe you didn't know it, but you were getting stupid and stodgy—you were getting in the 'old family man' rut. Well, bid 'em up; bid 'em up!"

I met, toward the end of August, a banker from Nome. He had met Susan at Portland.

"Some wife!" he said enthusiastically. "Some lively lady, Mr. Tulkington! Just shows how folks can be mistaken—Henry Torker, who was down here last year, said your lady was one of these house-broke ladies, one of the nice old family persons. Oh, boy!"

IT was with some trepidation that I awaited Susan's return in September. I was grateful to Amelia Tithers for taking Susan far away while she was impersonating such a lively lady as Mr. Hutchins, of Nome, had suggested she was impersonating, and I admit that I was glad I was to give her tit for tat, so to speak, since my September schedule called for me to be a Winston Bopple, lady-killer and flirt. After a few evenings of coaching by George Tithers I was sure I would be able to carry my Bopple role in a manner that would not cause Susan the least monotony. Two or three of the ladies in our summer colony seemed quite willing to assist me in giving the part verisimilitude.

When Susan arrived she gave me one kiss and hurried to her room, but Amelia Tithers paused a moment.

"You'll be surprised!" she whispered. "Susan is doing it so wonderfully! And our little practice trip came off splendidly. You'll never again think of Susan as a stodgy, stupid married-old-thing sort of person. You just wait!"

When Susan came down to dinner I was indeed surprised. I turned from Amelia Tithers, with whom I had been doing my best to flirt, and gasped. Such—well, such lack of clothes! Such abundance of long earrings!

"The vampire-type!" breathed Amelia Tithers. "Doesn't she do it well?" She did! For a few September days I did try to flirt with some of our female neighbors, but before a week was up I found I had enough to do in making love to Susan and in trying to crowd between her and the men who seemed to take her masquerading in earnest. We had one row, with Susan in sly coils—so to speak—on the chaise longue, when I told her what I thought of her conduct and she called attention to mine, but we kissed and made up like young lovers. The next minute she was vamping old Horatio Peabody, the silly old fool. And I had to make eyes at his stuffy old wife in self-defense. It was, indeed, a hasty and hectic month, as George Tithers said.

"Thank heaven," I said to George, on the last day of September, "this month is over. I hope Susan is to be something respectable in October."

"I say, you know!" George exclaimed. "You don't know that wife of mine. Up and doing, what? Always a little bit more, what? Spread a bit more sail—that's her motto, if you get me."

"You mean to tell me—" I gasped. "Well, rather!" exclaimed George Tithers. "Upward and onward, so to speak."

HE was right; Amelia must have told him. "Well educated show-girl who is not just sure she has married the right man," was what Amelia had cast Susan for in October. It was with the greatest difficulty that I was able to maintain my role of a man who regretted his past and was seeking his solace in good books. It was indeed hard for me to sit with the second volume of Henry Esmond and see Susan making merry with half a dozen brainless noodles while her clothes were practically an incident to unseemly levity.

"It has been a lovely month," Susan said at its close. "I did feel so free. I hope you're to be something retiring in November. I'm to be—"

"What?" I snarled. I do believe I snarled.

"Wait and see!" she said. The next evening when I returned from my bank and met Susan I fell into a chair and stared at her. She, who had never used rouge had used it too, too abundantly. Her gown—I can only describe it by saying that even Mrs. Hinderberry, who goes what is practically the limit, would have hesitated to wear it.

"Like the Countess of Duxminster!" Amelia Tithers breathed in my ear. "Chic, yes?"

I shuddered. I had read of the Countess of Duxminster; it was she gave the notorious party at which she lost thirty thousand pounds sterling and then bet all her garments—and lost! And this was but November, and Amelia Tithers' motto was "Spread a bit more sail," and there were nine more impersonations on Susan's list!

I closed my eyes and groped for the stair-banisters. When I reached the upper floor I dodged for the stairs that led to the store-

room. There, in a row, were the twelve trunks. Number 4 was not there; it was evidently in Susan's boudoir. For a moment I stood before trunk Number 5. It was unlocked; so were they all. I put my hand on the lid and hesitated. After all I could guess what might be in trunk Number 5. I might as well know the worst. I staggered to trunk No. 13.

Now, I trust I am not a coward, but I did not dare open the lid of that trunk. A dozen times I drew a deep breath and a dozen times I hesitated. I turned to trunk Number 12, to Number 11.

"Augustus," I said to myself, "be a man! Face this thing!"

I THREW open the lid of the trunk containing what was to be, in effect, the tenth Mrs. Tulkington. At first the trunk seemed to hold nothing but a few red artificial flowers and some hay, lumped in one small corner. I lifted these. There was nothing else in the trunk! The red flowers, as I looked at them, assumed a meaning—they were a wreath for the head; the hay was sewed to a narrow band. There was extremely short hair. Pictures of Hawaii and the South Sea islands flashed on my brain. I saw my Susan on a sandy beach. In my imagination I could see nearly all of the beach—and nearly all of Susan! I felt sick; suddenly and extremely sick! So this was to be my wife! This was to be the tenth Mrs. Tulkington! I could feel the cold perspiration oozing out of my pores. My Susan in a hay lamp shade and a wreath of red petunias!

I hardly dared turn my eyes toward Trunk No. 11. I dared not raise the lid; I could think of nothing but Eve—Eve in the Garden of Eden. I lifted the trunk by the handle and shook it. Nothing! There was absolutely nothing in that trunk! And beyond it stood Trunk No. 12. And beyond that stood Trunk No. 13!

I went down the stairs slowly. Five times I stopped and stood, trying to overcome the trembling of my limbs; trying to regain my usual composure. This unseemly business had gone far enough; Trunk No. 10 might do for a Lady Mercedes, but for a respectable American wife—not! The tenth Mrs. Tulkington might please Lord Algy but as for pleasing Augustus Tulkington—no! I met Susan in the hall. I grasped her arm firmly.

"Susan," I said, "I have had enough of this! I have had plenty of Susans."

They Make You Pay to Look in a Mirror

(Continued From Page 6.)

appeared in public for the "trooping of the colors" on King George's birthday, the throngs gave vent to no boisterous enthusiasm. King George, on horseback, rode through the almost silent lines of people.

When Queen Alexandra, perhaps the best loved woman in England, appeared there were little gasps that ripped up and down the crowded sidewalks, but no cheers. The queen, Princess Mary and Viscount Lascelles, the Duke of York and Prince Henry all came in for muffled "Ah's" and "There's," but nothing more.

"I almost felt sorry for the people," Mrs. Verlin declared. "They seemed to want so badly to show their loyalty for the king, and admiration for the princes and love for the queen mother; but they didn't seem to know how."

PARIS is, of course, the heaven of the feminine tourist. Its gay shops, displaying the world's last word and authority in styles, are the ultimate goal of every woman who turns her back on the land of the Statue of Liberty and the statue of Volstead to cross the briny deep.

Mrs. Verlin confirms the reports that previous observers have brought back from the place where the stern edicts on styles are made.

Skirts are not only going down, they've gone!

She brought back some very chic and becoming evidences of the indisputable fact. The flapper this season is going to have more to flap than she has had these last few hilarious months.

American men proved a century or so ago that they had the courage of their convictions to fight the British for freedom on the seas, but even the new woman, emir-ci-

"Augustus!" she cried, and threw her arms around me. "Augustus, I have had more Augustuses than I could bear. I want just my own old Augustus! I want my plain old Augustus!"

"And I," I said briskly, "want nothing but my same old Susan. This whole business has been nothing but idiocy. We can vary the monotony of our married existence without committing imitation bigamy by retail and wholesale."

I WAS tremendously relieved, for I admit now that I had been tremendously frightened. The tenth Mrs. Tulkington had upset me.

"Susan," I whispered firmly, for I was not going to let her come under the influence of Amelia Tithers another moment, "go up to your room and prepare for a journey—a journey with your own husband. You are going to Palm Beach with your Augustus, a respectable banker and married man. In five minutes the car will be at the door. Hurry—for we have no time to waste. But Susan!" I added as she turned to hurry up the stairs. "Susan! Will you tell me one thing? What was in the eleventh trunk?"

"Nothing, Augustus," she said, her hand on the rail.

"And in the twelfth trunk?" I asked with a deep breath.

"Less than nothing, Augustus," said Susan.

I shuddered to think of what a wife may be capable when driven to it by deadly routine.

"And in the thirteenth trunk, Susan?" I asked hoarsely.

"Why, you old silly, my own clothes," said Susan with a laugh; "the clothes I was wearing when Amelia and George came."

"Oh!" I said stupidly. "Oh! Well, you've no time to pack anything; you'll take the thirteenth trunk."

FROM Palm Beach I sent a large check to George Tithers, and he and Amelia were gone when we returned. That was several years ago but I cannot persuade Susan to allow me to have those twelve trunks thrown out of the store-room in the attic.

"No, Augustus dear," she always says, "I know now that monotony is the one great curse of married life, and I love you so dearly, Augustus, that I want always to have a few of dear Amelia's trunks to windward." (Copyright, 1922, for The Constitution.)

Byways and Byplays In and Around New York.

(Continued From Page 20.)

the last day of the month by exactly three hours, and consequently were sent back to Belgium to make the voyage over again.

What a foolish decision, what a waste of time and money and energy. The immigration law is very arbitrary in differentiating between who shall be admitted and who excluded, according to their place in line, but surely it should not necessitate any such decisions as this.

Every time I see one of these flappers all painted and lip-sticked and rouged and powdered and calcimined I wonder if perhaps she isn't playing too much confidence in that familiar slogan, "Save the Surface and You Save AIL!"

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BLACKY BEAR TAKES A WINTER NAP

By Marie Rich

ONCE upon a time, high up on the wooded hillside, where the blackberries gleamed on their prickly bushes, and the dog-wood trees bloomed in the spring time, lived Blacky Bear. Now Blacky Bear liked to live near the blackberry patch, and every day after they began to ripen he would amble down the hillside to get some for his lunch, and to drink from the cool spring at the foot of the hill.

"My, my!" he exclaimed one day when he had been picking berries for a long time in the hot sun, "how very warm it is here! If I could only find a nice, cool place to stay all summer I would never leave it."

"Well," remarked Reddy Robin, who sat perched on a limb up over the spring, "you might go live with your cousin, Polar Bear. I have heard that he can play in the snow all summer long."

"Fine!" said Blacky Bear. "I had quite forgotten about him. I will go and visit my cousin, Polar Bear, and see some of the world while I am about it."

SO Blacky Bear started over the mountain to see the world and to visit his cousin, Polar Bear.

Now Polar Bear lived far to the north,

where the great gray seals sunned themselves on the icy banks of the sea, and the Man wrapped himself snugly in his furs winter and summer. And by and by as Blacky Bear journeyed along it began to grow colder and colder, and he was glad indeed that he had worn his fur coat, too.

Pretty soon he began to grow tired. "My, my!" thought he to himself. "It is certainly a long journey to my cousin Polar Bear's home. I have not found the world so different from my own hillside either, but perhaps if I go far enough I shall at least find a place to keep cool in summer. B-r-r! I must be nearing it now from the feel of this cold wind."

And sure enough, after awhile he came to a country all covered with snow and ice, and there on the banks of the sea sat his cousin Polar Bear swinging his great white head to and fro as he watched for fish.

"Well, well!" exclaimed Polar Bear, when he saw Blacky Bear ambling across the snow. "Where did you come from, Blacky Bear, and where in the world are you going?"

"I have come from my hillside to see you," said Blacky Bear. "Reddy Robin says I can keep cool all summer here."

"Oh, yes indeed," exclaimed Polar Bear. "But the summer is about over now, so you

will have to wait until next year. You must be tired from your long journey. Rest a while, and then I will show you the Northern Lights."

SO Blacky Bear lay down and went fast asleep.

Now Blacky Bear was very tired and very sleepy, for he had come a long way, and slept so long that Polar Bear forgot all about him. While he was sleeping the Winter came blustering along and it grew darker and darker. Then by and by Blacky Bear opened his eyes and stretched himself.

"Gracious!" he exclaimed when he looked about and saw that it was quite dark. "I must have slept all day. Well, as long as it is night now I may as well go back to sleep again until morning." And he rolled over and was soon snoring lustily again.

After awhile Polar Bear, who had been watching the Northern Lights flame up, thought of Blacky Bear.

"Goodness me!" he thought to himself. "Here I have forgotten all about Blacky Bear, and he has perhaps wandered away or frozen to death by this time." And he ran back as fast as ever he could to the place where he left Blacky Bear sleeping. There lay Blacky Bear, still sound asleep and snoring loudly.

"Here, wake up, Blacky Bear!" shouted Polar Bear, catching him and shaking him by the shoulder. "Get up and see the Northern Lights come out."

BLACKY Bear opened his eyes and blinked them sleepily, but when he saw that it was still dark he rolled over again. "Wait till morning," he said drowsily, and was sound asleep before Polar Bear knew what he was about, and try as hard as ever he could, Polar Bear could not wake him.

"Foolish Blacky Bear," cried Polar Bear, shaking him roughly. "Don't you know that the night is six months' long here, and you cannot sleep until morning?" But still Blacky Bear would not wake up.

"Very well," said Polar Bear at last, "sleep all winter if you want to."

And that is just what Blacky Bear did.

And every year, from that day till this, whenever the leaves begin to fall and the first frost is in the air, Blacky Bear begins to think of his nice, long sleep far up in the frozen North, and to hunt about for a cozy hollow tree on the hillside to sleep in. And, if he is lucky enough to find one, in he crawls, and goes sound asleep until spring, when the smell of blackberries reminds him that he is hungry as can be. I think he must be an awful sleepy head, don't you?

A Bible Talk

On the Text of the International
Sunday School Lesson for Next Week

By William Jennings Bryan

THE word of God came unto John the son of Zacharias in the wilderness. And he came into all the country about Jordan, preaching the baptism of repentance for the remission of sins.

Thus Luke, greatest of Gospel writers, begins his graphic account of the ministry of John the Baptist, forerunner of the Christ.

Repentance was John's message to the Hebrew world. "Ye offspring of vipers," or "generation of vipers," as the authorized version has it, was the way in which he addressed "the multitude that came forth to be baptized of him."

A child of the desert, where he lived on locusts and wild honey, and clothed himself with camel's hair, "and with a girdle of skin about his loins," John dressed his thought in the language with which he was familiar.

"O generation of vipers, who hath warned you to flee from the wrath to come?" But it was not sufficient that the people should flee from this wrath; John told them bluntly they must repent and "bring forth fruits worthy of repentance."

It was a sermon good for all time that John the Baptist, appearing unexpectedly from his desert fastness, preached nineteen hundred years ago to the Hebrew multitude.

Repentance is the beginning of reform.

No one can begin a new life until he recognizes that he has sinned, and turns from sin. Such a man may reflect upon his past; he may consider the sorrow and suffering that follow in the wake of sin and yet continue to sin. It is not until he repents—turns back—that there is any hope for him. The sense of sin precedes salvation—"God be merciful to me a sinner" is the prayer that reaches the throne. It unlocks the door to God's forgiveness.

Fortunately, repentance can be as instantaneous as the decision that leads one into wrong doing.

A man may contemplate stealing for a long time; he may count the money and calculate the possibility of escape, but it only requires an instant to become a thief—the instant in which he resolves to take that which is not his own.

So one may ponder over a wrong, real or fancied, and cherish revenge, but it only takes an instant to resolve to be a murderer.

So the prodigal son doubtless reviewed his downward course and recalled the pleasures of his home, but it required only the instant to say, "I will arise and go to my father."

John the Baptist was a mighty preacher. He poured his whole soul into his work; his words shook his hearers loose from indifference and brought them face to face with their own iniquity. His words penetrated their hearts and stirred new resolves.

He was not only a preacher, but he had the wisdom to advise those who came unto him.

The inquirers are divided by Luke into three classes. Reversing the order given in Gospel, let us consider first John's an-

John the Baptist's Sermon of Repentance—Text of Today's Bible Talk by Mr. Bryan.

(Luke 3:7-17)

Then he said to the multitude that came forth to be baptized of him, O generation of vipers, who hath warned you to flee from the wrath to come?

Bring forth therefore fruits worthy of repentance, and begin not to say within yourselves, We have Abraham to our father; for I say unto you, That God is able to raise up children unto Abraham.

And now also the axe is laid unto the root of the trees; every tree therefore which bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down, and cast into the fire.

And the people asked him, saying, What shall we do then? He answereth and saith unto them, He that hath two coats, let him impart to him that hath none; and he that hath meat, let him do likewise.

Then came also publicans to be baptized, and said unto him, Master, what shall we do?

And he said unto them, Exact no more than that which is appointed you.

And the soldiers likewise demanded of him, saying, And what shall we do? And he said unto them, Do violence to no man, neither accuse any falsely; and be content with your wages.

And as the people were in expectation, and all men mused in their hearts of John, whether he were the Christ, or not;

John answered, saying unto them all, I indeed baptize you with water; but one mightier than I cometh, the latchet of whose shoes I am not worthy to unloose; he shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire:

Whose fan is in his hand, and he will thoroughly purge his floor, and will gather the wheat into his garner; but the chaff he will burn with fire unquenchable.

swer to the soldiers who asked, "And what shall we do?"

He said unto them: "Do violence to no man, neither accuse any falsely; and be content with your wages." He dealt with the special temptations that they were subject to.

"Do violence to no man"—It is difficult for one to have power without abusing it.

A soldier has not only the physical advantage that comes with a strong body, but he has the greater advantage that comes with the use of weapons.

The difference between the armed and the unarmed is much greater today than it was in the day of John the Baptist. We have the revolver and the repeating rifle, the machine gun and shells. During the recent war I met a manufacturer who had a contract for three million shells; each was guaranteed to burst into one hundred and twelve pieces—think of the butchery!

Today a few are a match for a multitude, but even nineteen hundred years ago the soldier was able to extort from the civilian, and John warned them against yielding to this temptation.

"Neither accuse any falsely." When injustice is done it is usually excused by false accusation. The sin of false swearing is

so common that the ninth Commandment is directed against it:

"Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor."

The third sin against which he warned, "Be content with your wages," might be construed as enjoining respect for government.

The soldier is the agent of the government, its arm in the exercise of authority. Mutiny among soldiers is a high crime and desire for increase in wages is sometimes the cause of such an uprising.

When the publicans came to John and said, "What shall we do?" his answer dealt with the sin most common among them—"Exact no more than that which is appointed you."

The collection of taxes does not tend to make one popular, but the tax gatherer arouses the minimum of resentment when there is no doubt about his integrity. If to that which he is authorized to collect he adds graft for himself, he becomes an object of contempt.

John would make the way of public officials as easy as possible by keeping them within the line of duty.

But the Baptist's answer to the multitude was intended for all. To the people's query, "What shall we do then?" he replied:

"He that hath two coats, let him impart to him that hath none; and he that hath meat, let him do likewise."

This lays stress on sympathy, the deepest human chord.

It is lack of sympathy that causes most of the distress in this world.

The Ten Commandments forbid the doing of evil, but obedience to them is not built upon sympathy. We must, as a matter of justice, refrain from injuring others, but this would be a cold world if there were nothing warmer in it than justice.

Possibly justice would approach more nearly to sympathy if it were interpreted in a larger way.

Social injustice is often the cause of want among the poor. When hard times come the poorest suffer first and most. Because some escape suffering we are prone to condemn the poor for not making provision for emergencies; they are not always to blame.

The individual cannot excuse himself for refusing to aid the needy if the suffering is due to something which he has joined in bringing or has failed to prevent when it was in his power to prevent. John is dealing with that sympathy which all should feel—the sympathy that is invoked when one who has become acquainted with one who needs.

Christ expresses this in the second Commandment, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

That does not mean that one is not to love himself—if he did not love himself it would be of little value to another to be loved as he loves himself.

The love that one has for himself is based upon necessity for self-preservation; this is the love to which sympathy appeals. If we feel about others' needs as we do about our own we will share with them to the extent of our ability and their need.

Organized charity has to some extent relieved the needy; but to the extent that it has done so it has denied to the individual the real pleasure that comes from a personal knowledge of aid personally given to those who deserve help.

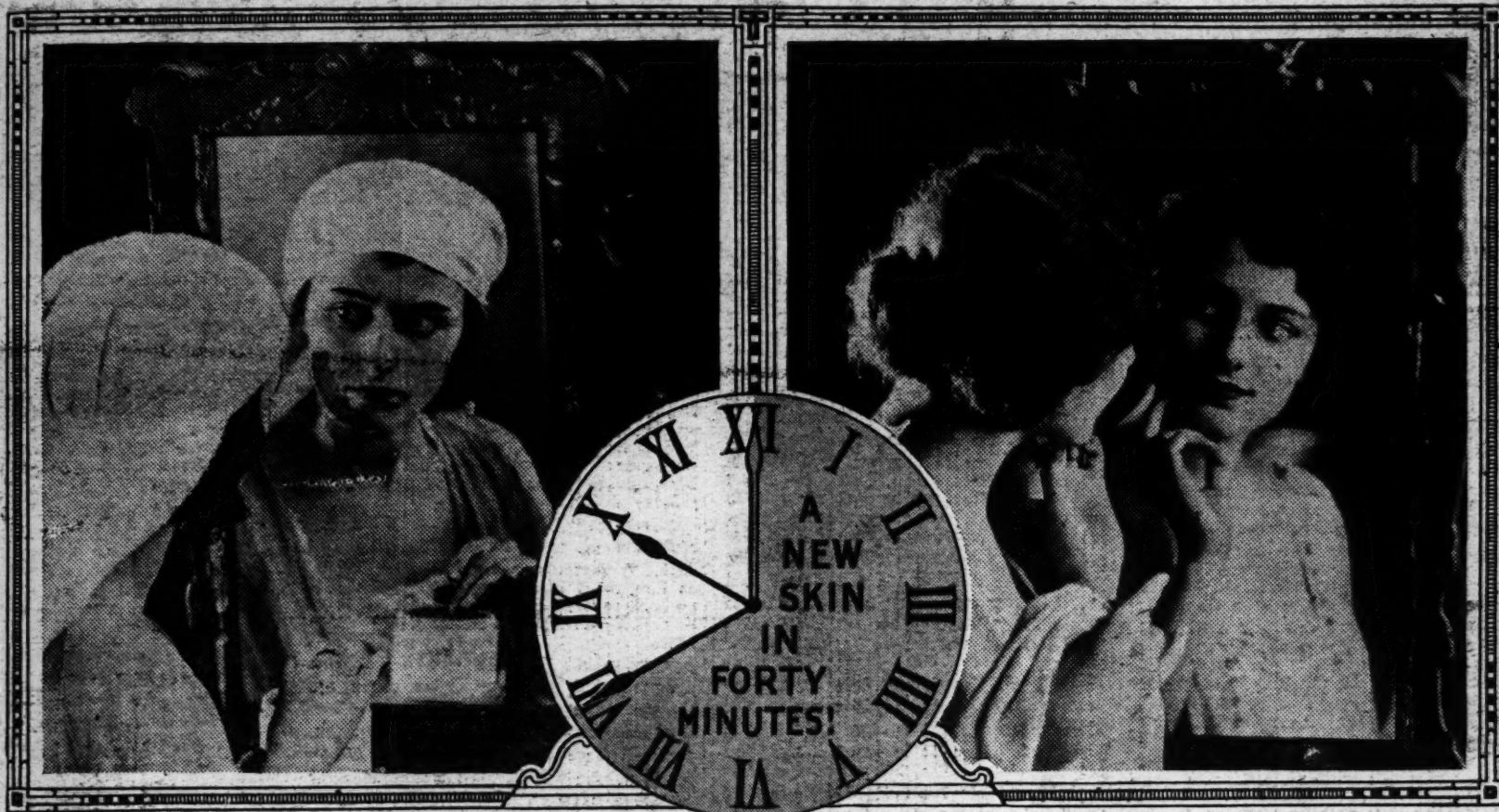
No wonder some among the many hearing John asked in their hearts whether he were the Christ. The wisdom that he manifested set him apart from those to whom they were accustomed. John promptly answered them all in the same way:

"I indeed baptize you with water; but one mightier than I cometh, the latchet of whose shoes I am not worthy to unloose; he shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire."

He recognized that he was not the looked-for Messiah; he was content to be the forerunner; he must prepare the way. He understood the nature of the expected One and was proud to precede Him. He was a courier; he ran ahead and announced the coming of his Messiah.

And may not all of us be, in a smaller way, couriers of Christ? Unworthy to unloose the latchet of His shoes and yet each of us able to turn the attention of some wanderer to the One who is mighty to save by His blood, to inspire by His example, and to guide by His wisdom.

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How I Took 10 Years Off My Face with a remarkable beauty clay

What do you think of the declaration by The LADIES' HOME JOURNAL that "the healthy woman who looks her age is either stupid or lazy?"

One woman read that statement, and her first feeling was one of resentment. But it caused her to think, and to act, with benefits which left her deeply grateful. Rarely does a woman write such a letter as that which follows over her signature.

By MRS. MURIEL DALTON, 1006 Michigan Ave., Wilmette, Ill.

I HAVE been on the point of writing you many times, and at last have decided it is only right I should tell what you have done for me.

Magazines these days offer sure ways of becoming beautiful, on almost every page. I must admit until recently I took the things published about your beauty clay with a grain of salt. I don't suppose I would have tried it yet except for a statement of the Ladies' Home Journal. It said: "The healthy woman who looks her age is either stupid or lazy." I was angry as I read it. Since a girl, I had had a dull and sallow complexion, and lines in my face that told my age as plainly as if the figures were written there. But I didn't care to be called stupid on top of it. I had read up on the subject to the skin and was well informed on its care. No one who knew the things I had tried to improve my complexion could call me lazy.

But what my trusted magazine had said made me wonder if my efforts had really been intelligent. Also, if it might not be a little laziness that had prevented trying your clay. I had never done so, though it only required mailing my name and address. So I did hunt up one

of your advertisements. I remembered the remarkable story—how women in a far-off English province made their skins so beautiful by weekly use of a native clay. How an American girl discovered it, used it with marvelous results, and how her father brought the clay to America. There was the same generous offer by which I could try a full supply of the clay without risking a dollar, and I sent the coupon.

When our postman brought the clay you cannot blame me if I was still a bit skeptical. The directions seemed so simple to expect the results I had read about. I had done wonderful things for my figure by rightful exercise and diet. I had an enviable head of hair because of the care given it. But these things had taken time and patience. Here was something to be accomplished in forty minutes! It seemed too good to be true. However, it did do everything and more than claimed. I received a genuine shock when I wiped away the clay and looked in the mirror.

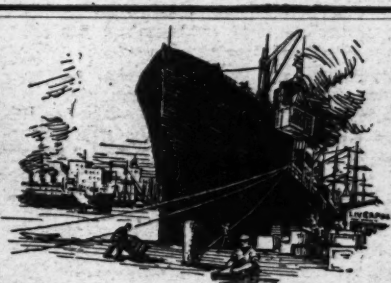
I had taken ten years off my face in forty minutes! There was no doubt about it. It was alone the new color in my cheeks—I have had other preparations bring a temporary flush of color. But those tell-

tale lines around my eyes and from my nose to the corners of my mouth had gone. As for the pores of my skin, they simply were not to be seen. I felt ten years younger; I certainly looked it.

My next thought was "How long will it last?" But I went out that night, and was conscious throughout the evening that I was looking my best. I received compliments, and I continued to get them next day, and the next. Every word about the lasting improvements proved true. For quite a while I used the clay three and four times a week, then twice a week and sometimes only once. But I never went a week without one application. I haven't seen the sign of a blackhead or any other impurities that used to be on my face in regular clusters. Nor is my skin sallow as it used to be, not even if I go the day without powdering.

A lot of women will wonder why I grant permission to print this letter. But I would be ungrateful if I did not. This clay has done what specialists, charging big fees, failed to do—give me a skin clear and soft as a baby's. I have told everyone of my acquaintance about this perfectly wonderful beauty clay. I can't help thinking how many there must be who like myself have been on the very point of trying it, but have set it down as just another domestic preparation and let their doubts keep them from a perfectly gorgeous complexion. If everyone knew what I have learned about Ryerson's Forty-Minute Beauty Clay you would soon have to stop your offer to send five-dollar jars for trial without charging for the time and care of putting them up, because there couldn't possibly be enough to go around.

(Mrs.) Muriel Dalton,
1006 Michigan Ave.,
Wilmette, Ill.



NEW SHIPMENTS FROM ABROAD! FREE DISTRIBUTION OF \$5.00 JARS EXTENDED

To the public: My first offer of full-sized jars without profit exhausted my small stock of imported clay. But we have just received more, imported direct from the British Isles.

Therefore, I resume for a time the offer of a full \$5 jar without any laboratory charge. You may have one jar only for the bare cost of getting it in your hands! The expenses of compounding, refining, analyzing, sterilizing, packing and shipping in large quantity has been figured down to \$1.87 per jar, plus postage.

Even this small sum of \$1.87 is not really a payment—regard it as a deposit, which we will return at once if you are not satisfied this miracle clay is all claimed.

Send no money, please, but pay when postman delivers. Just \$1.87 plus postage. Or, if handier to receive jar prepaid, enclose \$2; same guarantee holds good.

W. Ryerson
Head Chemist

THE CENTURY CHEMISTS, Dept. 225
Century Building, Chicago:

I accept your "No Profit" offer. Please send me a full-sized, regular \$5.00 jar of Forty Minute Beauty Clay at the net laboratory cost price of \$1.87, plus postage, which I will pay postman on delivery. My money back unless only one application proves completely satisfactory.

Name.....
Address.....